AUG 1 0 1993

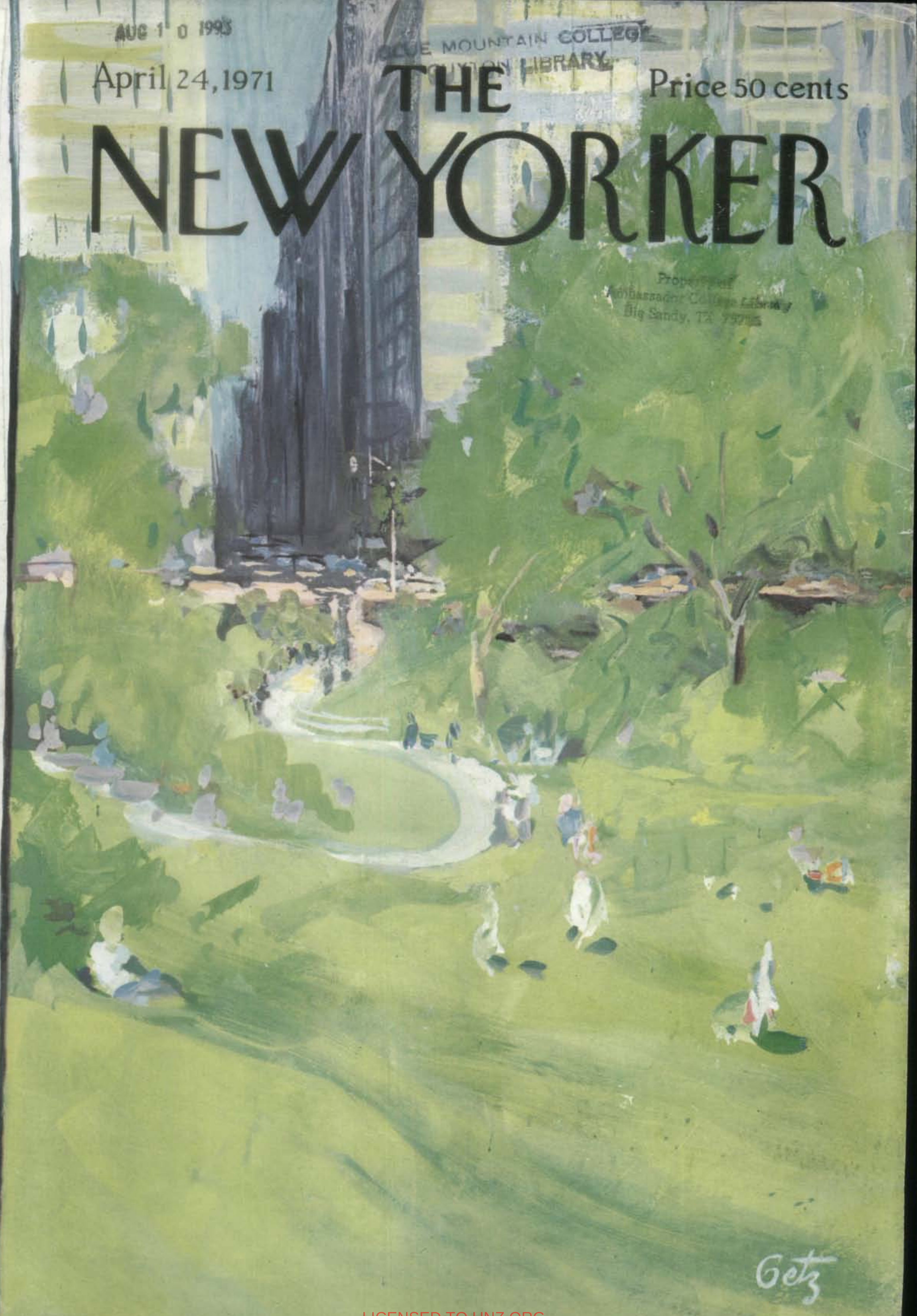
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

April 24, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



Two things a man must never doubt...

One is his scotch.

Oh the lyrical Scots! Poetry flows at the mention of scotch whisky. But the point is well taken. You want a scotch you can count on. A scotch that will do you proud. Like Pipers.

Pipers is finer...Pipers tastes better. You can be sure of it. With Pipers there's never any doubt.

Yes, thanks to those poetic Scots...Pipers is the scotch you can ask for proudly, enjoy proudly, and serve proudly.

100 Pipers

It's made proudly.
Drink it that way.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Seagram's
100 PIPERS
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
E. SEAGRAM & SONS (SCOTLAND)
ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

100 PIPERS · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC. PERMITS USE OF ITS TRADEMARK "SANFORIZED-PLUS-2" ONLY ON DURABLE PRESS GARMENTS WHICH MEET ITS SHRINKAGE AND OTHER PERFORMANCE REQUIREMENTS. FABRICS IN GARMENTS SO LABELED WILL NOT SHRINK MORE THAN 1% BY GOVERNMENT'S STANDARD TEST

Permanent pressure is bad for business.

When the profit curve looks like a ski slope anyone can get a temporary choking feeling. But these chaps are suffering from permanent pressure. Their collars have shrunk along with their dividends.

Permanent pressure, if you don't know, is that miserable state of fabric contraction that takes place when some permanent press garments are washed.

You may not be able to avoid recession, but there's no excuse for permanent pressure with the "Sanforized-Plus-2" trademark to protect you.

"Sanforized-Plus-2" on any permanent press garment is your assurance that the garment will not shrink out of shape or fit no matter how it is laundered.

With our trademark a permanent press garment is a sound investment.

Without, it's your neck.

TRADEMARK
·SANFORIZED plus 2·
fights permanent pressure.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abelard and Heloise—A borrowing from, but not an improvement on, the Helen Waddell account of these sad, strenuous lovers. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 24.)

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

All Over—Seven characters pivoting on the point of the imminent death of an eighth character, whom we never meet and are not encouraged to believe in. The author is Edward Albee and the superb cast consists of Jessica Tandy, Colleen Dewhurst, George Voskovec, Betty Field, Madeleine Sherwood, James Ray, and Neil Fitzgerald. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

L'Amante Anglaise—Madeleine Renaud, Claude Dauphin, and Michael Lonsdale in a three-character play by Marguerite Duras, performed in French and presented by Le Tréteau de Paris. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 586-3620. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 24.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A tiresomely old-fashioned family melodrama by Paul Zindel, starring Julie Harris, Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, Rae Allen, and Bill Macy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Candide—Foolish but probably harmless monkeyshines based, in a way, on Voltaire's satire. The amateurish performers are the Organic Theatre Company of Chicago. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance of Death—Paul Avila Mayer's adaptation of Strindberg's play, starring Rip Torn, Viveca Lindfors, and Michael Strong. Alfred Ryder is the director. Previews Friday through Tuesday, April 23-27. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 28, at 7. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 541-8940. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

The Fabulous Miss Marie—The fourth in a proposed cycle of twenty plays about black life in America, by the extraordinary black playwright Ed Bullins. Loose and episodic in style and often very funny, it is set in a living room in Los Angeles and backed by a lively jazz band. Robert Macbeth directed. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—A sad play about a middle-aged alcoholic entertainer. Because its author is Neil Simon it is full of gags, many of them funny. The cast, which includes Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen, is superior. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A dreadful English farce, much mutilated by having been turned into American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 26, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, April 25, at 3.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Robert Ryan, Stacy Keach, and Geraldine Fitzgerald in a revival of the O'Neill play. Opens Wednesday, April 21. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—Molière turned inside out by a witty young English playwright named Christopher Hampton. Splendidly enacted by, among others, Alec McCowen, Jane Asher, Ed Zimmermann, and Penelope

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31

"QUIET" . . . . *Renata Adler* 36

"DEAR (NAME OF MAGAZINE)" . . . . *Dan Greenburg* 43

"SEVEN POEMS" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 44

A REPORTER AT LARGE (PRIMATES—II) . . . . *Emily Hahn* 46

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 93

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 94

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 96

LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . *Genêt* 98

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 102

LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 104

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 130

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 135

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

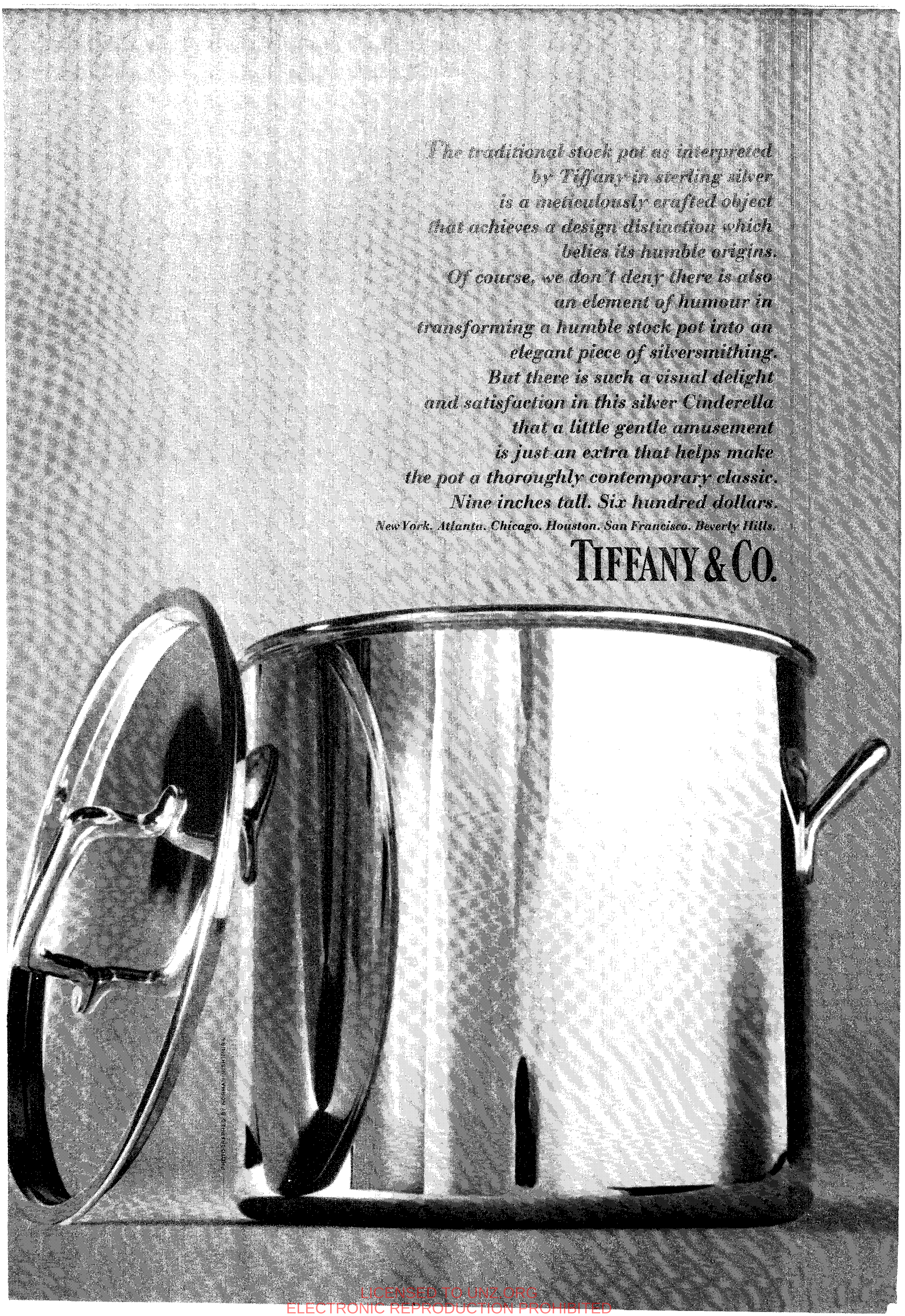
DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, Vahan Shirvanian, Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Donald Reilly, Eldon Dedini, Charles Addams, Richard Oldden, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Dana Fradon, Charles E. Martin, Mischa Richter, Everett Opie, Robert Day, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 10, April 24, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

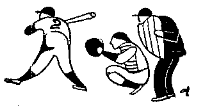


The traditional stock pot as interpreted
by Tiffany in sterling silver
is a meticulously crafted object
that achieves a design distinction which
belies its humble origins.
Of course, we don't deny there is also
an element of humour in
transforming a humble stock pot into an
elegant piece of silversmithing.
But there is such a visual delight
and satisfaction in this silver Cinderella
that a little gentle amusement
is just an extra that helps make
the pot a thoroughly contemporary classic.
Nine inches tall. Six hundred dollars.
New York. Atlanta. Chicago. Houston. San Francisco. Beverly Hills.

TIFFANY & CO.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY [illegible]

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Wilton (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Arthur Miller's rather coarse adaptation of Ibsen's AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE, well performed by Stephen Elliott and Philip Bosco. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 25.)

The School for Wives—A competent revival, in a translation by Richard Wilbur, of Molière's depiction of a raving, staving sexist. Brian Bedford is the star. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 25.)

Sleuth—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—STORY THEATRE: A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed by Paul Sills. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays—except April 22—at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Ovid's THE METAMORPHOSES, translated by Arnold Weinstein: Preview Wednesday, April 21. Opens officially on Thursday, April 22, at 7:20. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. (Ambassador, 49th St. W. 265-1855.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—A DOLL'S HOUSE: A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Saturday, April 24. . . . HEDDA GABLER: Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Monday through Saturday, April 26-May 1. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Underground—A double bill ("Jazznite," by Walter Jones," and "The Life and Times of J. Walter Smintheus," by Edgar White) performed by the Corn Bread Players. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS: What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS: A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

MUSICALS

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Frank Merriwell; or, Honor Challenged—Larry Ellis plays the hero of this musical taken from the Burt L. Standish tales. Skip Redwine and Larry Frank wrote the book (with Heywood Gould), music, and lyrics. Directed by Neal Kenyon. Previews through Friday, April 23. Opens officially on Saturday, April 24. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Kiss Now—A musical with a book and lyrics by Maxine Klein and music by William S. Fischer. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Probably will move on Wednesday, April 28, to the Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St., 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

70, Girls, 70—Old folk in a crummy hotel on the upper West Side do not promise much mirth. One or two pleasant songs and the presence of Mildred Natwick and Lillian Hayman are the chief rewards of the evening. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—APPLAUSE: A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . COMPANY: Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: —I mean to say, Haines explained to Stephen as they followed, this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore. *That beetles o'er his base into the sea,* isn't it? (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: Buck Mulligan turned suddenly for an instant towards Stephen but did not speak. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: In the bright silent instant Stephen saw his own image in cheap dusty mourning between their gay attires. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC: A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . HAIR: Such the feelings to give interest to a long, uneventful residence in one country circle, to fill the vacancies which there were no habits of utility abroad, no talents or accomplishments for home, to occupy. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . MAN OF LA MANCHA: But now, another occupation and solicitude of mind was beginning to be added to these. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . PROMISES, PROMISES: —Her father was growing distressed for money. She knew, that when he now took up the Baronetage, it was to drive the heavy bills of his tradespeople, and the unwelcome hints of Mr. Shepherd, his agent, from his thoughts. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . THE ME NOBODY KNOWS: A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do *not.* (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . PURLIE: An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . 1776: A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Moves on Tuesday, April 27, to the Majestic, 44th St., W., 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

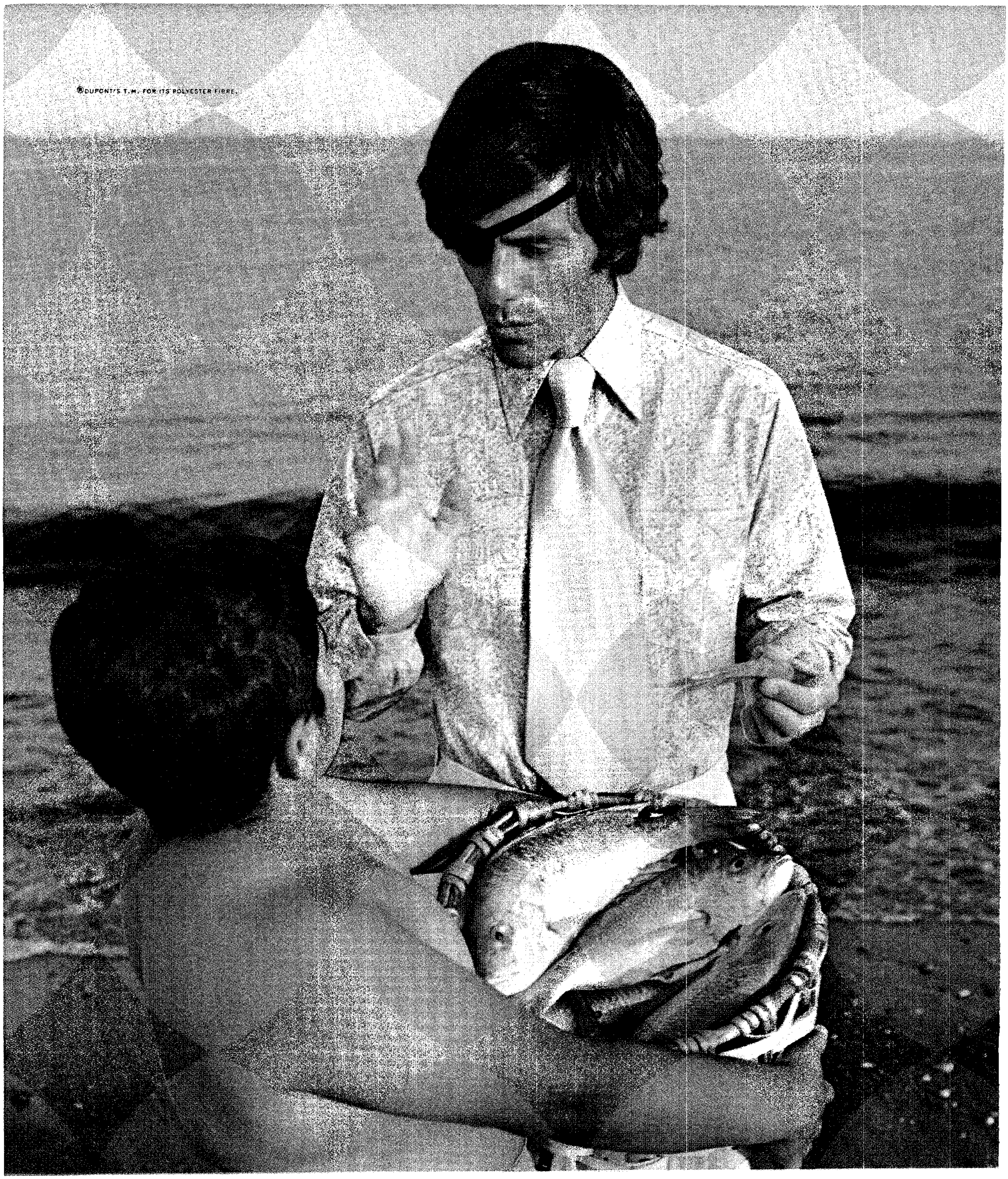
Stuttgart Ballet—Wednesday matinée and evening, April 21: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, April 22-

John/nie/Walk/er/Red/La/bel.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Johnnie Walker

It takes a little longer to call for our Scotch, but people must have a lot of time, or a lot of taste, because they've made it the world's largest selling Scotch.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD., New York, N. Y.


®DUPONT'S T.M. FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBRE.

THE ISLAND OF COZUMEL INSPIRES EIGHT NEW HATHAWAY SHIRTS

(The fabric: Dacron® and cotton.)

If you are among the vanguard that has discovered Cozumel, off Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula, you were doubtless struck by the island's astonishing colors. *Gentle* colors, quite unlike anything you see elsewhere.

It was these seductive shades that inspired a unique new collection of Hathaway shirts. The color of the shirt the Man is wearing, as he selects the fish he wants for supper, is called conch. The same print comes in gold, azure blue, lavender.

The print itself owes a debt to Cozumel. It is adapted from motifs discovered among the Mayan ruins.

The smooth cloth is a lightweight blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton.

The collar is Hathaway's new Warwick – big enough for a good show of linen at the neck. Its points strike a happy medium between straights and spreads. $16.

Hathaway®
THE WARNACO GROUP

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

23; Saturday matinée and evening, April 24; and Monday evening, April 26: "Romeo and Juliet."...¶ Tuesday evening, April 27; Wednesday matinée and evening, April 28; and Thursday evening, April 29: "Carmen" (American première)....¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Brouillards" (American première), "Ebony Concerto" (American première), "Opus One," and "The Seasons" (American première)....¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 1: "Carmen." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, May 29.)

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 27—Tuesday, April 27, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Symphony in C."...¶ Wednesday, April 28, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Suite No. 3."...¶ Thursday, April 29, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Bugaku," and "Firebird."...¶ Friday, April 30, at 8: "Serenade," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Four Last Songs," and "La Valse."...¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8: "Bugaku," "Prodigal Son," and "Firebird." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—Final performances of a two-week engagement of The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by "Hip and Straight" as a curtain-raiser. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8, and Saturday at 6:45 and 10:15. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 25.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 9—Tuesday evening, April 27: "Blues Suite," "Flowers," and "Revelations."...¶ Wednesday evening, April 28: "Choral Dances" (première), "Gymnopedies," "Flowers," and "Revelations."...¶ Thursday evening, April 29: "Streams," "Flowers," and "Revelations."...¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Choral Dances," "Dance for Six," and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Blues Suite," "Flowers," and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Choral Dances," "Gymnopedies," "Flowers," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

American Ballet Company—Wednesday, April 21, at 8: "The Consort," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Parisien," and "Romance."...¶ Friday, April 23, at 8: "Meadowlark," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Parisien," and "Intermezzo."...¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8: "Harbinger," "Theatre," (première), and "Romance."...¶ Sunday, April 25, at 2: "Harbinger," "Early Songs," and "Meadowlark."...¶ Sunday, April 25, at 7:30: "Theatre," "Early Songs," and "The Consort."...¶ Tuesday, April 27, at 8: "Clockwise," "The Maids," "Cortège Parisien," and "Theatre."...¶ Wednesday, April 28, at 8: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused" (première), "The Maids," and "Romance."...¶ Thursday, April 29, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."...¶ Friday, April 30, at 8: "Theatre," "Early Songs," and "The Consort."...¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8: "Theatre," "Cortège Parisien," "A Poem Forgotten," and "Romance." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Through Sunday, May 9.)

Lar Lubovitch and Company—"Whirligogs," "Some of the Reactions of Some of the People Some of the Time Upon Hearing the Reports of the Coming of the Messiah," and "Ecstasy." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at midnight, and Sunday and Monday, April 25-26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Will you believe a clown-making machine? (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. The performances on Thursday, April 22, and Sunday, April 25, will be cancelled, and the performance on Thursday, April 29, may be cancelled because of hockey playoffs. Closes Monday, May 31. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Magic Show—The annual get-together of the Society of American Magicians, this one with, among others, illusionist Milbourne Christopher and, from Great Britain, manipulator Geoffrey Buckingham. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Doug Kershaw, a Cajun performer who has written a good many swampish songs, including "Louisiana Man," will be singing, fiddling, and playing guitar here through Monday, April 26. Comic Robert Klein arrives on Wednesday, April 28. Tuesdays are out of a different bag, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

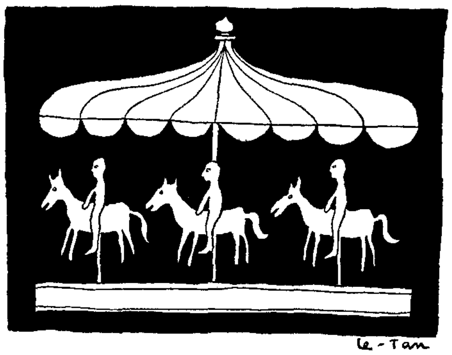
Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St. at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Red-and-white-checked cloths on the tables (on which soul food is served), and paintings on the walls. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, pianist Norman Simmons performs with a bassist. Thursdays through Sundays, April 22-25 and April 29-May 2, pianist and composer Bobby Timmons will be working with a bass player. Music nightly except Mondays from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—The jazz in this congenial spot can be in the foreground or background, depending on how you listen. A Brazilian pianist and guitarist named Hermeto will be doing a gig with bassist Glen Moore through Saturday, April 24. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Music in welcome surroundings. The sounds of Tiny Grimes (on guitar) and his two comrades (piano and bass) can be considered from dinnertime until late at night. Sundays are the property, from seven to twelve, of Sammy Price, a true venerable, whose piano is purely pristine.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, friendly sort of place where the jazz guitar has been getting its best exposure in New York. Through Sunday, April 25, the admirable Jim Hall will be playing the instrument while the estimable Ron Carter handles a bass. On Wednesday, April 28, guitarist Gene Bertoncini and bassist Linc Milliman will take over. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. The Deep South kitchen has affinities with Mother Hubbard's.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The dependable rhythm section in this jazz room consists of pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Victor Sproles, and drummer Mousey Alexander. They will be coöperating with one or another horn player until Tuesday, April 27, when tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims returns to take charge. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, Maxine Sullivan—long known for her swinging version of "Loch Lomond"—will sing along. Friday through Sunday, April 30-May 2, blues singer Jimmy Rushing will do the vocals. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.



Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. His accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Fridays and Saturdays, a five-man outfit called the 20th Century Majestic Jazz Band performs. Sundays and Mondays, the Quartet Noire takes the stand. Soul-food dinners. (For experienced jazz buffs only.)

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Some like it straight, which is the way the band in this Dixieland headquarters hands it out. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Oliver Jackson, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—A relaxed establishment with soft lights and quietly with-it surroundings. Cecil Young is on piano, assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums, and when Mr. Young is *not* playing piano, he may be up and around the room singing scat like nobody's business. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul-food dinners.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where Now people can play at being Then people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More of the same—two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Whoops and hollers are permitted, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. McCoy Tyner's active quintet will be going at it until Tuesday, April 27, when organist Larry Young arrives with his quartet. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Drummer Mel Lewis is leading a starry quartet that includes Thad Jones, Richard Davis, and Roland Hanna nightly except Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining....¶ Downstairs: All quiet except on Saturdays and Mondays, when Symphony Sid presents Latin bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Nonpareil time in the hoary cellar: Thelonious Monk's quartet will be here through Sunday, April 25. Charles Mingus's quintet starts Tuesday, April 27. On Sunday, April 25, from five to nine, a six-piece band called the Jazz Contemporaries will play a one-shot session. Mondays are reserved for the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The evening entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of the moon—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

Dixieland with skill and vigor. On Sunday, April 25, tenor saxophonist Al Cohn will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—French history made easy, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and dancing to records (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is available. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—"What is *this* place supposed to be?" said the tourist. "Obviously, it is supposed to be a re-creation of something old and Egyptian," said his wife. They danced and danced, and when they got back home they told all the folks about it. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by five people known as the Crystal Staircase, who sing and play and dance about. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with Stud (through Sunday, April 25) or Free Will (starting Tuesday, April 27). Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—*Savoir faire, savoir danser*—this pulsating downstairs den is marked by civility and contemporaneity, but on fewer nights than in the past, for the doors are open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Large drinks and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Prince Charming the Second of Würtemberg is getting married, and all the merry villagers are singing, dancing, oompahing in his honor. Act II, later in the evening, is practically the same thing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Antonio Santaella's flamencan troupe is small indeed, but the manner in which this young man's feet fly out from under him makes up for everything. This castle keep is in session every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre in the round, Ramon y Barra and guitar ponder in sensuous detail the music of Spain.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Don Rickles, who believes that the ends justify the meanness, ends his tirades against his fellow-comics on Wednesday, April 28; the *au-pair* girls known as the P.J.'s stop singing the same evening. One night later, in come the Four Tops, to begin their perpetual-motion song-and-dance act. No silent nights. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The Keep America Beautiful movement attains a climax in **LA FORÊT,** a Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of music. Phil Wayne's quartet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, and a brace of other small bands make sure that there is dancing from eight until two, after which the tunes come by pipeline. Only Tuesday through Saturday, or not quite enough of a good thing. . . . ¶ The adjacent **CAFÉ** goes its calm way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** at nine and eleven-thirty, Jane Morgan, herself quite a showpiece, does a showpiece sort of recital. The band run by Burt Farber, which is full of light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble **EDWARDIAN ROOM.** . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The highest altitudes do not trouble young canaries, so here is Bobbi Martin, piping at ground-level volume, on the podium during dinner and supper. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and dancing, frequently to music at discothèque volume and from discothèque sources, commences at eight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The celebration of British Fortnight ends here on Wednesday, April 28, but up to then there is dancing every single night, and two sets of London hotel chefs in the pantry.

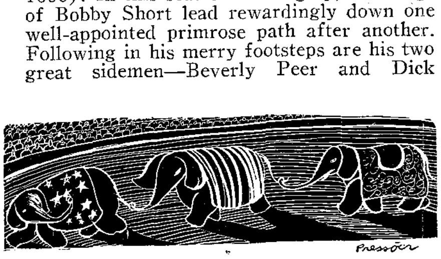
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** the capital of this domain, goes on almost as usual. The dance music is no longer nonstop, but it's there, all right, and as live as ever. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE,** which is designed for non-levitating diners, there is sedate piano from around nine right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **OAK ROOM** likewise has a piano background for its buffet from five-thirty to nine every night. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** after ten the prepossessing twosome of Jason & Maryhazel lightly turn their thoughts to ballads of much more than saving grace. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Wednesday, April 28, Tony Bennett, who gives his ballads the all-stops-out *vox humana,* puts himself and his eclectic assortment of musicians on display in the **EMPIRE ROOM,** where he will be a dinner and supper guest every night but Sunday and Monday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

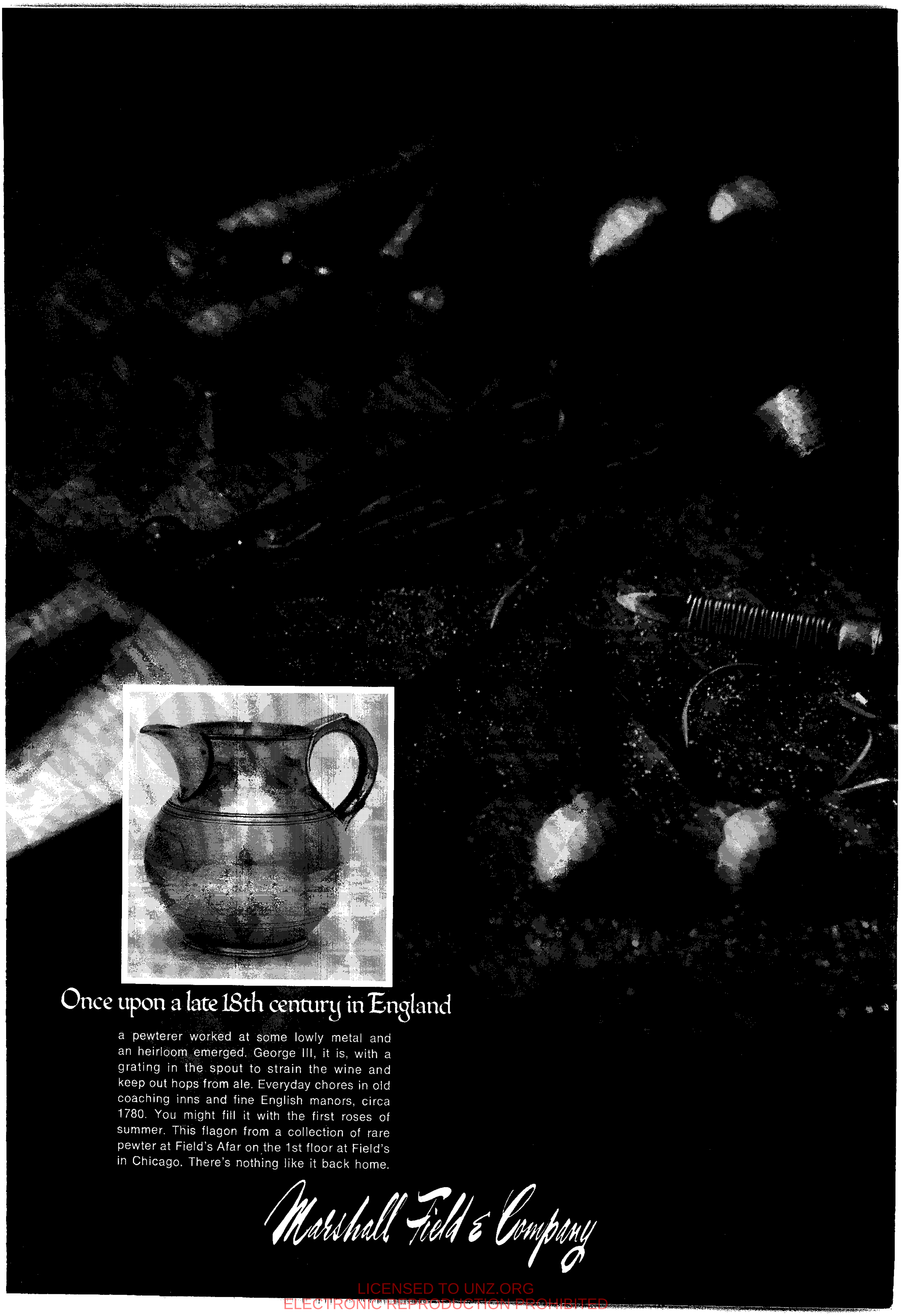
CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens, the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes non-pareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Right now, he has two house guests—Billy Daniels (singing his four-o'clock-in-the-morning numbers), and Benny Payne, Billy's lifelong pianist. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Ron Eliran, Yoel Sharr, and George Mgrdichian are his principal aides in song, music, whatever. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *everybody,* right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Though the games machines of the Chicago corner stores in which he spent his formative years all specified "no tilting," Shelley Berman has spent his life tilting at windbags as well as windmills, and bringing more than his share of them down. At nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any Medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and piano in the bar after five-thirty (after ten, it's Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, looking its very best, and kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum



Once upon a late 18th century in England

a pewterer worked at some lowly metal and an heirloom emerged. George III, it is, with a grating in the spout to strain the wine and keep out hops from ale. Everyday chores in old coaching inns and fine English manors, circa 1780. You might fill it with the first roses of summer. This flagon from a collection of rare pewter at Field's Afar on the 1st floor at Field's in Chicago. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano of this exemplary restaurant is plied in Hapsburg fashion by George Feyer, who now and again anoints his études with words of his own making. He can be heard until long after the theatre. No music Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life. Among the strollers along the Way is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Rudy Barron. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE**, 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): A trimmed but not at all tattered account of "The Boys from Syracuse," that stalwart Rodgers and Hart musical, is in the hands of a good little parcel of actor-singers, set right in the middle of dining-room tables. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, and again at eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Dan Edwards) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (not before ten-thirty) on the top level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

YAACOV AGAM—Sculptures and paintings by a well-known Israeli Op artist who works in Paris; starting Thursday, April 29. (Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St.)

HELEN BELING—Monumental abstract sculptures, also small bronze figures; through May 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BELL—Several glass walls by a West Coast artist known for his transparent cubes; through May 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONALD BLADEN—One Minimalist structure of wood painted black and white that almost fills the gallery; through Wednesday, April 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

HERMAN BRAUN—Paintings that speculate about characters depicted by Velázquez, Manet, Cézanne, and Picasso; through May 29. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

STAN BRODSKY—Landscapes of Long Island and figures in interiors; through May 6. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

DAVID BUDD—Monochromatic seascapes; starting Saturday, April 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

POL BURY—Recent works by a prominent European kinetic sculptor in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through May 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Metal-coated Plexiglas cubes bent to resemble dented automobile parts by a sculptor who used to specialize in fenders from wrecked cars; through May 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

IVAN CHERMAYEFF—Paintings and drawings by a well-known designer; through May 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES COINER—Landscapes of Canada, Bucks County, and Scotland by an academician; through May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Oils, gouaches, and drawings from the thirties, plus new works; through May 6. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—Paintings, collages, watercolors, and drawings by one of the first Pop artists; through May 2. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

TULLY FILMUS—Drawings of traditional Jewish types; through May 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ALICE FORMAN—Figure paintings and still-lifes; through May 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM FRANCIS—New paintings by an early Abstract Expressionist; through Wednesday, April 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Huge abstractions; through May 8. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

JUAN GOMEZ-QUIROZ—Abstract urban landscapes by a Chilean painter; through May 8. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

LORRIE GOULET—Sculptures of women in different kinds of stone, also drawings; through May 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS GRAVES—A retrospective exhibit of drawings by this West Coast veteran; through May 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELIKER—Semi-abstract landscapes, seascapes, still-lifes, and figures in interiors; through May 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—Sculptures in bronze and varieties of marble by one of Britain's foremost abstract artists; through Saturday, April 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT HUDSON—Stainless-steel sculptures, some colored, by a California artist; through Saturday, May 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD HUNT—Welded-steel and cast-bronze and cast-aluminum abstract sculptures, plus related drawings and graphics in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through June 7. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

INGRES (1780-1867)—A benefit showing of a hundred and fifty drawings done by Ingres in Rome; through May 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

ROBERT IRWIN—Columns; starting Saturday, April 24. (101 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIA COOPER JANIS AND HARRY MARINSKY—Impressionist paintings by the former and realistic bronzes and watercolors by the latter; through Saturday, May 1. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY JOHNSON—More collages, many on the theme of dollar bills dedicated to famous women; through May 5. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

OLIVIA KAHN—Oils and serigraphs; through Friday, April 30. (Gallery A, 392 Bleecker St. Thursdays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—More of this artist's lifelike cutouts of people; through May 8. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Figures in interiors, nudes, and portraits; through Saturday, May 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH KONZAL—Abstract sculptures, done in bronze and other metals, that resemble industrial equipment; through Saturday, April 24. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

NICHOLAS MARSICANO—Abstractly-conceived figurative paintings; starting Saturday, April 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES MARTIN—Six-foot-square paintings divided into rectangles by ruled lines in pencil or paint; through May 25. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

ROBERT AND ELLA BERGMANN MICHEL—Collage paintings by a German husband-and-wife team of post-First World War experimentalists; through May 22. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RODRIGO MOYNIHAN—Color-field paintings with a landscape effect; through Thursday, April 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD PLUNKETT—Fanciful watercolors and collages looking back to an earlier part of the twentieth century; through May 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MEL RAMOS—Luscious nudes juxtaposed with animals or birds by a Pop artist; through May 12. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GORDON RUSSELL—Paintings of imaginative situations involving familiar objects; through May 8. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORTEZA SAZEGAR—Paintings composed of innumerable tiny free-hand colored squares radiating from the center to produce waves of color; through Thursday, April 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

TIM SCOTT—One mammoth construction of steel bars and tubes and acrylic sheets by a British artist, along with two smaller works; through Tuesday, April 27. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Plaster-cast figures doing ordinary things in realistic settings; through May 15. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

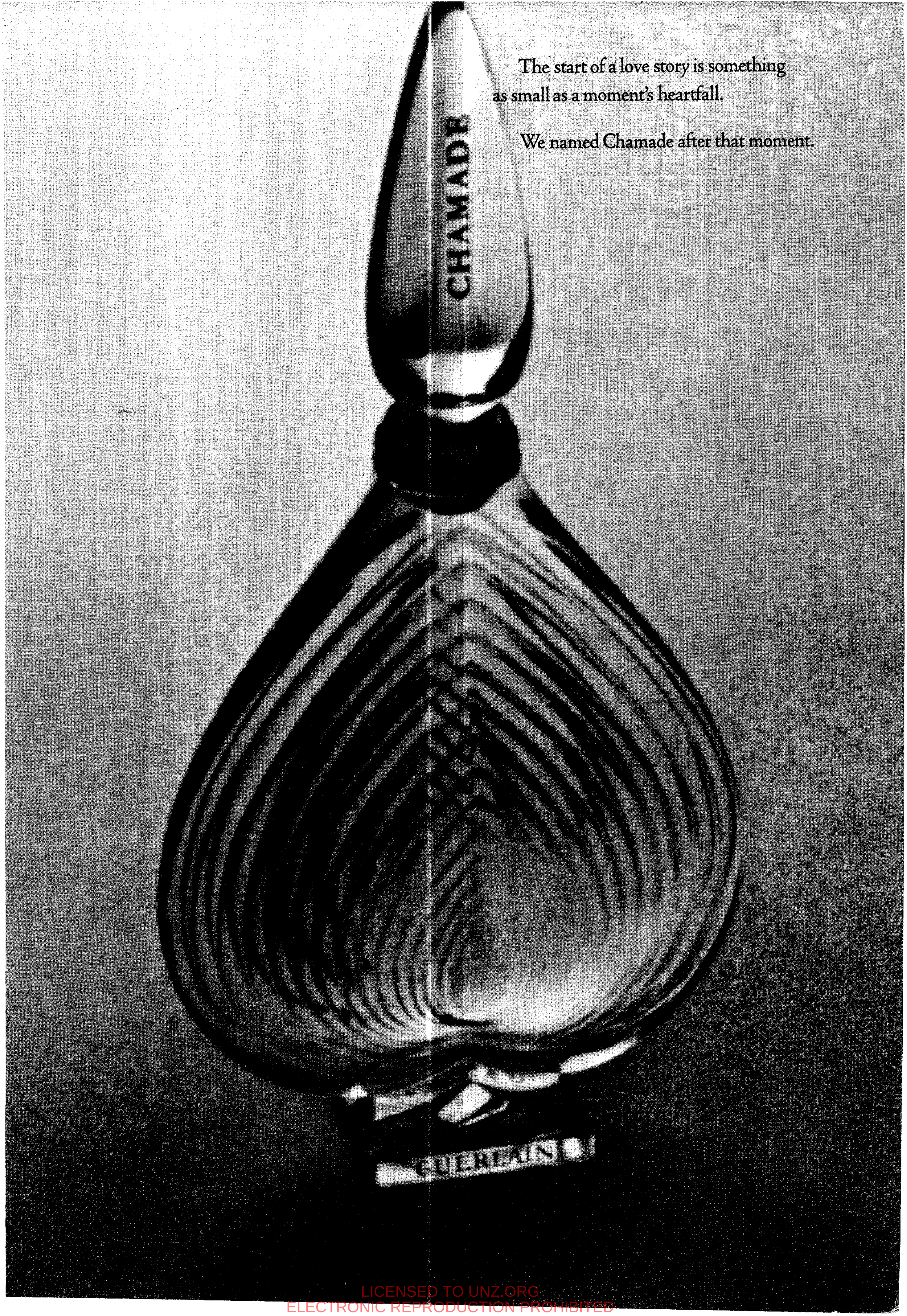
MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Pastels, gouaches, and watercolors done between 1909 and 1917 by this American Cubist; starting Tuesday, April 27. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JANE WILSON—Ingratiating still-lifes; through May 22. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP WOFFORD—Large abstract landscapes featuring texture; through Tuesday, April 27. (David Whitney, 53 E. 19th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures from 1956 to the present of natural subjects in bronze, marble, and wood; through May 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The hundred-and-fourth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 25.


CHAMADE
GUERLAIN

The start of a love story is something as small as a moment's heartfall.

We named Chamade after that moment.

One of the hardest ways to tell them apart is to drive them.

The car in the foreground is a new Camaro. In back, a new Corvette.

They're easy to tell apart by looking at them. It's just a matter of personal taste which one you like better.

They're easy to tell apart on price, too. Camaro is much less.

But one of the hardest ways to tell them apart is to get behind the wheel and take a little ride. They're amazingly alike in handling.

Both have standard disc brakes. Camaro in front, Corvette all around. They both have a road-hugging suspension.

Car and Driver magazine readers have named Corvette "Best All-Around Car" for the fourth straight year.

On the other hand, *Road & Track* calls Camaro "the best American car we've ever driven."

With the experts at odds over Camaro and Corvette, we consider ourselves lucky.

We make them both.

Chevrolet

You've changed. We've changed.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

(National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **acts of art**, 15 Charles St.: Works by forty black artists who have rejected invitations to the current Whitney exhibition or have withdrawn from it; through May 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.) . . . **american institute of graphic arts**, 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St.: Posters on the theme of "Survival" by more than fifty prominent graphic designers; through Tuesday, April 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **automation house**, 49 E. 68th St.: A simulated environment with color-video projections, sound, light, and plant life by PULSA, a group associated with Yale. (Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25, noon to 4 and 5 to 9.) . . . **cooper**, 100 Prince St.: Robert Grosvenor, David Diao, Joel Fisher, and George Kuehn; through May 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cooper union foundation building**, Third Ave. at 7th St.: Forty-four paintings and drawings by members of the Cooper Union faculty, among whom are Will Barnet, Leland Bell, Carone, De Niro, Wolf Kahn, Marsicano, Pfriem, and Tworkov; through May 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 10.) . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings by gallery artists; through Saturday, May 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Saturday, April 24. . . . **marlborough**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by about sixty-five major artists of the twentieth century, among them Picasso, Lipchitz, Modigliani, Arp, and Kokoschka; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred Italian drawings from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth; through Friday, April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 8.) . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; through May 22. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than three hundred works covering the Cubist period (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; through June 7. A complement to this show is the exhibit of Cubist painters at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five-hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through June 1. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; starting Thursday, April 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. A complement to this showing is his exhibition at the Dorsky Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. . . . ¶ Models, photographs, and drawings for an imaginary ceremonial structure by Will Insley; through May 3. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures done prior to World War II by Duchamp, Matisse, and Picasso, whose gift, "Guitar," is included; through Monday, April 26. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty works done between 1953 and 1969 by Pol Bury, an inventive kinetic sculptor who features slow motion; through June 6. A complement to this showing is his exhibit at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Thirty-six works by Cubist painters from the Museum's permanent collection, presented to coincide with "The Cubist Epoch" exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum; through June 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by over fifty black artists from different parts of the United States, among them, if they don't drop out, Jacob Lawrence, Romare Bearden, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills; through May 16. . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings and drawings by Romaine Brooks (1874-1970), an expatriate American known for her portraits; through May 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, April 27, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program by the Aeolian Chamber Players. Tickets will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, April 21.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Chinese gold, silver, and white porcelain figures, animals, inlaid boxes, jewelry, bowls, and vases done between the fourth century B.C. and 1600 A.D.; through June 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through May 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing the "Swiss avant-garde;" through May 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; starting Thursday, April 22. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

RESTAURANT

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 21, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8:15: "Louise," with Johanna Meier, Muriel Greenspon, Harry Theyard, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Louise Lebrun, Ruth Welting, Robert Johnson, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Lili Chookasian, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 25, at 1:15: "Louise," with Johanna Meier, Muriel Greenspon, Harry Theyard, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 25, at 7:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Maxine Makas, Patricia Wise, Jerry Jennings, and Will Roy. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Robert Ward's "The Crucible," staged by James Lucas. Anton Coppola will conduct the Repertoire Orchestra. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—A varied program on Thursday, April 22, at 8:30; Friday, April 23, at 2; Saturday, April 24, at 8:30; and Monday, April 26, at 7:30 (all with Judith Raskin, soprano; Josephine Veasey, mezzo-soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto; Jerry Jennings, tenor; and Paul Jacobs, piano); and an all-Stravinsky program on Thursday, April 29, at 8:30; Friday, April 30, at 2; Saturday, May 1, at 8:30; and Monday, May 3, at 7:30 (all with Benita Valente, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the Camerata Singers).

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Bernard Haitink conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 21, at 8:30, no soloists; and Thursday, April 22, at 8:30, with Theo Bruins, piano.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—Gunther Schuller conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 22, at 8:30.)

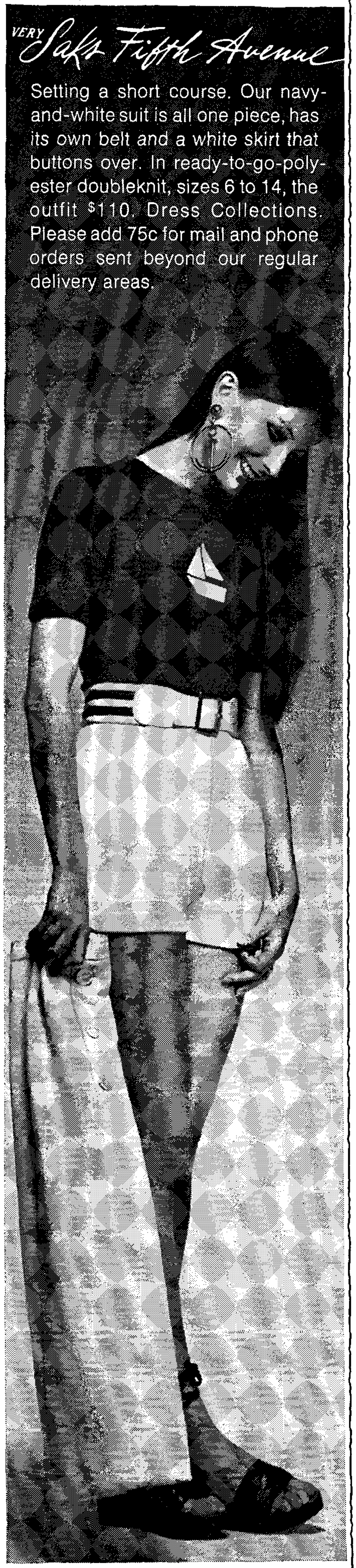
Hartford Symphony Orchestra—Arthur Winograd directing a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with soloists and several choruses. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting a performance of Wagner's opera "Das Rheingold" in concert form, with Karen Altman, soprano; Mignon Dunn and Huguette Tourangeau, mezzo-sopranos; Helen Watts, contralto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Thomas Paul and Martti Talvela, basses; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Jean Royer conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30. For free tickets, call 280-3550.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 2:30, and Tuesday, April 27, at 8:30.)

New and Newer Music—Pierre Boulez conducting the Juilliard Ensemble in a program that



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Setting a short course. Our navy-and-white suit is all one piece, has its own belt and a white skirt that buttons over. In ready-to-go-polyester doubleknit, sizes 6 to 14, the outfit $110. Dress Collections. Please add 75c for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

includes his "Le Marteau sans Maitre." The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 8.)

The Contemporary Group—William O. Smith and Robert Suderburg conducting this chamber orchestra from the University of Washington. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

Collegium Musicum of Wagner College—Ronald Cross directing. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 25, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Concordia Choir—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 3.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing a program of early Polish music, with a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with an orchestra and soloists. The last in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Gustav Leonhardt—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The last two in a series of all-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 22, at 8:30, with Robert Sylvester, cello; and Thursday, April 29, at 8:30, with Lamar Crowson, piano, and Julius Levine, double bass.)

Guarneri Quartet—The final concerts in two series. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Carol Neblett—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Zita Carno—Piano, with Isidore Cohen, violin; Antonia Lavanne, soprano; and Jean Schneider Goberman, cello. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, April 26, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

John Shirley-Quirk—Baritone, in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 26, at 8:30.)

New York Trio da Camera—Paul Jordan, recorder; Grace Feldman, viola da gamba; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:40.)

Leonard Rose and Gary Graffman—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MISCELLANY

Elliott Carter Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by David Smith, tenor; Ray DesRoches, timpani; Joel Sachs, piano; Cheryl Seltzer, harpsichord; the Bedford Madrigal Choir; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Arthur Bloom. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 21, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Maxine Sullivan—With the Jazz Adventures Trio. (Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Wednesday, April 21, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.)

Zoot Sims and the Band of the Century—Jazz Center. Friday, April 23, at noon.

Procol Harum and Teegarden & Van Winkle—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

John Sebastian—Fordham University Gym, Third Ave. and Fordham Rd. Friday, April 23, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 933-2233, Ext. 562.

Aretha Franklin—And others, including Muhammad Ali. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. Sunday, April 25, at 2. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

Jazz Interactions—Ruby Braff, Chico Hamilton quartet, Roland Hanna, Roy Haynes, Jimmy Heath, Milt Jackson, Howard McGhee, Marian McPartland, and others. (Jazz Center. Sunday, April 25, at 5.)

Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage—Fillmore East. Sunday through Thursday, April 25-29, at 8.

Balaban & Cats—Jazz Center. Wednesday, April 28, at noon.

Rod McKuen—Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 29-30, at 8:30.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Edgar Winter's White Trash, and Curved Air—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday, April 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, April 23, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 27-28, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Friday, April 30, at 8, and Saturday, May 1, at 2.

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 1.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 22, and Sunday, April 25, and, if necessary, Thursday, April 29.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 1-2.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 1.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, April 21; the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 24; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 28; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 1. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Monday, May 31. Post time is 1:45 through Saturday, April 24; after that, 2. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Gene Forrell conducting the Master Virtuosi of New York in the final children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30.)

Ballet—A performance by the Joffrey II Company. (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, April 24, at 1.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie the Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, April 25, and Saturday, May 1, at 2:30.

(Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. ...¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "This Was America." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. Saturday, April 24, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 749-7000, Wednesday through Friday between 1 and 4.)...¶ "The Blue Planet." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 25, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Looice," Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. ...¶ "On Behalf of the Laugh," Saturday, May 1, at 2:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Steering by the Stars;" through May 3. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, rabbits, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** A child's world, where everything is built to size and where the small visitors may pet the rabbits, lambs, and other friendly animals. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—The Economic and Social Council is scheduled to convene on Monday, April 26. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS—"Civil Rights and the Seventies," by Dick Gregory. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)...¶ "A Dialogue on Women's Liberation," a discussion sponsored by Theatre for Ideas, with Germaine Greer, Norman Mailer, Jill Johnston, Diana Trilling, and Jacqueline Ceballos. (Town Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CH 3-4301.)

POETRY READINGS—Rod McKuen reading from his own works. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 30, at midnight.)

AMATEUR NEEDLEWORK OF TODAY—The seventeenth national benefit exhibition contains handbags, rugs, pictures, chair covers, ecclesiastical pieces, and other items, in needlepoint and crewelwork. Also on display are Mrs. David Eisenhower's crewel embroidery of the Presidential Seal and original designs by Mollie Parnis, Jacques Tiffeau, Oscar de la Renta, and other professionals in creative fields. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Wednesday, April 21, through Wednesday, April 28. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening until 7:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—The April Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, April 28, from 12 to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 21, at 2: Old-master and English paintings, from various owners. ...¶ Friday, April 23, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, including Tiffany, Favrile, and other art glass; sculptures, and stained-glass windows. From several collectors. ...¶ Tuesday, April 27, at 2: A batch of what the gallery delicately calls "libertine literature" (Aretino and John Cleland and that sort of thing), formerly the property "of a princely European house and other owners." Naturally. ...¶ Wednesday, April 28, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints, belonging to Paolino

The Real Thing

Espadrilles de la Côte Basque

Our summer favorite, imported from France,
has just the right wedge and is rope-soled with a protective layer of rubber.
It's the authentic espadrille
of color-fast canvas or krinkle vinyl in the great color range below.
At Miller Eye and all I. Miller Salons.

millereye 11 East 54th St. N.Y., N.Y. 10022 212-753-2577

Size ________

Please send me the following espadrilles:

CANVAS COLORS @ $10 KRINKLE COLORS @ $12

	NO. OF PR.		NO. OF PR.		NO. OF PR.
White	________	Black	________	White	________
Natural	________	Wine	________	Black	________
Yellow	________	Lilac	________	Brown	________
Hot Pink	________	Lime	________	Red	________
Orange	________	Kelly	________	Navy	________
Blue Jean	________	Red	________	Black & White	
Purple	________	Brown	________	Fake Python	________
Light Blue	________	Navy	________		
Turquoise	________	Royal	________		

Name________________

Address________________

________________Zip________

Add $1 for all mail and phone orders, plus your local sales tax.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Charge my account #________

OUR OWN MAKE TROPICALS
in Brooks Brothers exclusive blend
of lightweight Terylene-and-worsted

We have an outstanding selection of these good-looking suits for warm weather wear...including varied stripings, Glenurquhart plaids and many solid colors. The suits are made by our own tailors on both our traditional 3-button model or more-fitted, 2-button model...of superb Terylene polyester and worsted blend woven exclusively for us.

Coat and Trousers, $155

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gerli. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 22. ...¶ Thursday, April 29, at 2: Japanese works of art, including lacquer wares and sword fittings; from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 22.... **NOTE:** On Saturday, May 1, at 10, there will be an auction of about seventy antique, classic, and racing automobiles on the grounds of St. Martin's Episcopal Church in Radnor, Pa. Included will be a 1931 Duesenberg LeBaron Barrel Side Phaeton, a 1932 Rolls-Royce roadster, and the Kirk White-Roger Penske Sunoco Ferrari 512M. An admission charge will be made. (Exhibition hours: Friday, April 30, from noon to 6.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Call Her Savage" (1932), directed by John Francis Dillon, with Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland....¶ April 22 at 2: "Liliom" (1934), in French, directed by Fritz Lang, with Charles Boyer; no English titles.... ¶ April 22 at 5:30: "Four Sons" (1928), directed by John Ford, with Margaret Mann and James Hall....¶ April 24 at 11:30: "The Doll" (1919), a German film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, no English titles; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt....¶ April 26 at 6 and April 27 at 2: "Pather Panchali" (1954), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray....¶ Twelve programs in a series of films by Stan Brakhage. April 22 at 8: "Interim" (1952) and "Eyes" (1970)....April 23 at 2: "Desistfilm" (1954), "The Flesh of Morning" (1956), and four other films....April 23 at 5:30: "Anticipation of the Night" (1958), "Loving" (1957), and two other films.... April 24 at 3: "Window Water Baby Moving" (1959), "The Dead" (1960), and eight other films....April 24 at 5:30: "Desistfilm" (1954), "The Flesh of Morning" (1956), and four other films.... April 25 at 2: "Anticipation of the Night" (1958), "Loving" (1957), and two other films....April 25 at 5:30: "Window Water Baby Moving" (1959), "The Dead" (1960), and eight other films....April 26 at 12:30 and April 27 at 5:30: "Dog Star Man" (1961-64)....April 28 at 2: "The Art of Vision" (1961-65).... April 29 at 1: "Songs I through XXII" (1964-69)....April 29 at 5: "Songs XXIII through XXX" (1964-69), and two other 8-mm. films. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) ... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through April 25: "Transport from Paradise" (1962), a Czech film, directed by Zbyněk Brynych....¶ Starting April 28: "Josef Killian" (1963), directed by Pavel Juráček and Jan Schmidt, and "The Ceiling" (1962), a Czech film, directed by Věra Chytilová. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)...¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly....¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

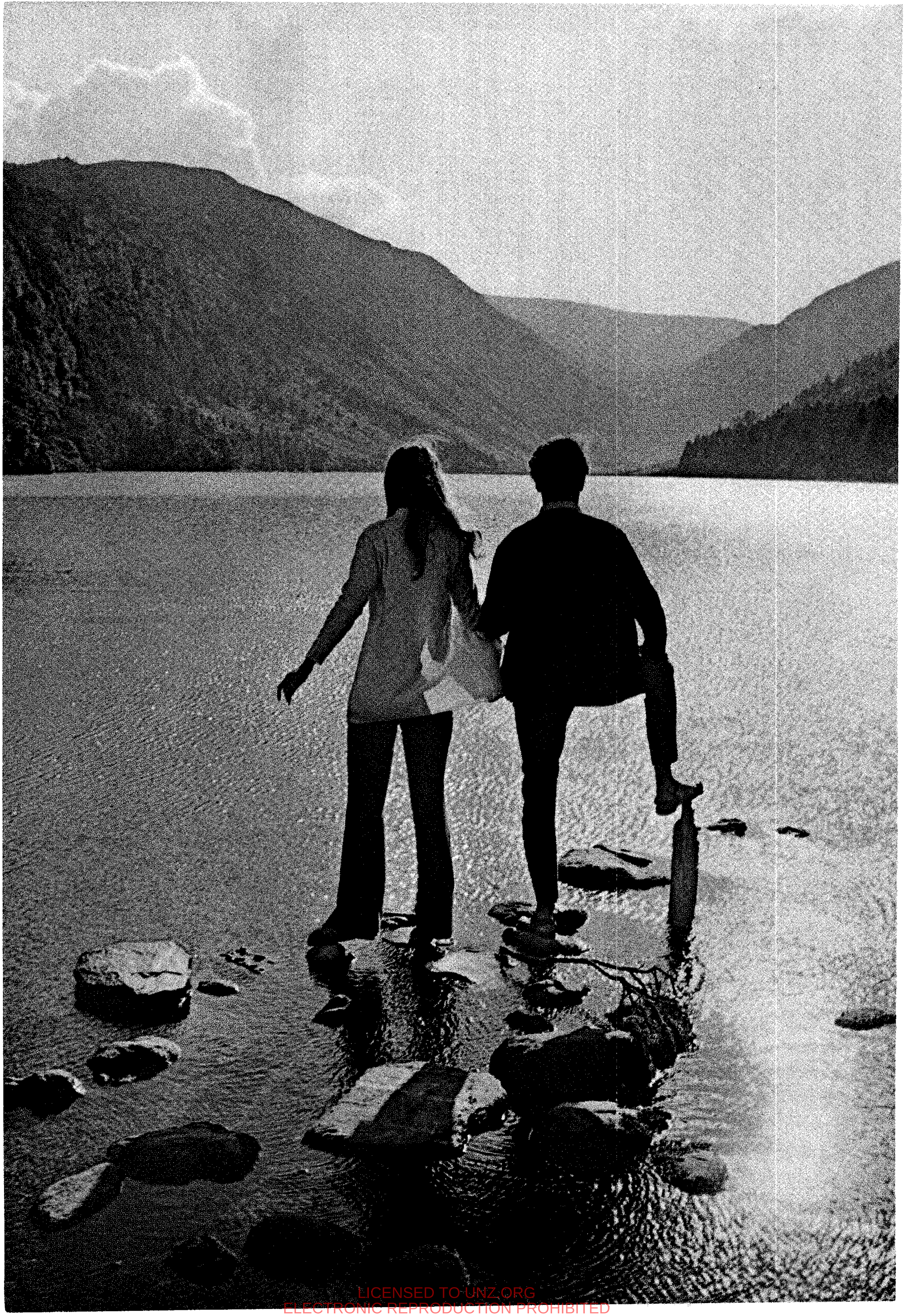
DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, April 25, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

NOTE—From Wednesday through Friday, April 21-23, Madison Avenue between 42nd and 57th Streets will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall from noon to two in celebration of Earth Week. Additionally, as a matter of course, the avenue is also open as a pedestrian mall from 61st to 72nd Streets on Tuesday evenings from seven to ten; most shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

A taste of the past
makes the present beautiful.
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
ESTABLISHED 1749
ROYAL
AGES
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whiskey. ©1971 The Paddington Corp., New York, N.Y. 10020.

Royal Ages. Fifteen year old Scotch.



If you're flying to London, you've already paid for Ireland.

"...So why not get what you've paid for?"

asks Richard Joseph, Travel Editor of Esquire *and syndicated columnist.*

"One of the nice, but too often overlooked facts of transatlantic flying is this: when you buy air fare to London, you've already paid for your fare to Ireland. In other words, you're entitled to Ireland at no extra air fare.

$2.40 goes a long way

"And that's a beautiful bonus because it means you can start or end your trip in one of Europe's least expensive, most delightful—and friendly—countries. In Ireland, a pound ($2.40) still goes a long way, and luxury living, in the grand manner, goes at bargain basement rates.

"From the Lakes of Killarney to Dublin's sophistication, the land is not only green, but blossoming with travel adventure. For sportsmen, there's plenty of open space left for riding, hunting, golf and miles of unpolluted streams and lakes for fishing. Best of all there's a complete lack of pressure so you can enjoy them all.

"Dublin, for some reason, has still to win the fame it so richly deserves as a cosmopolitan capital where couples may enjoy fine wining, dining and superb theater at bargain prices.

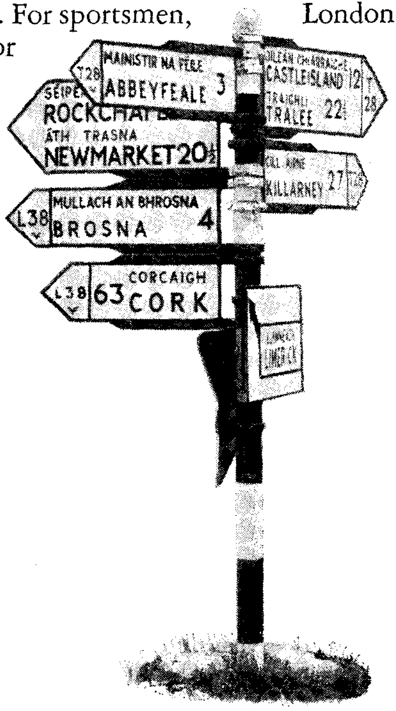
"And speaking of bargains, Ireland boasts one of Europe's most fabulous bargain centers. It's Shannon Free Airport, the original and largest of all duty-free airport shops.

"Yet best of all, you'll enjoy the Irish. They're hospitable, garrulous and gregarious—and more than ready to share their good life with you."

Jet there on Irish-Aer Lingus

Irish-Aer Lingus has more flights to Ireland than anybody else. Daily from New York, Boston, Chicago and Montreal. And Irish-Aer Lingus will jet you not only to Shannon and Dublin, but on to London—or Paris, Rome . . . or 20 other cities in Europe. And as Richard Joseph points out, "The service is smooth, efficient and those colleens!—sure, it's a wonderful way to fly!"

For all the details, call your travel agent or Irish-Aer Lingus.



IRISH-AER LINGUS

IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 22: "Trash."
From April 23: "Sweet Sweet Back's Baadasssss Song."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 27: "This Man Must Die" and "Friends and Lovers."
From April 28: "Brewster McCloud" and "Alex in Wonderland."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 27: "Cold Turkey."
From April 28: "THX 1138."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
April 21: "And Soon the Darkness."
From April 22: "Derby."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Confession."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Mad Dogs and Englishmen."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 23: "A Severed Head."
From April 24: "Saturday Morning."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 27: "Making It."
From April 28: "Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The House That Dripped Blood."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 24: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here."
From April 25: "La Collectionneuse."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
April 21: "Women in Love."
From April 22: "Derby."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"M*A*S*H" and "Patton."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"My Secret Life."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Flight of the Doves."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 27: "Valdez Is Coming."
From April 28: "Pretty Maids All in a Row."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
"Johnny Minotaur."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
April 21: "Soldier in the Rain" and "Bachelor Flat."
April 22: "The Private Lives of Adam & Eve" and "Sex Kittens Go to College."
April 23-25: "Pretty Poison" and "Lord Love a Duck."
April 26: "The Wild Country" and "I Walk the Line."
From April 27: "Before the Revolution."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ramparts of Clay."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 27: "The Priest's Wife."
From April 28: "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Harry Langdon festival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 27 (tentative): "Airport."
From April 28 (tentative): "Raid on Rommel" and "The Lost Flight."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
Through April 22: "Chushingura."
April 23-24: "This Transient Life."
April 25: A program of Greek films.
April 26: "This Transient Life."
April 27: "Woman in the Dunes."
April 28: "The Bride of the Andes."
From April 29: "Samurai, the Legend of Musashi."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Lawrence of Arabia."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Shinbone Alley."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A New Leaf."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 21: "Melody."
From April 22: "Derby."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Margo."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"My Night at Maud's."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 27: "Cold Turkey."
From April 28: "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 27: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."
From April 28: "Husbands" and "The Pursuit of Happiness."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 21: "Right On!" and "Burn!"
April 22-28: "The Seven Samurai" and "Night and Fog."
From April 29: "Vladimir and Rosa" and "China Is Near."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 27: "The Lion in Winter" and "The Loves of Isadora."
From April 28: "The Arrangement" and "Rider on the Rain."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 22: "The Petrified Forest" and "The Mask of Dimitrios."
April 23-25: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" and "The Penthouse."
April 26-27: "Psycho" and "Strangers on a Train."
April 28-29: "The Bride Wore Black" and "The Sleeping Car Murder."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 27: "The Priest's Wife."
From April 28: "Percy."

Note: A word of caution or of celebration, as the case may be: on Tuesday, April 27, the Rugoff Theatres—the Art, the Gramercy, the Murray Hill, the Sutton, the Plaza, Cinema I, Cinema II, the Beekman, the 8th St. Playhouse, the 5th Ave. Cinema, the Paris, and the Paramount—will charge no admission, in observance of the chain's fiftieth anniversary.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Airport (1970)—The publicity aura of the film makes you think that it might be a good dopey film-to-read-on-a-plane, so to speak, but it's dull stuff. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 27, tentative.)

Alex in Wonderland—This story about a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject for his next film is so casual and loose that one's attention wanders. Though it's a misbegotten, pseudo "8½," from time to time it manages to capture the super-relaxed palmy-hip style of the new Hollywood. Directed by Paul Mazursky, who wrote the script with Larry Tucker. (Charles; starting April 28.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is not unlike the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but it isn't a very pleasurable kind of suspense; the movie lacks humor. (Cinema I.)

And Soon the Darkness—A suspense-thriller, with Pamela Franklin, directed by Robert Fuest. (Murray Hill; April 21.)

The Arrangement (1969)—Elia Kazan wrote and directed this monstrously unconvincing story of a successful advertising man's breakdown. With Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, and Deborah Kerr. (Symphony; starting April 28.)

Bachelor Flat (1962)—With Tuesday Weld, Terry-Thomas, Richard Beymer, and Celeste Holm, directed by Frank Tashlin. Actually, the film is part of a Tuesday Weld Festival (that's right). Other entries are listed below. (8th St. Playhouse; April 21.)

Bananas—Directed by, written by, and starring Woody Allen. (Coronet; starting April 28.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting April 27.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Charles; starting April 28.)

The Bride of the Andes (1966)—For a change, a Japanese film with an enticing title of the old American type. It stars not Yma Sumac but Sachiko Hidari, the perennially young wife of the talented director Susumu Hani, who made this film—using *cinéma-vérité* techniques—in Bolivia and Peru. The story is about the heroine's development of the strength to endure; the movie, fortunately, does not test the viewer's endurance. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 28.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Thalia; April 28-29.)

Burn!—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged

How an Accutron® watch movement helps give American Airlines Astrojets an in-flight physical.

A plane lives in the air.

So, logically, that's the best place to find out exactly how it's functioning.

And to do just that, a system called Astrolog was developed.

It's a highly sensitive electronic unit that travels aboard American Airlines Astrojet 400's (and soon aboard 747 Astroliners).

Every single second of the flight, Astrolog gathers detailed information about the engine, instruments, and flight performance. Then it transfers that information to magnetic tape, which is later fed into a computer.

But none of Astrolog's information would make any sense without a time base.

You couldn't tell how an engine was behaving at the exact second of takeoff. Or how much fuel was being used in relation to speed.

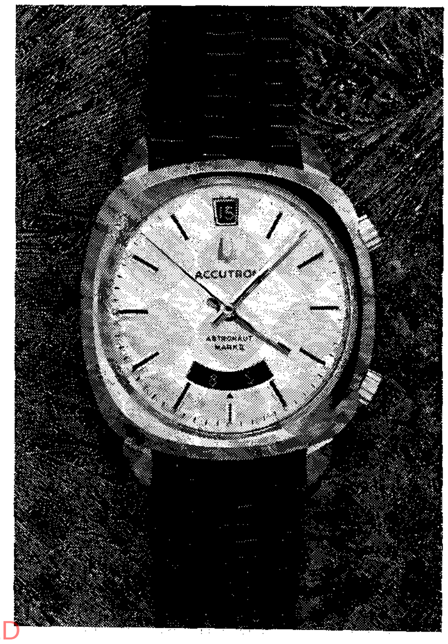
Flying information is worthless without an extremely accurate time base, so Astrolog has an Accutron tuning fork movement.

Time is such an important factor that Astrolog had to have the most accurate time base that was available. So an Accutron tuning fork movement was used. The very same movement that runs every Accutron watch.

Bulova guarantees its accuracy to within a minute a month.*

And when you're in the business of flying 350,000 people a week, you have a very healthy regard for that kind of accuracy.

Accutron Astronaut Mark II "D": Two time zone feature with individually set local time zone hand and home base readout indicator. Raised gold and black markers on silver dial. Calendar window. Protected against common watch hazards. $195. Other styles from $110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
a scientific instrument.
Accutron® by Bulova.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (New Yorker; April 21.)

China Is Near (1968)—A prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his pompous Socialist brother's chances for political office. Marco Bellocchio's highly original political comedy, in which the people are so awful they're funny, is structured like a classic comic opera. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting April 29.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three-and-a-half-hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through April 22.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cold Turkey—There is some satire on the media in this farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (Gramercy and Cinema Studio; through April 27.)

La Collectionneuse—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting April 25.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Derby—"Derby" in this case means Roller Derby. A documentary, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Murray Hill, Juliet 2, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting April 22.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; through April 24.)

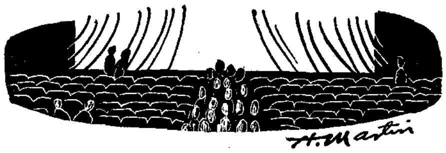
Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Cinema Village, Ciné Malibu, and Festival.)

Flight of the Doves—About two children pursued by a rotten stepfather across Irish country. Fine as long as you're in the company of small kids. With Ron Moody and Jack Wild, directed by Ralph Nelson. (Loew's Ciné.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-aged couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

Friends and Lovers (1969)—With Anne Linden and Mary Kahn, directed by Harvey Cort. (Charles; through April 27.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

The House That Dripped Blood—Five stories of the supernatural that take place in the dripping house. All directed by Peter Duffel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 28.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As trite as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Cinema Village, Ciné Malibu, and Festival.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Juliet 1 and Waverly. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through April 27.)

I Walk the Line—With Tuesday Weld, Gregory Peck, Estelle Parsons, and Ralph Meeker, directed by John Frankenheimer. (8th St. Playhouse; April 26.)

Johnny Minotaur—Directed by Charles Henri Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Landlord—There are some engaging moments in Hal Ashby's film, which shows a rich white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant). To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement. With Pearl Bailey. (Kips Bay.)

Harry Langdon Festival—April 21 and 27: "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" and "Soldier Man." April 22 and 28: "Three's a Crowd," "Boobs in the Woods," and "Hooks and Jabs." April 23: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Picking Peaches," and "Lucky Stars." April 24: "The Strong Man" and "Saturday Afternoon." April 25: "Long Pants," "The Sea Squawk," and "His Marriage Wow." April 26 and 29: "The Chaser," "There He Goes," and "Feet of Mud." (Elgin.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Symphony; through April 27.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman.)

Lord Love a Duck (1966)—George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of present-day teen-aging. With Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (8th St. Playhouse; April 23-25.)

The Lost Flight—With Lloyd Bridges and Anne Francis, directed by Leonard J. Horn. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 28, tentative.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony; through April 27.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (Trans-Lux East.)

Making It—John Erman's film about a lad making heavy weather of being an Odysseus on a seventeen-year-old's sexual quest. The film comes from a novel called "What Can You Do?;" what you can do is not go. (Coronet; through April 27.)

Margo—An Israeli film, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Sherritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (U. A. East.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (Thalia; through April 22.)

Melody—Waris Hussein directs Jack Wild (the Artful Dodger in "Oliver") and Mark Lester (who *was* Oliver) in an icky but perfectly agreeable English story to take children to. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; April 21.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Greenwich and Cinema Studio; starting April 28.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Lincoln Art.)

My Secret Life—Based on the Victorian erotic autobiography of the same name. With Jack Woods and Leon Jervis, directed by Leland R. Thomas. (Orpheum.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Music Hall.)

Night and Fog (1955)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (New Yorker; April 22-28.)

The Passion of Anna—The powerful theology of this Ingmar Bergman film is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reenactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Regency.)

Patton (1970)—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was

Spend a few minutes with Almadén Solera Sherries and Ports*

and you'll appreciate them for the rest of your life.

Flor–the remarkable cause of Sherry

Around the 1st Century B.C., a unique yeast started to materialize from the Spanish air quite suddenly, at vintage time. A snowy, whipped-cream-like surface bloomed over some, but not all wines. It looked like an enormous, white lily. So the Spanish called it *Flor* for flower. Gradually, all the lighter, finer wines thus began to flower...their bouquet changed, and their character deepened...they became dryer, crisper, and acquired more nose...the first Sherry was happening.

And now, 2000 years later at Almadén, this miracle is happening beautifully in California. Here's how it developed.

The Sherry grape

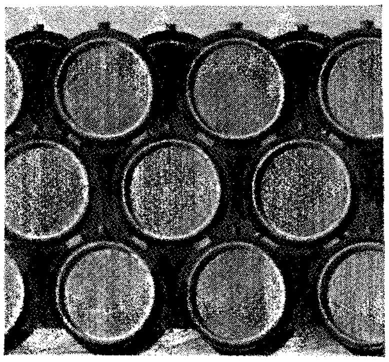
The golden Palomino grape–the essential start of the best Sherry, was brought over from Jerez, Spain and planted in the rich soil of California. It was a perfect fit. At this point, two essential ingredients for fine Sherry had been brought to Almadén: *Flor* yeast and the Palomino grape. Next we swung our attention to method, and realized that the Solera system–that process used originally in Spain–was the only way to produce highest quality Sherry. And that required special barrels.

White oak from Tennessee

The best wood for aging Sherry is white oak from Tennessee; even the Spaniards haven't found another oak as good. So we arranged to have white oak cut down and shipped regularly to Spain; there, with skilled hands, Spanish coopers shape it into butts or casks. These are returned to Almadén where they hold the wine in two important stages. The first is in what the Spaniards call a *Criadera* (literally, a nursery) where the dry, young Palomino wine takes on the *Flor* flavor. Next is the *Solera.*

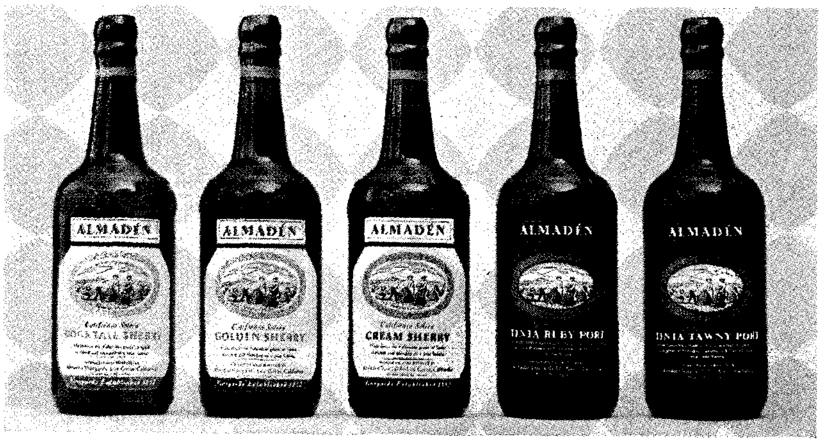
The Solera System –2000 years old.

A vast, dim room holds tier over tier of small oak barrels–some 20,000 in all. The young wine is poured into the topmost tier. What is drawn off for Sherry comes from the bottom tier–and never more than a third of a barrel at a time; this is replenished from the barrel above, and that barrel from a still higher barrel. This is the Solera System: through the years, the young Palomino wine blends with the older wines, moving slowly, from barrel to barrel, until it takes on the richness and quality of its ancestors. It's easily the most expensive but definitely the best way to make Sherry. There are three Almadén Sherries, all made in this painstaking way, for you to try: *Cocktail Sherry*–as a dry aperitif to be served before dinner chilled or over the rocks; *Golden Sherry*–not quite so dry, to be served chilled on the rocks with walnuts; and *Cream Sherry*–for those who prefer a sweeter Sherry as a before or after dinner drink (or anytime for that matter).



The Port grape

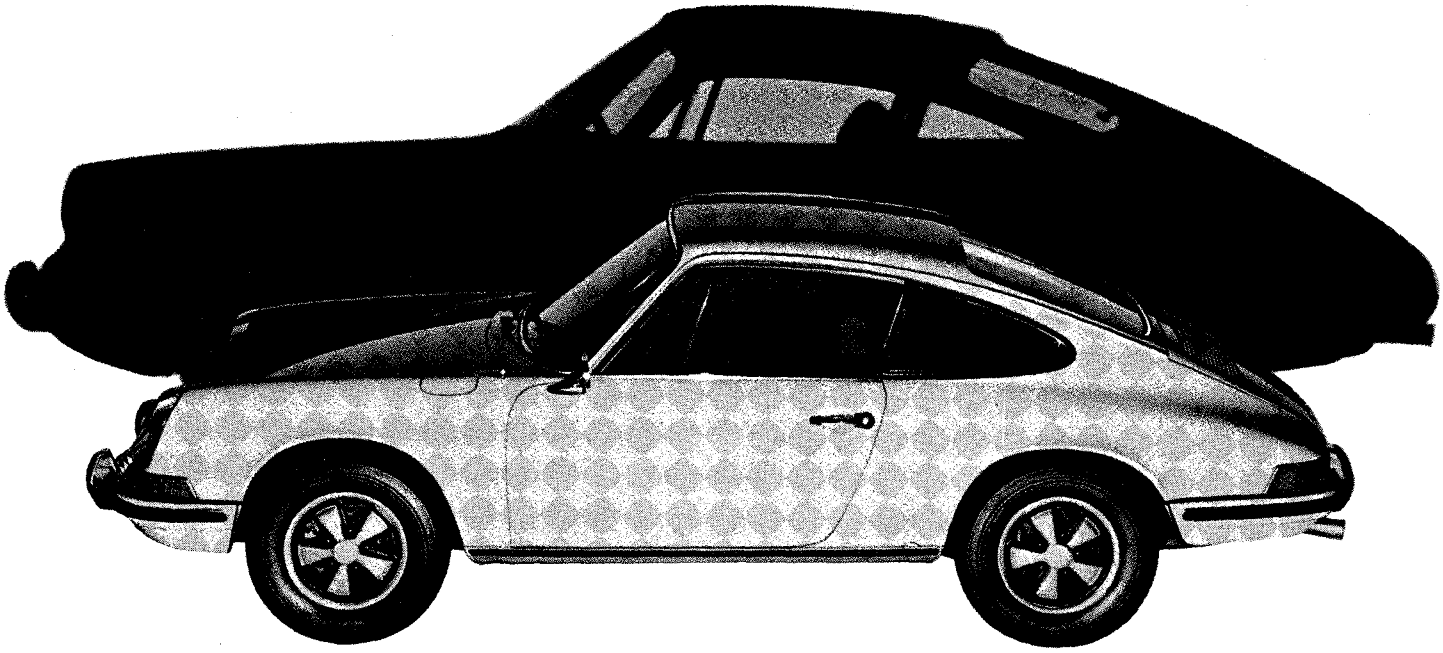
The best Port grape of Portugal, the Tinta Madeira, is used for Almadén Port. Notice it on the label...you will find it on few, very few, American Port labels...it is always an indication of superior quality, of a true, varietal Port wine. Matured in oak, in the same Solera process as the Sherries, Almadén Ports achieve their maximum softness and flavor. They are made just as Port is made in Portugal. Try them: *Tinta Ruby Port* and *Tinta Tawny Port.*



Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

---

*Origin California



There is, of course, a dictionary difference.

But Dr. Ferry Porsche sees it another way.

Artist or engineer, there is always a result. And that result is always judged 2 ways: on idea, and on execution.

So it is under Dr. Ferry Porsche that we build the Porsche 911.

The idea was that a man should be able to transport himself in an exquisite piece of machinery, with enormous safety, ease and control.

The execution was the design, making, and assembly of thousands of parts of metal. And every part had to make a contribution to the idea or be redesigned.

This left no room for the normal tricks of car making.

It meant forming much of the car on workbenches, and finishing most of it by hand.

It meant ignoring the accountant's cry for cost reductions ("You can make this part cheaper and it'll be almost as good . . .").

It also meant we wouldn't just spot-check every 10th or 20th engine. (We run every one on the test bench before it's put in the car—then run it again on a test track before the car leaves the plant.)

The result is a car with incredible balance and performance. A car that has won repeatedly in competition racing—even beating cars with more powerful engines.

The 911 didn't win those races on the racetrack. They were won much earlier.

On idea. And execution.

For the nearest dealer that sells Porsches and Audis, call 800-553-9550 free in the Continental U.S. (In Iowa call collect 319-242-1867.)

"Leonardo da Vinci was considered first an artist, then an engineer. What is your opinion, Dr. Porsche?"

"Is there any difference?"

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (U. A. East.)

The Penthouse (1967)—A British film, with Suzy Kendall and Terence Morgan, directed by Peter Collinson. (Thalia; April 23-25.)

Percy—With Hywell Bennett and Denholm Elliott, directed by Ralph Thomas. (Midtown; starting April 28.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Thalia; through April 22.)

Pretty Maids All in a Row—With Rock Hudson, Angie Dickinson, and Telly Savalas, directed by Roger Vadim. (86th St. East; starting April 28.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (8th St. Playhouse; April 23-25.)

The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer, and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. Dino Risi directed. Probably no one wanted it to turn out the way it did. (Greenwich and Midtown; through April 27.)

The Private Lives of Adam & Eve (1960)—With Tuesday Weld, Mickey Rooney, Mamie Van Doren, Fay Spain, Mel Tormé, and Marty Milner, directed by Albert Zugsmith and Mickey Rooney. (8th St. Playhouse; April 22.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Thalia; April 26-27.)

The Pursuit of Happiness—The disenchantment of youth and the hypocrisy of the Establishment. With Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey and a good supporting cast (Arthur Hill, Robert Klein, and Ruth White in her last appearance). Directed by Robert Mulligan. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 28.)

Raid on Rommel—With Richard Burton and John Colicos, directed by Henry Hathaway. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 28, tentative.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Rider on the Rain—A thriller by René Clément about a girl called Mélancolie, married to an Air France navigator whom she dares not tell about a terrifying rapist she murdered. The film is an account of panic; the girl, who is always dressed in white, starts to climb up the wall of your mind, like a pigeon flattening itself against a window trying to get out. There are stretches of the film that are mechanical and meagre-spirited, but it's worth seeing. In French. (Symphony; starting April 28.)

Right On!—Dangerous-natured, funny, agile film about three black poets—poets of revolution and infectious, lazy sarcasm. They incant on a roof in Harlem, accompanied by drums; the sunshine burns and wanes, the film is stirring and chilling. (New Yorker; April 21.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Samurai, the Legend of Musashi (1954)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. Part I of the Samurai trilogy. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting April 29.)

Saturday Morning—A bunch of late-high-school kids sit around in the California fresh air and suffocate themselves with analysts' cant in a marathon therapy session. Boys and girls keep bursting into tears about not knowing who the real me is. Maybe they weep for the agonizing boredom they are putting themselves through. *Cinéma vérité* with a vengeance. (Baronet; starting April 24.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (New Yorker; April 22-28.)

A Severed Head—Dick Clement directs an affected English sex-comedy from the nineteen-sixties novel by Iris Murdoch. The film's deep-breathing preciousness about sex—an Oxford anthropologist haughtily in love with her half brother sits at a posh dinner table and cuts into things with a samurai sword, implying a load of dopey metaphor and not much humor—is nearly matched by its preciousness about claret. Good actors, including Richard Attenborough, Ian Holm, and Claire Bloom, intelligently battle to turn the comedy into farce. (Baronet; through April 23.)

Sex Kittens Go to College (1960)—With Tuesday Weld and Mamie Van Doren, directed by Albert Zugsmith. (8th St. Playhouse; April 22.)

Shinbone Alley—Cartoon musical of Don Marquis's famous stories about archy, the poet transmigrated into a cockroach who jumps on the keys of a typewriter but can't manage capital letters, and mehitabel, the alley cat he is in love with. Eddie Bracken sings the bug; Carol Channing's voice and high-Broadway style turn the old mehitabel into a wambling, unread glamour puss with her eyes fixed on making it overnight—the sort of brilliant primitive who belongs to the myths of show biz. The drawings are conventional and the music is undistinguished; not much here for children, either. (Guild.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; April 28-29.)

Soldier in the Rain (1963)—With Tuesday Weld, Jackie Gleason, and Steve McQueen, directed by Ralph Nelson from the William Goldman novel. (8th St. Playhouse; April 21.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Thalia; April 26-27.)

Summer of '42—With Jennifer O'Neill and Gary Grimes, directed by Robert Mulligan. (Fine Arts.)

Sweet Sweet Back's Baadasssss Song—Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. (Art; starting April 23.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding both sides in the generation war old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here (1969)—Abraham Polonsky's ideological Western sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal, racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (72nd St. Playhouse; through April 24.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Charles; through April 27.)

This Transient Life—A new film, directed by Akio Jissoji, which reflects a Japanese desire to return to a more nationalistic society. With Eiji Okada (the hero of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"). In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 23-24 and April 26.)

THX 1138—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century (which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984"). The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Gramercy; starting April 28.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Art; through April 22.)

Tristana—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Juliet 1 and Waverly. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through April 27.)

Valdez Is Coming—Bullishly sentimental Western, with Burt Lancaster as a Mexican-American part-time constable speaking up by instinct for all the right things. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (86th St. East; through April 27.)

Vladimir and Rosa—Jean-Luc Godard's latest film. (New Yorker; starting April 29.)

Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion.)

What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? (1962)—Robert Aldrich directs Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in a story with a style possibly describable as Gothic/psychoanalytic. The two stars play sisters; Baby Jane Hudson (Bette Davis), a child star of vaudeville, once crashed her car into Blanche Hudson (Joan Crawford), a Joan Crawford star of the movies. High-camp hell ensues. (Thalia; April 23-25.)

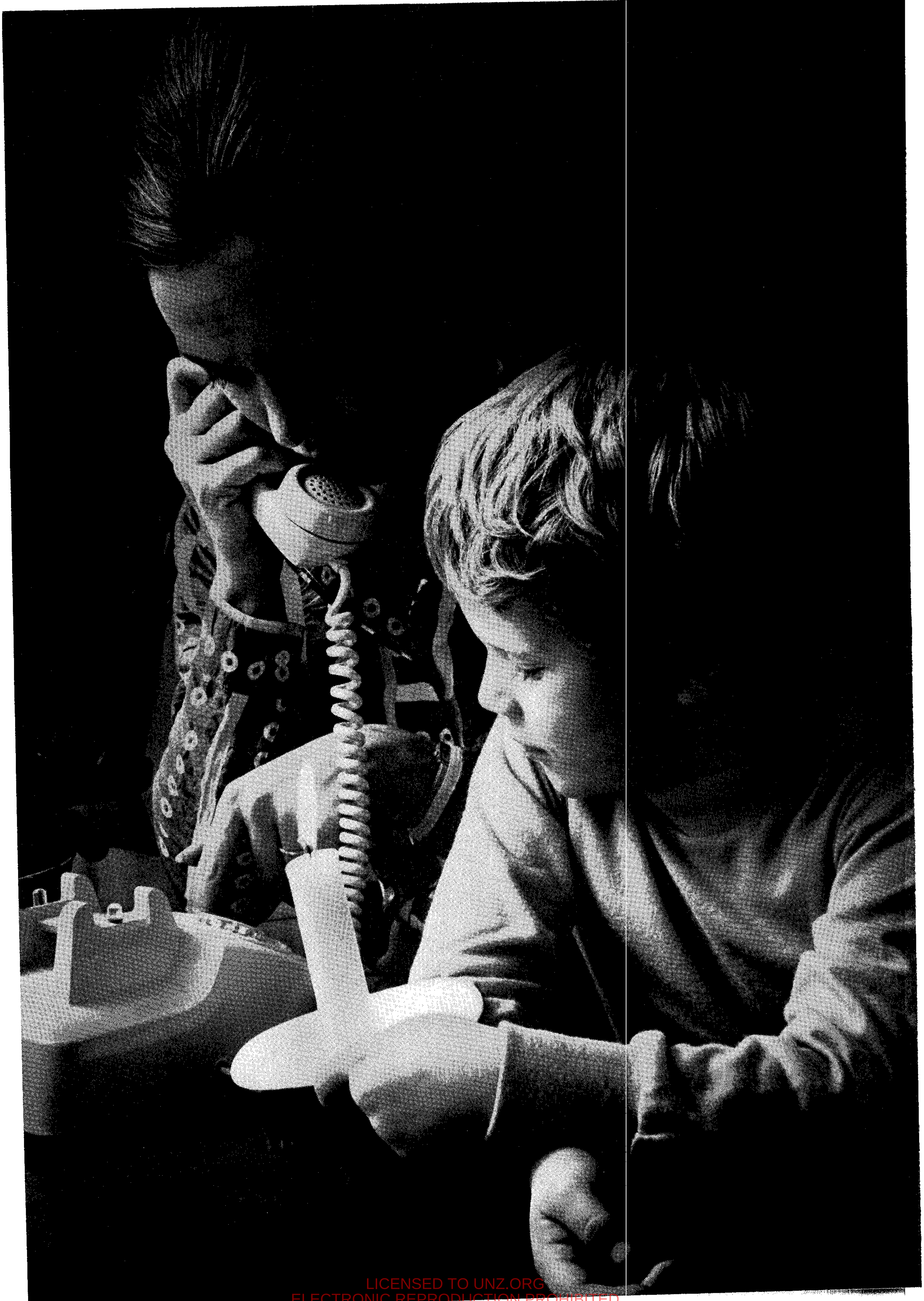
Where's Poppa?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Kips Bay.)

The Wild Child—In his own film, Truffaut plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor who tries to educate a boy of eleven or twelve who had spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Among other things, this remarkable picture gives a finely characterized account of the research mind, and living expression to the new Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Regency.)

Wild in the Country (1961)—With Tuesday Weld, Elvis Presley, Hope Lange, and Millie Perkins, directed by Philip Dunne. (8th St. Playhouse; April 26.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 27.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Juliet 2; April 21. . . . ¶ Greenwich and Cinema Studio; starting April 28.)



Even when you've blown a fuse,
we're still on the line.

You could blow every fuse in your house and still be able to use your telephone.

Because a telephone doesn't get its power from your house circuits.

Instead, it operates from a low-voltage direct current supplied by Telephone Company batteries.

Much like the battery you have in your car, ours, too, must be constantly charged.

For this purpose we have battery chargers that convert power from the local power company.

But knowing that storms and other emergencies can sometimes affect power lines as well as our own, we have auxiliary generating equipment ready to take over at any time to keep the batteries charged.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are constantly working to provide reliable telephone service.

So if a blown fuse does leave you temporarily in the dark, you can at least call somebody about it.

What about them?

All states have problems, but Alaska's must certainly be unique. Running a state more than twice as large as Texas with a population roughly equivalent to the city of Wichita, Kansas has never been easy.

Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel has written . . . "Americans in affluent areas of the United States have no idea of the dimensions of rural poverty and living hardships that Alaskans must pay to live in the land they love."

Now there's oil. For those who live in Alaska, the oil can mean a better way of life, new opportunity, a real choice for the future. Initially, the development of the North Slope oilfields and the construction of the trans Alaska pipeline will mean a boom in jobs and business activity. But this will be temporary. (For example, several thousand people will be needed to build the pipeline, but fewer than three hundred employees will be required for actual operation.) The long-term benefit to Alaska and its people will come from a sustained annual income from production and transportation of a valuable resource.

Already the State has realized more than $900 million from the sale of North Slope oil leases. When the oil actually begins to move to market, Alaska will receive a 12½% royalty on oil produced from State lands plus additional income from taxes. Official State estimates place these combined revenues, when the pipeline is operating at full capacity, in excess of $150 million annually—more than the State's entire operating budget for 1967-68.

Translated into schools, hospitals, roads and other vital public programs, this income can herald a long-awaited era of security and opportunity for many Alaskans who have not fully enjoyed these benefits in the past.

The Native Situation—some have voiced concern that this sudden change might "ruin" the Alaskan Natives. The truth is that, to date, the Native Alaskan has been the recipient of nearly all of civilization's curses and precious few of its benefits. With the coming of the "white man," the cultures of the Eskimos, Indians and Aleuts were touched, changed and altered for all time. Today there are some 53,000 Native Alaskans in Alaska and most of them live in poverty. The effects are tragic. Their life expectancy is about half the national average. Their rate of death from accidents and disease is twice as high as it is for other Americans. Typically, of the approximately 10,000 Eskimos who live in Western Alaska, only 45 have college degrees and one-fourth have no formal schooling at all.

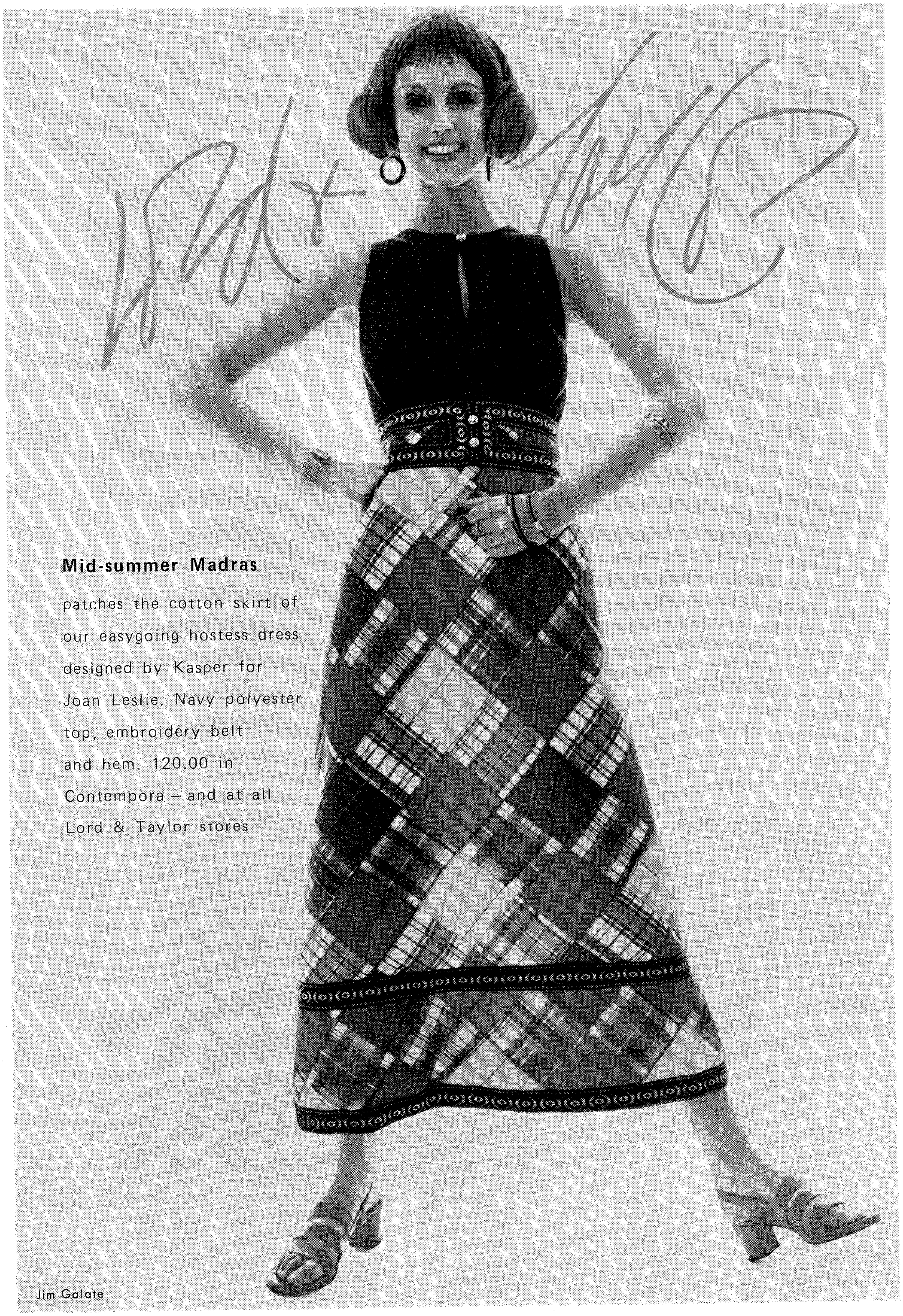
These Americans ask only that they be allowed to improve their own situation. In 1884, the United States recognized that Native Alaskans should be undisturbed in their actual use and occupancy of lands claimed by them. Even today, the Native Claims question remains unresolved and awaits resolution by the Congress of the United States. A prompt and fair land claim settlement really means that the Native Alaskan should at last have the opportunity to look at our way of life and make up his own mind whether to take it or leave it.

Much hinges on a prompt and reasonable settlement of the claims of the Alaskan Natives, for until this is accomplished no one—not the Natives, nor the State of Alaska, nor the United States as a whole, nor the oil industry—can proceed with the orderly development and use of Alaska's natural resources.

U.S. Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska puts it this way, "Settlement of the Alaska Native land claims and construction of the trans Alaska pipeline are essential actions to assure a brighter future for Alaska and the United States. As the nation seeks to protect our ecology, it is important to remember that people—all our people—are part of our ecology and will benefit from these actions."

Public Affairs Division, Alyeska Pipeline
Service Company, 2805 Denali Street,
Anchorage, Alaska 99503.

Alyeska Pipeline Service Company



Mid-summer Madras

patches the cotton skirt of our easygoing hostess dress designed by Kasper for Joan Leslie. Navy polyester top, embroidery belt and hem. 120.00 in Contempora – and at all Lord & Taylor stores

Jim Galate

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

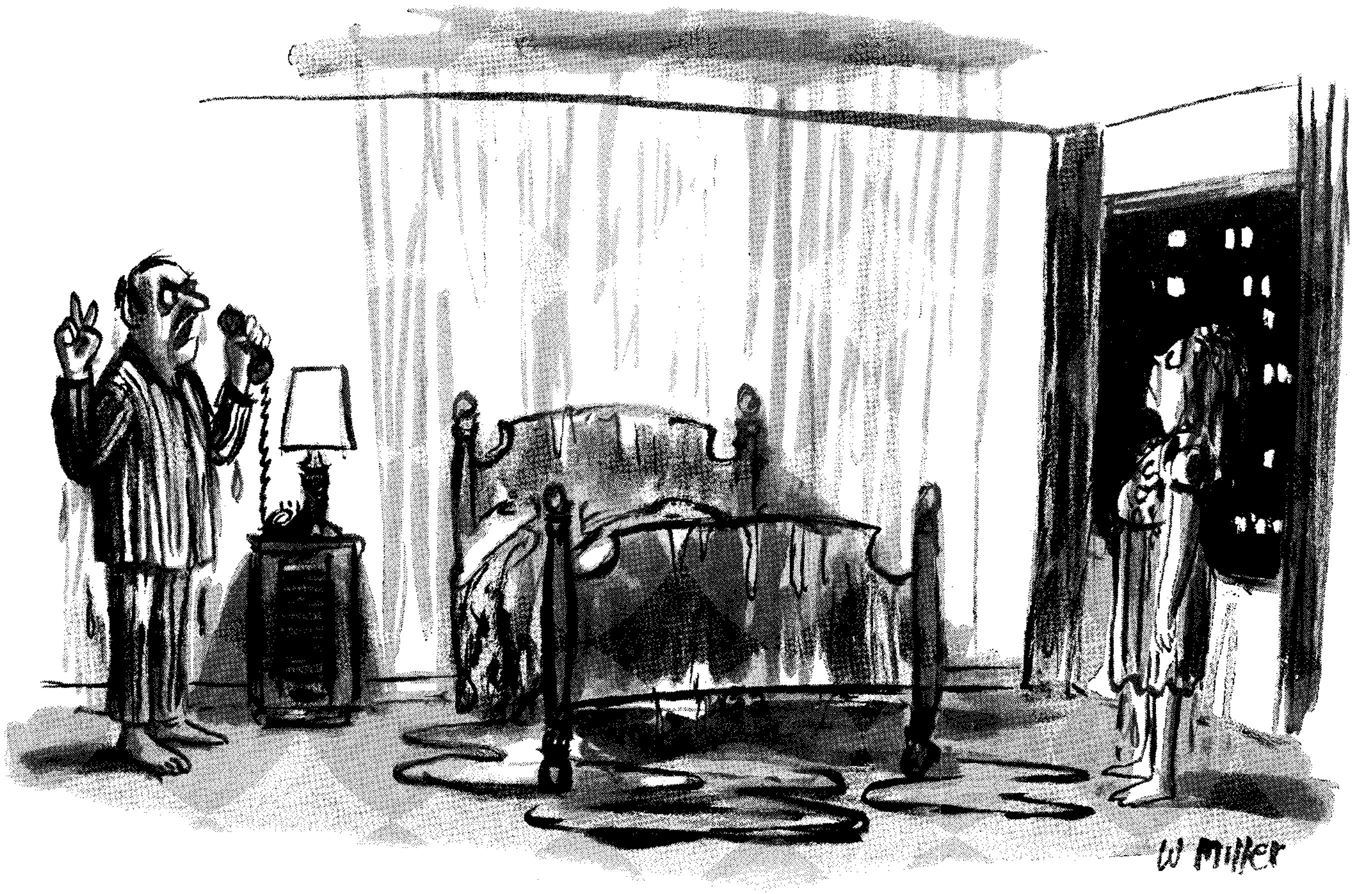
LETTER from a friend: "I don't know about you, but what happened to me for several mornings last week while I was reading the newspapers was so absolutely unusual that for a while there I almost didn't recognize it. I guess if you lay off anything for long enough, you can get rusty at it, and that goes even for finding a story in the papers that is so obviously and plainly delightful and, well, *pleasing* that you don't have to say to yourself 'Uh-oh, what will Henry Kissinger say about this?' or 'Good, I hope they've learned their lesson this time' or 'Yes, but what will happen when it goes back to the membership for a vote?' or any damned thing like that, but instead you can just recognize it for what it is—good news—and let it go on making you feel better and happier than you were before you read it. What I mean is coming on something on the front page of the *Times* that you never ever expected to see there, and reading more and more about it in the next few days, and following it on the TV news, too, as it goes on happening, and each time being able to laugh about it a little and shake your head, and saying to your wife or your friends 'Hey, what *about* this?' and see them sort of light up and begin to smile with you and wanting to talk about it with you and share it. Being surprised. Feeling hope. It's been a long time since *that* happened, hasn't it?

"What I'm talking about, of course, is the opening of China to the United States table-tennis team, and the team's visit there, and some newspapermen being allowed in, too, and then President Nixon easing the embargo on trade with Communist China, and Premier Chou En-lai having his picture taken with our players, and some sounds of friendship being tried out, and the Chinese team beating us easily and yet with delicacy and even humor, and what this new policy may portend. No, let me take back that last part. Portents are exactly what I don't want to draw from this. Portend us no portents, then, but Let a Thousand Ping-Pong Balls Take Wing! The great part, I think, is the way the thing was begun—with a game. The stains and smudges of a quarter of a century of unremitting hostility, insult, and suspicion can hardly be papered over in an afternoon; much easier to step out on the back porch, flick on the overhead light, sweep the dead moths off the table, and begin to hit a few. Table tennis, it occurs to me, is a disarming pastime. It encourages considerable exercise and violent competition, but always to the cheerful accompaniment of plinking celluloid, and passions are cooled whenever the contestants have to get down on their hands and knees and feel under the radiator for a lost ball. Some mild criticism has been levelled at the Chinese for inviting us to engage them in what is in fact their national game (surely you are familiar with the Metropolitan Museum's marvellous collection of ancient porcelain table-tennis balls, dating all the way back to the P'ong Dynasty), but perhaps we can settle that when we invite a Chinese team to come over later in the year and take us on at, say, Monopoly.

"Détente is the real name of this game, of course, or perhaps Peace, and it is a game that is won when everybody agrees, suddenly, some spring morning, to stop trying to win at all. I suppose it always comes as an enormous surprise like this—a cheerful surprise, as I say, but a sad one, too, in a way—to find how easy it was, after all, to begin."

Processo alla Callas

MARIA CALLAS, the New York-born Greek-American soprano, who is noted for her extraordinary voice and incandescent temperament, visited her home town recently to explore the possibility of teaching young singers some of the skills that she acquired during a long and eventful operatic career. Although Mme. Callas has not sung in public for three years, she remains for many opera buffs the supreme prima donna of her generation. Callas records continue to sell briskly, Callas fans measure every other singer by the standards of her performances, and Callas critics are still trying to fathom the unique combination of dramatic intensity and bel-canto style that set her apart from her contemporaries. In Europe, the Callas phenomenon is the subject of serious study. A French musicologist has written an elaborate essay tracing the impact of the Callas personality on opera production during the nineteen-fifties, and a group of Italian critics organized a seminar ("Processo alla Callas") to discuss the lady as a historic event. (They concluded that she had changed the course of musical history by rehabilitating an entire group of operas that had been considered dead or unperformable.) More recently, when Mme. Callas made an informal appearance at the Juilliard Theatre to discuss musical matters, she received a standing ovation from a packed house that included most of the major music critics and both the present and the future



"Their plumbing's grooving O.K., it's their water bed that pulled the bummer. They're very sorry and I should cool it. They will get it all together in the morning. Later, man. Ciao . . . and peace."

• •

general manager of the Metropolitan Opera.

We arranged to have a talk with Mme. Callas during her stay in New York, and arrived at the Hotel Regency late one afternoon to find our prima donna—tall, slim, and elegant in tight-fitting black pants and a frilly white blouse—romping in the living room of her suite with two toy poodles. "The white one is named Pixie and the brown one is Djeddah," she told us, with a radiant smile. Mme. Callas handed the yelping dogs to her secretary and collapsed gracefully onto a squashy velvet sofa with one leg folded beneath her. Then she smoothed back her long brown hair (which was fastened at the crown of her head in a ponytail), opened her enormous dark eyes in mock terror, and said, "Shoot."

"Why are you here?" we asked.

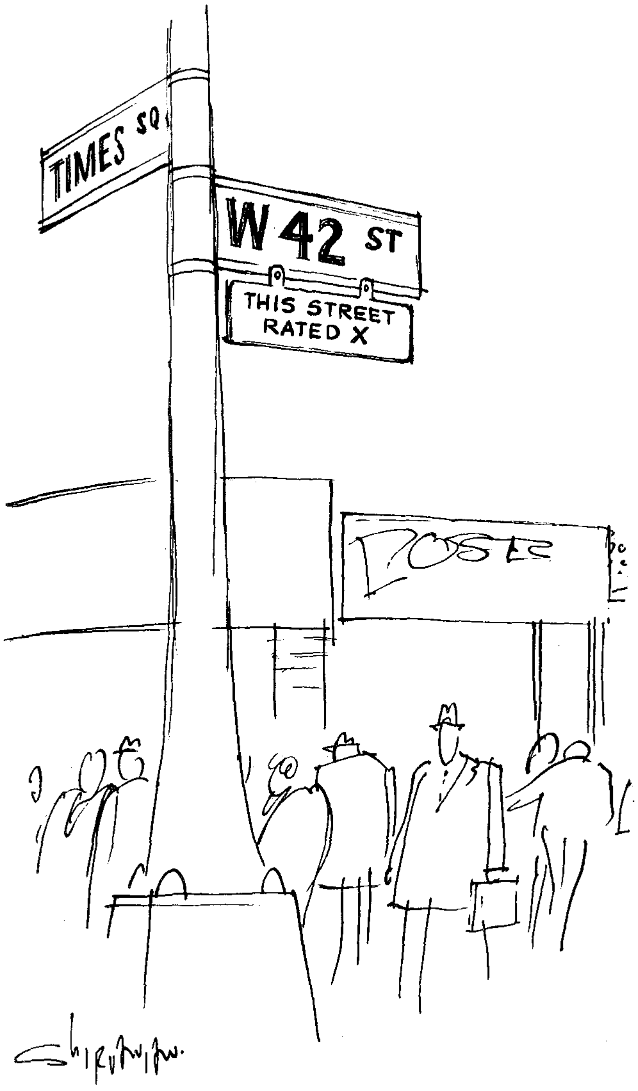
"I came to teach a master class in opera at the Curtis Institute, in Philadelphia, but when I arrived there I found eighteen students who were simply not prepared for advanced training," she replied. "So I asked them to sing for me one by one and made some suggestions about vocal technique. At the moment, I'm discussing the idea of an operatic institute with Peter Mennin, of Juilliard. If it works out, it will be a place where advanced students and professional artists can come for suggestions on how to perform specific roles."

"Does this mean you have given up the operatic stage?" we asked.

"Not at all!" Mme. Callas replied, sitting bolt upright. "I study constantly, and I would be delighted to return to New York in a new role in a new production—something on the order of 'Anna Bolena.' Everybody wants me to sing 'Tosca,' but I'm bored with 'Tosca.' The trouble with Puccini is that you can sing his operas without a perfect bel-canto technique. This has shortened many a singer's career." Relaxing slightly, Mme. Callas added that a singer, like an athlete, has to practice every day to keep in shape. "I dislike scales, so I warm up my voice with one of my favorite roles—in 'Traviata,' 'Norma,' 'Gioconda,' or 'Trovatore,' depending on whether it feels heavy or light," she said. "I have a very savage instrument, you know, and I can't command it at the beginning. It wants what it wants, and as soon as I give it the proper music it loosens up, becomes flexible, and serves me well. I suppose it's a sort of Wagnerian voice, except that my schooling was in the Italian bel-canto style. I *have* sung Wagner, though—Kundry in 'Parsifal,' Isolde in 'Tristan,' and Brünnhilde in an extraordinary production of 'Die Walküre' that took place in Palermo. During the last act of the première, the bass who was singing Wotan got lost just as he started to explain how he was going to put me to sleep on the rock. The maestro—Molinari-Pradelli—told him to shut up, and we had to pantomime most of the final scene."

We asked Mme. Callas to recall other unusual incidents in her career, and she told us that she had once rescued an absent-minded conductor from disaster during a performance of "Norma." "I gave the cue that brought in the chorus during the last act while I was standing onstage, and the maestro sent a letter the next day to thank me for saving the performance," she said. "There was also the rather notorious incident of the high E flat in Mexico City, which, I found out later, was recorded. My conductor there argued me into singing that note at the end of the Triumphal Scene in 'Aida,' but when our tenor heard about it he told everybody that *he* had a high E flat, too, and he was going to eat Callas up. Well, we both sang the note, but mine was in my natural voice and his was in falsetto, so it was me everybody heard. He was so furious that during the rest of the opera he stepped all over my veils."

In the past two years, Mme. Callas has been working on a new record of early Verdi arias and completing a nonsinging film version of "Medea," one of her most famous operatic roles. "Film brings you much closer to reality, and you learn to be quite static and not so hammy," she said. "But the operatic Medea is such a creature of mine—I brought her back to life after almost two hundred years—that I've built up a clear idea of her character. Fortunately, my director—Pier Paolo Pasolini, a poet and a very perceptive man—had worked out a similar concept of the role. For us, Medea is a victim of circumstances, a priestess-goddess who is swept away by her passionate love of Jason and dedicates herself to him with the same intensity that she once brought to her religious duties. When Jason discards her, she is completely at a loss in a world of strangers, and she is forced—out of desperation—to commit terrible acts. But you must remember that in Medea's religion the killing of her children meant that they would become immortal. She does go mad, of course, but it's a kind of static, internal madness—no yelling or screaming until the absolute end. The emotional scenes were not particularly difficult; it took me perhaps one minute to get into the proper mood. Then I just looked past the cameras and played to the stagehands and the extras. They were my public."



We asked Mme. Callas to comment on the future of the bel-canto repertoire that she had revived almost singlehanded, and she replied that it did not look terribly bright. "Bel canto, or beautiful singing, is based on schooling in solfeggio, diction, vocal production, and vocal projection, but most young singers won't take the time to train their voices properly in this style," she said. "And when they do, they rarely sing the bel-canto operas of the early nineteenth century as the composers wrote them. They add empty fireworks for the sake of applause. This sets my work back a hundred years. Nobody would dare to take such liberties with Beethoven or Mozart, so why should singers destroy the musical lines of Bellini, Donizetti, or Rossini with useless ornamentation? Rossini once listened to a famous soprano do 'Una voce poco fa,' from his 'Barbiere di Siviglia,' with all her own cadenzas and embellishments. When she had finished, he said, 'Oh, it's a wonderful voice, but, Madame, what was it, exactly, that you sang?' My composers always used embellishments with great care to express specific emotions. And, heaven knows, the job of reproducing their ideas accurately is difficult enough."

Reflex

A Connecticut chap we know came into town, left his car in a huge East Side parking garage, went about his business, returned to the garage around five-thirty, handed in his check, and prepared for a long wait. Instantly, the car appeared. "Thank you," he said to the attendant. "This certainly is excellent service." The attendant gave him a hard, squinty look. "And just what am I supposed to do about it?" he said.

•

Overheard on East Fifty-seventh Street, one midi to another: "Everythingwise, May is the month for Paris."

Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes

We went to Sardi's one day last week to hear a number of high-powered and medium-powered people of the theatre announce plans for—of all things—the revival of an old musical comedy. The musical in question was "On the Town"—a 1944 show that involved the talents of a number of people who were then young and are now celebrated, including Leonard Bernstein, Jerome Robbins, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green. The point at issue at Sardi's seemed to be the support of some less celebrated theatrical personalities—backers, for instance, and the ladies who book theatre parties. There were budgets (in binders) in evidence.

"The Theatre Party Ladies are just flipping," said Jerry Schlossberg, who will produce the show. "The Shuberts have expressed unabashed enthusiasm. Betty contacted Lenny in Vienna, and he sent back a telegram saying, 'Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.' I might have that telegram blown up. I thought it important that he thought it important to say yes so many times at forty-one cents a word."

Ron Field, the choreographer and director, who set the revival of "On the Town" in motion, said he was pleased that his "On the Town" would be the first seventies revival of a forties musical on Broadway. "I said to myself, 'The first person to arrive in town with pompadours and ankle straps and shoulder pads and snoods is going to—' " He was interrupted by Chita Rivera, who hugged him. "Hello, *hello*, Chita," he said. "How are you?"

"I don't know," said Chita Rivera.

"I hope that Chita will be involved in the show," Mr. Field said.

We talked to Miss Comden and Mr. Green.

"We're supposed to stimulate interest," Green said.

We asked about the Theatre Party Ladies.

"You don't know about the Theatre Party Ladies? Some of them are extremely powerful. Some of them represent many organizations," said Green.

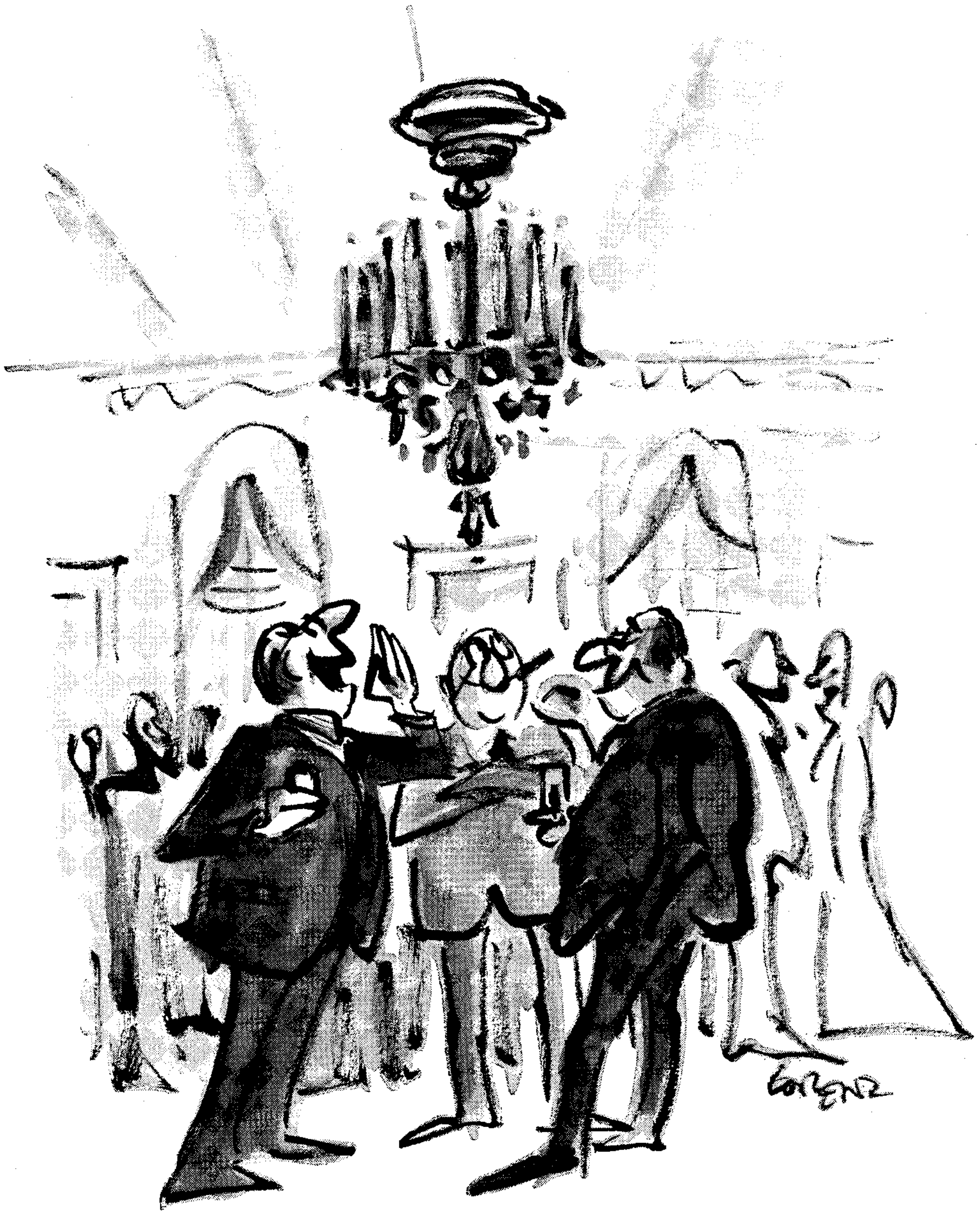
We asked where Theatre Party Ladies come from.

"They just grow," said Green.

We asked how you tell a Theatre Party Lady from any other sort of lady.

"That's the diabolical part of it. You can't tell a Theatre Party Lady from other people," he replied. Then he paused and rethought his position on Theatre Party Ladies. "God bless 'em," he said.

We tried to find a Theatre Party Lady and failed; that is, we failed to find a bona-fide Theatre Party Lady. We did find Ronald Lee, a youngish man with a beard and sideburns, who is a male Theatre Party Lady, and Mike Schattner, whose wife is a Theatre Party Lady. "I've been a Theatre Party Lady for almost twelve years now," Mr. Lee said.



"And if this be treason, J. Edgar, make the most of it."

People sat down, and Miss Comden and Mr. Green stimulated interest by singing a number of songs from "On the Town." They sang:

> "New York, New York, it's a hell-
>   uva town.
> The Bronx is up but the Battery's
>   down.
> The people ride in a hole in the
>   groun'. . . ."

Vernal

A FRIEND reports that he was strolling along Fifth Avenue in the upper Eighties one warm and welcome afternoon when he spied two elderly men approaching one another a few steps ahead of him. Each was bent over, each carried a cane, and each seemed suddenly invigorated by the sight of the other. They did not stop to talk. "Alive?" said the first. "Alive!" said the second, brushing past.

Style

BENJAMIN (LEFTY) JOHNSON is president of the Upper Harlem Cadillac Social Club, president of the Dynamic Karate Club, in the Bronx, and manager of the Electras and the Young Cadillacs, two rock groups, and when he turned twenty-three a while ago he gave himself a party that caused the *Amsterdam News* to publish a picture with this caption:

> CELEBRATING—Dapper Benjamin (Lefty) Johnson, wearing his $5000 birthday suit, hugs his youthful mother, Mrs. Anna Stafford, Saturday night in front of his Cadillac Club on Eighth Ave. at 126th St., where he celebrated his 23rd birthday. "Lefty's" outfit included a white sequins suit, mink hat trimmed with Persian lamb, and a maxi-Persian lamb coat trimmed in mink. . . . "Lefty" transported his guests in Cadillacs and a Rolls-Royce. . . .

Lefty Johnson has been mentioned frequently in Harlem's two weekly newspapers, most often in "Tavern Topics," in the *Amsterdam News* ("Big-hearted, charitable Lefty Johnson"), and in "Carol's Corner," which used to appear in the *Courier* ("Dapper Lefty Johnson," "Handsome Lefty Johnson"). We no longer read those unconvincing columns in the downtown newspapers that describe wispy rich Europeans and the nice times they have with other wispy rich Europeans, and we are no longer interested in the social never-never land that is rumored still to exist somewhere between here and Merle Oberon Pagliai's lovely

• •

home in Acapulco, but we do read "Tavern Topics," and we had wanted to meet Lefty Johnson for a long time.

We went up to the Cadillac Club the other day to see Lefty Johnson. We found him sitting on a bar stool and supervising a rehearsal of the Electras. He was dressed in red pants with white polka dots, a pink shirt, and a leather vest, and he sat against the wall—casually. Opposite him was the bar, and over the bar were four lanterns with a Florentine motif. Above his head were pictures (in white frames) of elaborately dressed young ladies, who, Lefty said, were members of the Cadillac Club. The pictures seemed to have all been taken at the same studio; some of the young ladies were posed against a gold curtain, others were bathed in a halo of gentle light. On the walls were hand-painted scenes of a calypso party.

The Electras were three girls, two of them—Glenda Barnes, the lead singer, and Angela Howell—former members of a group called the Witches and the Warlocks, and the other, Katherine Brooks, a former employee of the Federal Reserve Bank. Their voices were strong and good, and their movements (especially Glenda Barnes' movements) were slick. "The sweeter he is (good God Almighty), the longer the pain is gonna last," they sang.

"Let me hip you to this," said the musical director to a guitarist in the band that was backing up the Electras. He played a chord on an old piano in one corner of the room. "You *see*? That's an old church chord," he said.

Lefty looked on with the air of a powerful but indulgent proprietor. "When I was fourteen years old, dancing amateur down at that place by the Club Baron, *downstairs*—What was the name of that place? Oh, yeah, the Celebrity Club—I got the *atmosphere*," he told us. "I wanted to own a place ever since. I got this place together about this time last year. A lot of people put up one hundred dollars apiece, and they put me up front. I named it the Cadillac Club because the Cadillac has got a lot of class. That's the No. 1 car, right? It's got the prestige. We draw the Cadillac owners." Lefty got up and went out of the room to talk to the music director in private. He came back a moment later. "All right, y'all win," he said to the Electras. "You can cut that number, Eddie."

Lefty is not a large man, and his visible sources of power are a personality that is quick and pleased with itself and boyish, and a sense of style. "If you want to know the style we're looking for, *class* is it," he said. "And I always like something different myself. I make my own patterns. If I had backing, I'd put up a place here they ain't never seen. I never did a thing yet that wasn't a success. I'm going to do a lot for the kids this summer. Kids love me; kids follow me. There are a lot of kids around here good for a lot of things, and they'll follow me. Kids be around here all day long. Last year, I gave a block party for seventeen hundred kids. I could build an *empire*—do a lot of different things. But there has to be a home plate. This place here is my home plate."

We asked Lefty about his immediate plans.

"Well, I've been in Florida with Muhammad Ali," he said. "I might go back to Florida. I like doing a little running with him, a little talking. Maybe I'll give a party. I'm movin', and I'm not movin' too slow, neither."

QUIET

NOBODY died that year. Nobody prospered. There were no births or marriages. Seventeen reverent satires were written—disrupting a cliché and, presumably, creating a genre. That was a dream, of course, but many of the most important things, I find, are the ones learned in your sleep. Speech, tennis, music, skiing, manners, love—you try them waking and perhaps balk at the jump, and then you're over. You've caught the rhythm of them once and for all, in your sleep at night. The city, of course, can wreck it. So much insomnia. So many rhythms collide. The salesgirl, the landlord, the guests, the bystanders, sixteen varieties of social circumstance in a day. Everyone has the power to call your whole life into question here. Too many people have access to your state of mind. Some people are indifferent to dislike, even relish it. Hardly anyone I know.

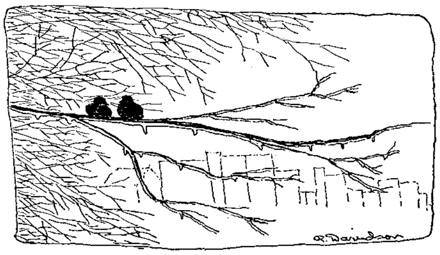
I work for a tabloid, the *Standard Evening Sun*. Since I got this job, I have gone out with four sons of famous fathers, two businessmen with unfinished novels, three writers with a habit of saying "May I use that" when I said something that seemed to them in character, and a revolutionary editor who patted my hair and said "You're very sweet" whenever I asked him anything. I have sat, shivering on cold steps, with a band of fifteen radicals of whom ten were in analysis and six wore contact lenses. Things have changed very much, several times, since I grew up, and, like everyone in New York except the intellectuals, I have led several lives and I still lead some of them.

For a while, I thought I had no real interests—no theatre, concerts, museums, stamp collections. Only ambitions and ties to people, of a certain intensity. Different sorts of people. I was becoming a wardheeler of the emotional life. Now the ambitions have drifted after the interests. I have lost my sense of the whole. I wait for events to take a form. I remember somebody saying, "You've got to *steep* yourself in things." So I *steeped* myself, in thrillers, commercials, news magazines. The same person used to write "tepid" and "arguable" all over the margins of what our obituary writers wrote. I now think "tepid" and "arguable" several times a day.

In the country, where I grew up, there were never so many events. Things never went quite so flat. The house was nearly always asleep and we spoke very low. When Father got up at six for his ride or his swim before breakfast, the children, having gone to bed well after midnight, were sleeping. When he came back from his office at noon, the children, pale and silent, joined him for his lunch and their breakfast. After lunch, Father had his nap, and at three Mother, having seen him off again to the office, went upstairs to rest for an hour. The family was awake and together only at supper, after which Father went to his room and Mother stayed downstairs a few minutes to talk to the children. Twenty hours out of twenty-four, in short, the hush of sleep lay over the house. Nobody thought of waking anybody. Sometimes a stupid child would tie a firecracker to a crayfish or a frog just once, and light the fuse. Or give a piece of sugar to a raccoon, which in its odd fastidiousness would wash that sugar in a brook till there was nothing left.

But here. I used to wonder why the victims of some small sensational tragedy—the parents of a little girl who had just been thrown from the roof of her tenement by a deranged older boy, or the family of a model son who had just gone clear out of his mind and murdered a friend—never shut the door in my face when I came for an interview. They never do. They open the door and they bring out the family album and the baby anecdotes. They give me freeze-dried coffee and apologize for the disorder of the room. I used to think it was out of a loyalty to memory, or a will to have the papers get it right. I still think it's partly that, and partly being stunned by publicity and grief. But now I know it's mostly an agony of trying to please, a cast of mind so deep and amiable that it is as stark in consciousness as death.

I did find a quarter yesterday, in a puddle, in Wilmington. I have a history of finding coins—a penny on the sidewalk one spring morning on Park Avenue, a dime that afternoon. The next day, on the bus, eleven cents, exactly. It seemed a sign. I have found coins abroad. Leaving aside minor jackpots hit in pay phones (which seem only fair, considering the change one loses when those things are out of order), last month I found a quarter in the back seat of a cab. Nobody saw. I have no regard for the law in these matters, as in several others. By law, I think, it now belonged to the owner of the cab. He was not there. A passenger had clearly lost it. He was gone. In the end, having noticed that the driver of the cab was black, I gave it up. I said, "Excuse me. I think you have lost this quarter." He said, "Thanks." I find that many city people give their most minute attention to the ethics of found objects, small. My fiancé, a lawyer with kind eyes, had the fine solution. He said I should have given a *different* quarter to the driver, kept the one I found. I wish I'd thought of it.

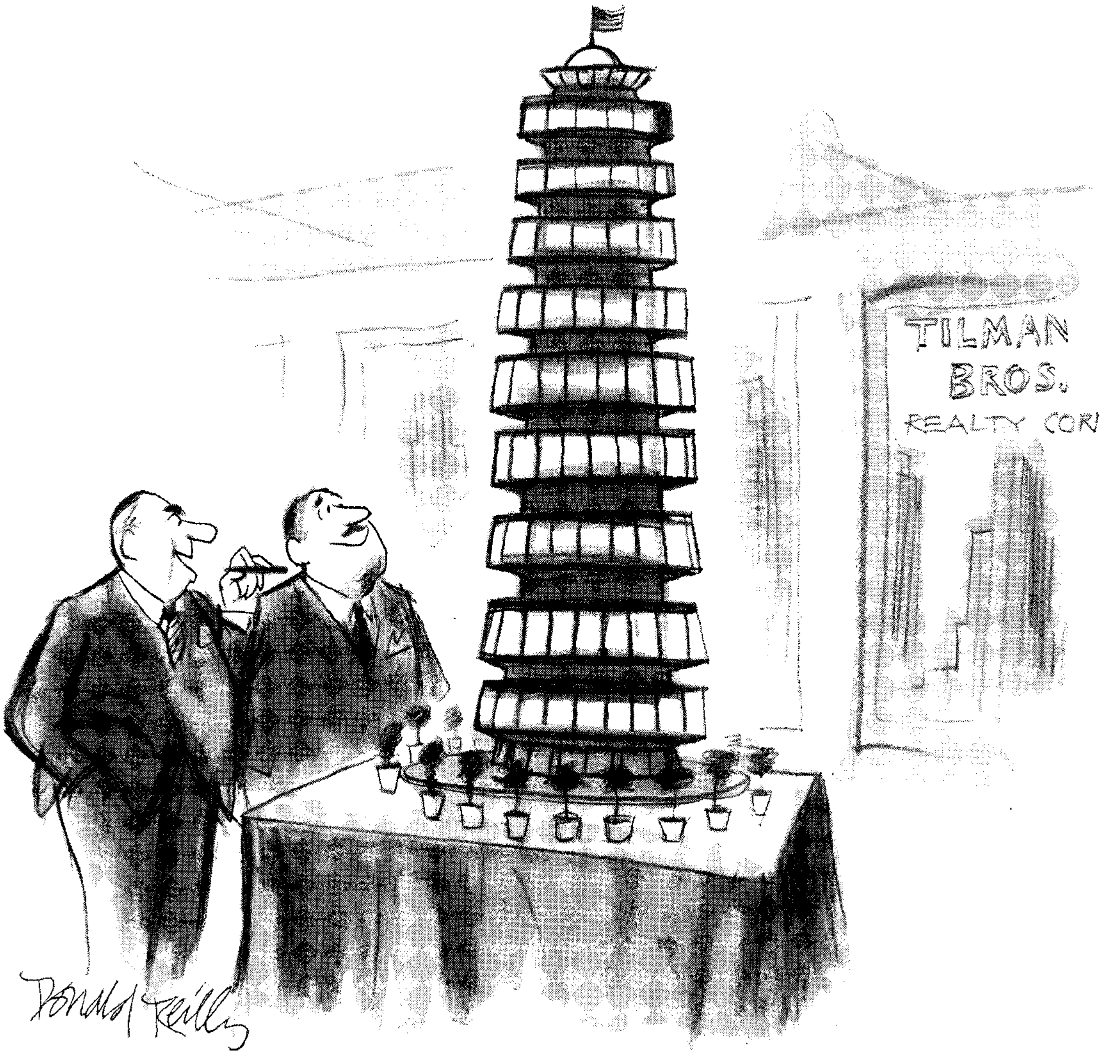


It is not even that I much believe in magic. I did not for an instant, for example, think yesterday's puddle quarter was the cab quarter of last month returned to me perhaps by air in Wilmington. No. My fiancé makes lists, with numbers, of what he has to do that day and even what he wants to talk to me about. He once sent me a letter from Chicago with the P.S. "What is your zip code number, please?" He travels often. There is a lot of wavering in my thoughts, and I say to myself, "Not crisp."

At dinner, in my overlapping lives, I often meet people who do not like me or each other. It hardly occurs to me to think whether I care for them or not. I keep on smiling, talking. I knock at the same door once, three times, twelve. I keep on hoping, perhaps begin hating slightly. My hatred has no consequences. It accrues only in my mind—like preserves on a shelf or guns zeroing in, just one by one, and never firing. The same smile. And yet the inventory of preserves and guns is growing. Perhaps Judgment Day is compiled of private arsenals like these.

Last night at dinner, a man said that, on principle, he never answers his telephone. Somebody asked him how he reached people. "I call them," he said. "But suppose they don't believe in answering, either?" I thought of phones ringing all over New York, no one answering. Like people bringing themselves off in every single adjoining co-op of a luxury building. Or the streets entirely cleared of traffic, except ambulances. We spoke of a friend of ours who had died the night before, at forty-three. "But my God! I'm forty-one," a bearded banker said. "Don't worry," his wife, who is German, answered. "There is no order. It is not a line."

Four-leaf clovers. I have one that somebody who always finds them gave me and one I found myself. Many children take a stem from one three-leaf clover and a stem and a leaf from another and tie the stems together, in full consciousness that it is not the same. I know that. When I was last at my wit's end, I dreamed I parked my car on my way to my stabled horse and found the country roadside absolutely strewn with silver. It was also overgrown with poison ivy, vicious, three-leafed, shining. It was by no means a parable about capitalism and making money. I believe in both, and would not think of dreaming against either. Anyway, I do not dream in parables. But poison ivy.



"I'd give anything to be there when Ada Louise Huxtable gets a load of this."

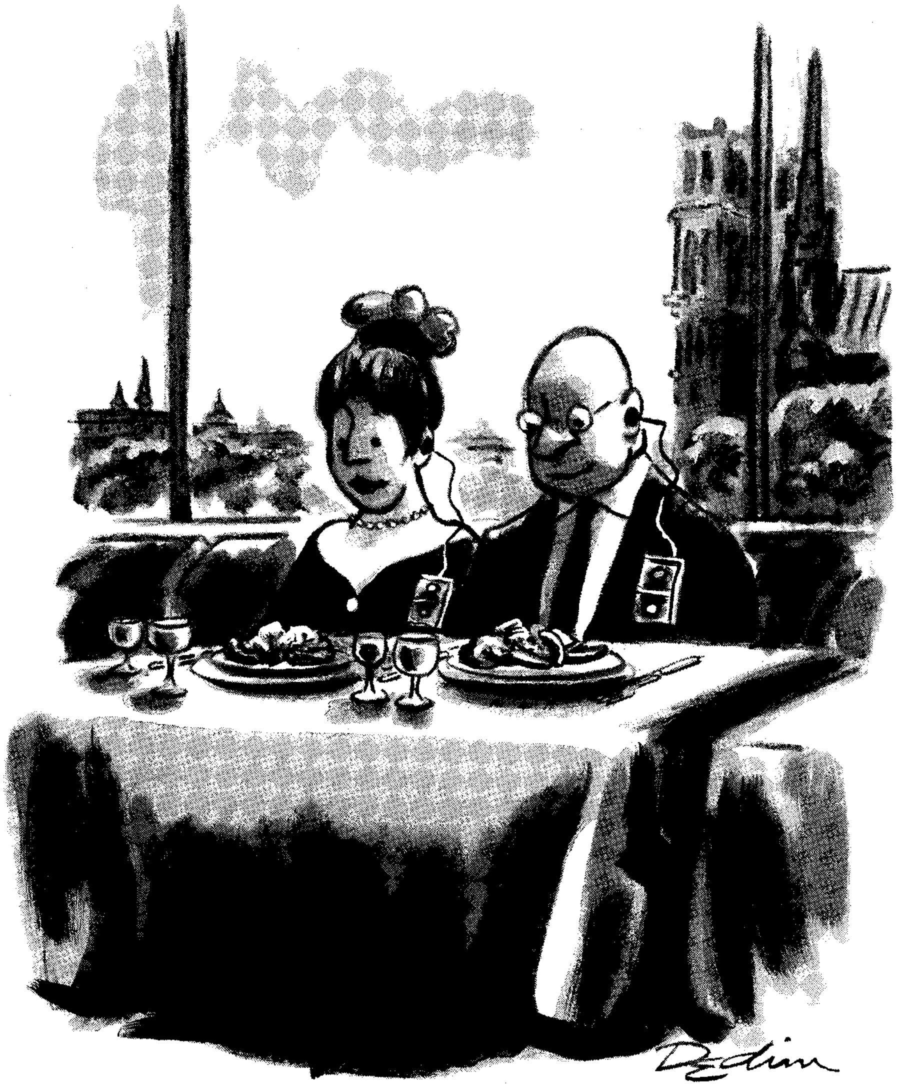
Many people, particularly children, have had poison ivy very often, very badly. They speak of it. They do not forget it. But there is an outer limit, a kind that passes any question of degree. Those who have utterly had it instantly recognize each other—like the Jews and homosexuals in Proust. It has no dignity whatever. There are no poison-ivy heroes. There is no pain—only ugliness, creeping, humiliation, the disease that renews and spreads itself with every movement, nearly a child's premonitory sense of cancer. I had it once when I needed to be led blindly to the school infirmary by a girl who had the flu. I put two fingers around her wrist so she could lead me, and the next day there was a neat circle of poison ivy round her wrist. That was a friend.

There are other such cabals, reverse élites of outer limit, junkies, sufferers from migraines, the truly seasick, soldiers' fear in wartime, certain cramps. Many people suffer from cramps severely, turn quite silent, green, and shaky. Someone offers them a glass of gin. But there are cramps of an entirely other order, when even hardened doctors—knowing it is not important, only temporary, just a matter of hours—reach for the Demerol and the needle. It must be so in each degrading thing from which one comes back having learned nothing whatever. Like loneliness. There are no conclusions to be drawn from it, except that lonely people see double-entendres everywhere.

In covering fires, murders, blasts, quotidian disasters, raffle winners, just walking through the streets, like everyone, I often meet a beggar. I always, always give a quarter or a dime. In recent years, always. I once met a girl called Yael in Beersheba, very poor, who always did, without reflection—gave a little something to each beggar, even ones she passed twice, even the most devastated. She did not look around to see who noticed, simply gave. Now every tin cup—with or without pencils, voice, accordion—stops me. It is not a bribe to my own fortunes any longer. Even lighting candles in a church and kneeling, I have never prayed quite in specifics. It is just a habit now. There was never, anyway, a consolation in the story of the person who cried because he had no shoes until he met a man who had no feet. There was only a new menace. Feet could go, and then the rest. Of course, it does.

MY life began, really, at college, where I nearly always slept. Waking, I studied—clinical psychology. We ran rats in mazes by the hour, checking whether rats rewarded learned things faster. At the end of half the mazes, the cheese stood alone. We also ran tests on each other—lie detectors, free word associations with a stopwatch. (The point turned out to be not what you said but just how long you stalled before you said it.) Weekends, I took trains. You never know whom you might meet. There was a man who peddled cigars, cigarettes, and what he pronounced "magazynes" outside the Philadelphia station, and a dining-car waiter who offered you, among the other cheeses, "camemberry." I never did meet anyone.

I was going to be a doctor and an analyst, but in my third year an odd thing happened. There was a group of friends by this time, an improbable, warm set of débutantes and scholars—girls who liked each other, dated each other's brothers, cousins. I belonged. One night, climbing a brick wall to the dorm long after hours, I got poison ivy. Totally. Again. Those ivy-covered



"You will now eat the main course, choucroute à l'alsacienne. Adapted by Escoffier from an Alsatian dish of the region around Strasbourg, it is a finely shredded cabbage, fermented in brine, served with the very best smoked goose and pork."

• •

walls. My case, however, was diagnosed as an allergy to something in the laboratory. I knew just what I did have, but I didn't argue long. My work had started to be awful. I allowed myself to be persuaded just to drop it. After graduation, we were all many times each other's bridesmaids. The marriages were in Maryland, Boston, New Hampshire, California, Georgia.

Just south of the Mason-Dixon Line, on several weekends, young men—clean-cut, friendly, slightly tipsy—from Princeton or the University of Virginia Law School would rise late in the evening and propose a toast to the N.L.A. We all drank to it. I finally asked, and learned it was the Nigger Lynching Association. My friends from those days have changed as much as anyone, and I still love them. In those days, too, I was not Gentile, which tended both to start and to inhibit conversation. Once, the father of my roommate asked me whether I had gone to the same boarding school as his daughter. I said no. There was a pause. He asked me how long I had known her. I said a year. There was another pause. Finally, he made another try. "Do you," he asked, "know Eddie Warburg?" But it turned out all right. Another bridesmaid, this one from Alabama, had brought an Argentine boyfriend from the Catholic University in Washington. He was very rich, with more profound good manners than any Anglo-Saxon I have met, but he had not troubled much with haircuts. After we had all swum awhile outside, the bride's mother asked me in quite confidential tones whether I thought she ought to drain the pool. I was quite glad it was me she asked.

I often wonder about the people who linger over trash baskets at the corners of the city's sidewalks. One sees them day and night, young and old, well dressed, in rags—often with shopping bags—picking over the trash. They pick out newspapers, envelopes. They discard things. I often wonder who they are and what they're after. I approach and cannot ask them. Anyway, they scurry off. Sometimes I think they are writers who do not write.

I have a married friend who was in love for years with someone, also married. It was a long affair. Her husband found out, and insisted that there be no more communication. My friend called several times, reaching the husband. The girl herself would never answer. In the end, my friend—in what I regard as not his noblest gesture—sent all the girl's letters, addressed in a packet, to her husband. There was nothing more. I often ask myself whether the husband read those letters. If he did, he was a writer. In some sense. If not, he was a gentleman. There are also, on the bus, quite often ritual dancers, near-spastics who release the strap and begin a weird sequence of movements, always punctual, always the same. There are some days when everyone I see is lunatic.

MY new life has its contrasts. One weekend, I was sent to cover a hospital in Brooklyn—municipal, enormous, patients mostly black. My subject was the emergency ward on weekends, but a middle-aged black doctor, graduate of Howard in the thirties, took me on a tour. The wards were jammed—diseases, fractures, burns. The severely burned had a little ward room of their own because they so depress the other patients. Wounded criminal suspects had semiprivate rooms with police outside them. These were luxury accommodations. All patients—even those about to "slip away," in the doctor's euphemism—were silent, except one white lady who screamed occasionally from senile psychosis. It was as though the entire place were drugged.

One lady patient, very ill, had been put in the corridor, her bed alongside the wall, blocking the water cooler. Every interne and nurse, rushing harassed and anxious down that hall, would absentmindedly pull the bed aside along its casters, take a drink of water, slam the bed against the wall again. All else was silent. I thought I'd had my tour when the doctor, returning to his office, noticed a silhouette through his glass-panelled door. "Oh," he said. "This will interest you. You mustn't miss this." Then he told the young man waiting in the office that his sister was about to slip away. We went down the ward to see the sister. I was introduced and said, "How are you?" She said, "Fine thanks. How are you?"

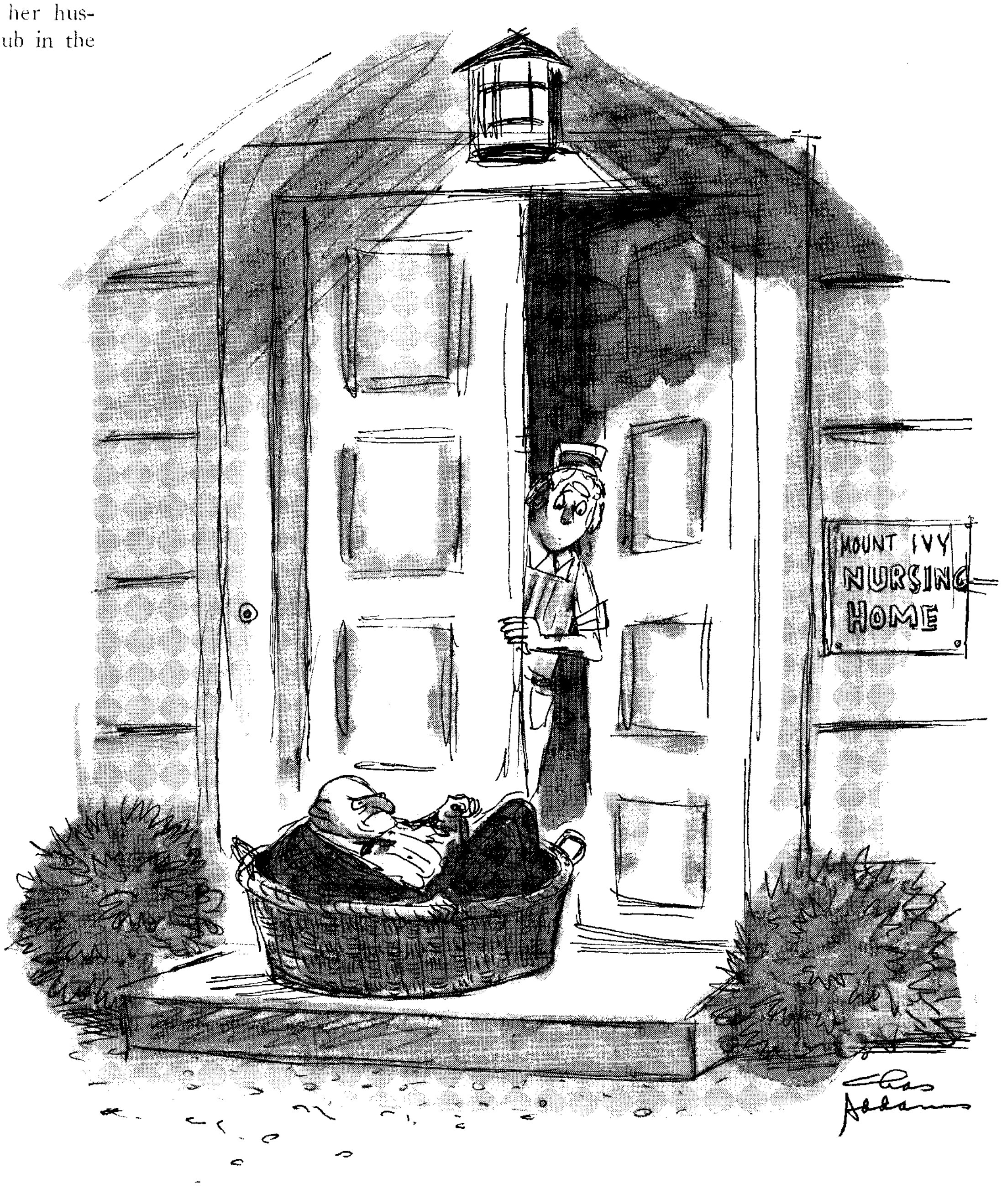
Toward early morning, activity in the emergency ward accelerated, a catastrophe a minute, mostly victims of knife fights whom other hospitals—uneasy with police cases—had simply passed along. Two internes were Hungarian refugees who had had full practices in Budapest, two were young Egyptians, all were gray with tiredness. A case arrived upon a stretcher. Two policemen asked routinely who had cut him. He said he did not know. Two hours later, still waiting for an operating room for him to become empty, the cut man's wife saw a young man enter at the far end of the room. She said quite softly to an interne, "That's the man that did it." The interne called a policeman.

The wife told a story of her husband's being held against a tub in the hall bathroom of their building and cut for reasons she could not explain. The young man himself had come in to have a knife wound on his right palm treated. When confronted with the story, and the evidence of his own hand, the accused young man denied it. The police brought him to the man upon the stretcher. He leaned solicitously over the weak man and said, "I didn't do it, did I? Tell them." The weak man looked up and said, "Yeah, man. You did. You cut me." Then he shut his eyes and they wheeled him to the operating room to fix him up.

The other night, I interviewed a controversial diplomat, an ex- and future politician with strong ideas on air pollution. He took me home, and by the time I had answered the telephone ringing in my bedroom he had started an enormous fire in the fireplace of my living room. I only have two rooms, kitchen, and bath. He had taken off his jacket, fixed himself and me a drink, and sat upon the sofa. He was so good at all this that for the first time in some months I felt at home. For an hour and a half, I did not tell him that I had a deadline. By that time, the fire was blazing firmly and correctly. The diplomat had been a country boy. When I finally did mention my deadline at the office, he looked surprised, then said good-naturedly the brownstone would catch fire if we left the fireplace in flames. It was quite true. I asked him how to put it out. He said, "Sand, baby." I have no sand in my apartment, so we poured water from every pan and kettle in the kitchen. It took some time. We also drenched the carpet. When I woke up at noon the next day, the wet wood and ashes with a kettle still beside them looked quite desolate but rather like some sort of art.

I AM not technically a Catholic. That is, I have not informed or asked the Church. I do not, certainly, believe in evolution. For example, fossils. I believe there are objects in nature—namely, fossils—which occur in layers, and which some half-rational fantasts insist derive from animals, the bottom ones more ancient than the top. The same, I think, with word derivations—arguments straining back to Sanskrit or Indo-European. I have never seen a word derive. It seems to me that there are given things, all present. Even footprints, except in detective stories, now leave me in some doubt that anyone passed by. I am certain, though, that each year several virgin births go unreported because no one would believe them. I wonder what, besides his art, possessed Freud. The past.

At table, there are often one or two people who stammer. The well-bred stammer that pretends the speaker is not quite firm in what he's stated, is still open to suggestion—open mind. And the real stammer that bears down so hard on language that it could shift



the San Andreas Fault. I think it's a way of occupying the airwaves, making sure nobody else can talk before the speaker has quite formulated his transmission. I have noticed that stammerers talk a lot. Sometimes I think the San Andreas Fault is in the mind.

In Paris, where I studied anthropology (the structural, not field work), some American anthropologists on Fulbrights gave a party for some Africans, in my apartment. The Africans were all students at the École Normale Supérieure. They might one day all be prime ministers. A student from the Ivory Coast said he had as many names as the midwife could reel off in the moments when he was actually being born. The daughter of a former British high commissioner in Nigeria danced the high life with a student from the Belgian Congo. A small, blond French-Canadian girl left the party early, to go to bed with one of the Americans. She asked him later when they would see each other again. He said, "Don't break the magic." Afterward, he left for Mali. Most people left the party very late. It was the year when it was rumored that *Life* was going to do an article on American expatriates in Paris. Perhaps there is that rumor every year or two. In any case, the Americans stopped washing their hair, wrote poetry, and were seen much in cafés, complaining of publicity. At the party, though, they stayed so long I left and took a room in a hotel.

I have often been in hotels alone. It is no good unless you're on assignment of some kind. One sits in the lobby, the bar, or worst of all the restaurant, with a book, and pretends to be preoccupied. One gets soup or vegetables on the pages, and they stick. One summer, I took a book from my hotel room to the beach, in Malta. The beach was full of English tourists, grocers already tanned from fingertips to wrist, from hair to collar line, standing in bathing suits and shoes and socks, with arms folded across their chests, staring out to sea. Also blond divorcées, deeply brown, lying in beach chairs, with a transistor and perhaps one small weedy child digging in wet and littered sand. At the post office, there was an enormous lady with a considerable mustache, who took grave pleasure in slavering on all the stamps whenever anyone brought in a letter. I took off for a smaller island, Gozo, which was quieter. There was a sign quite near the water: "Caution. Do Not Touch or Pick Up Strange Objects Found on the Beach. Report Them Immediately to the Police." Mines. Malta and Gozo had a rough time in the War.

When I came back, I started teaching in New York—apprentice teaching while I worked for my degree, in education, as required by law. The real, qualified teacher, a lady with her gray hair in a bun, brought the old phrases back. "You're not listening." "You won't pay attention." "You're not following instructions." I hated it. The children were utterly jammed—in that state of hysterical excitement which dogs have when they meet, and yet uncomprehending, scared, stalled at zero. Sometimes, she cuffed them. I quit. I found a job in publishing, at the reception desk. I quit again.

I was living with a graduate student of problems of the Middle East, a kind of Calvinist in reverse; that is, he was uncompromisingly bohemian. His mother was a dancer. His father was a judge. Our mattress was on the floor. We had no lights or telephone. Each morning when he left, I cooked a meal according to a recipe, most carefully, then tasted it and found it good, and threw it out. In two hours, he would be back from the library. We would have beer, two sandwiches, perhaps a nap. Then he would go back to the library. All afternoon, I would cook the meal again, with better confidence, studying the cookbook with the concentration I still had from graduate school. It would be supper this time, complicated, natural—after cigarettes and gin, which we drank neat. He had an intimation, a skepticism of all this domesticity. It seemed to me one of the minor deceptions, though most fraught.

My friends, after all, had married men whose hours were already set. Abner might come home from his books or his little office at the university at any time. The food waste would have appalled him, the deception even more. He lived on frankness and economy. He wrote sometimes: "Don't want to sound like other writers. No. Except Beckett. Don't want the internal rhyme, though. Cept in except. Eck in Beckett. Cept Eck. Bad rhyme. Out. No, keep it. Can't write a single word at this rate. Wonder where the excitement comes from." So on.

The truth was that I could not cook. Logic seemed to require those trial runs in the kitchen, and yet my own deceit seemed to radiate into the air. It was entirely alien to his cast of mind, entirely natural to mine. It was what I thought I was best at, creating little frames of fiction, lies in which people could maintain their idea of themselves. This was for love. I was prepared to go to lengths. I guess I overdid it. My sense of limit in these things was shot. I got a job reporting.

SO then we left each other. Here I am. In the first year, the *Standard* sent me to those poor sensational families, until they had become so commonplace they were no longer news but subject for political reflection by our feature writers. Anyway, there was the Movement in the South. Then there were demonstrations against so many things. I went to a meeting of black principals from Anacostia, Washington, D.C. I went as a reporter and Consultant. By that time, any journalist who had stuck awhile with unsensational blacks was accepted as of their number in that way.

At lunch, the first day in the cafeteria of the University of Maryland, where we were meeting, a one-armed black teacher asked me to cut his meat. I have the shakes a good part of the time (which interferes no end with taking notes). I tried to cut his ham steak. I was shaking quite a lot. I think he thought it was because of his lost arm. He said, "Sweetheart, you need a drink." That part of Maryland is dry. He offered me the key to his room, in which he had a fifth of bourbon. The number on his room key was the same as mine. It turned out that by some bureaucratic mixup at least four people had the same single-room assignment—two ministers, the teacher, and I. We all found rooms elsewhere. I called old friends in Bethesda.

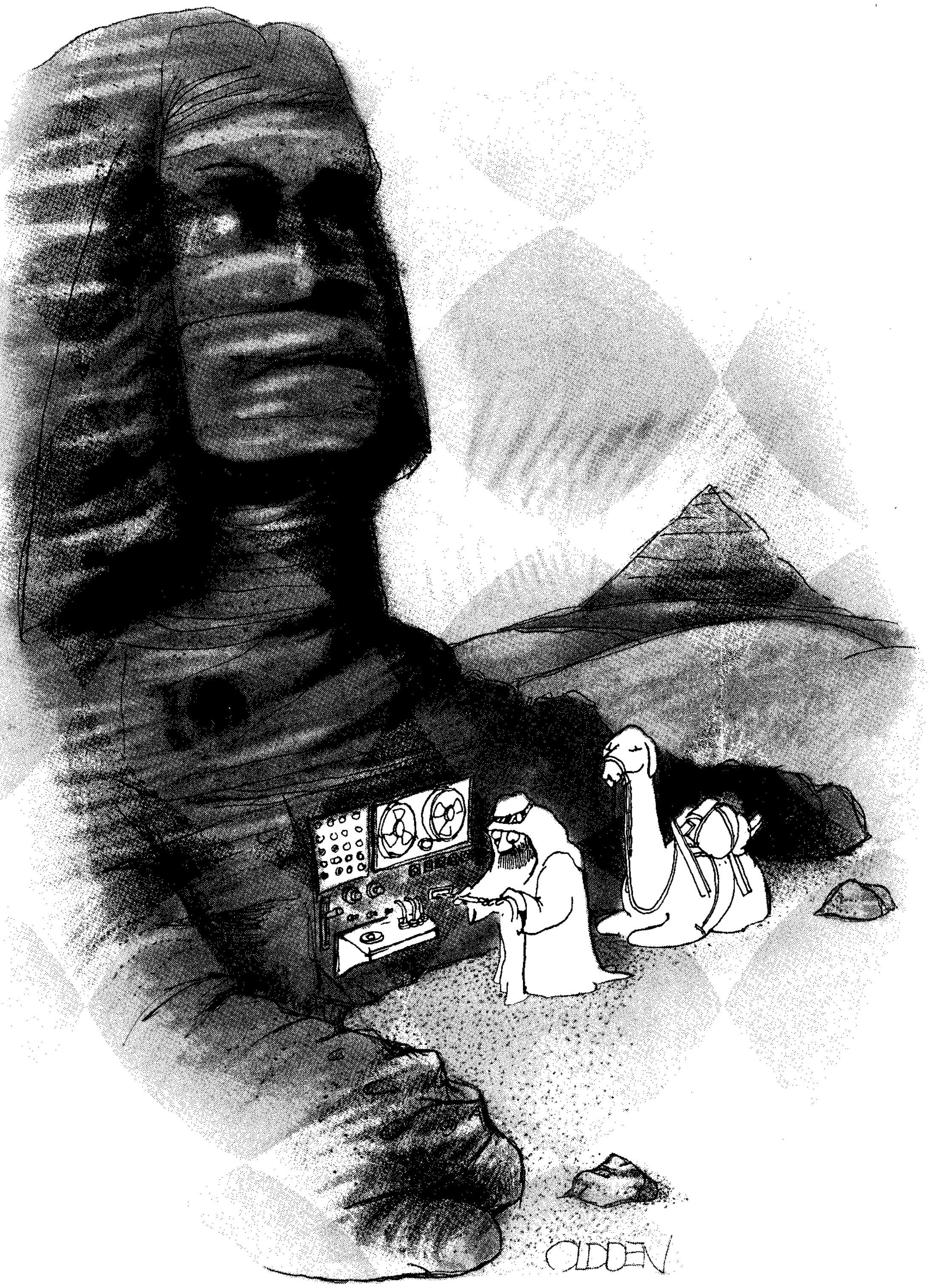
When the meetings were over, around midnight, there were of course no cabs. A small, kind Anacostia parent, owner of a funeral parlor, offered to drive me to Bethesda, which he graciously said was only twenty minutes out of his own way home. Two hours later, we were still driving. I thought he was lost, and then I thought he wasn't. Suddenly he pulled over to the side of the highway. I thought, Good grief, I am over twenty and a liberal, and I should have thought it through, but does it need to be right here beside four lanes of nighttime traffic? A state trooper had pulled up behind us. The Anacostia parent turned off the ignition. "We've done something wrong, I guess," he said. I thought, But we haven't. The trooper shined his flashlight through the windshield. He said, "Folks, you made a wrong turn at that last turnoff. Lots of people miss it." The Anacostia parent had been truly lost. I felt awful as we drove on to Bethesda.

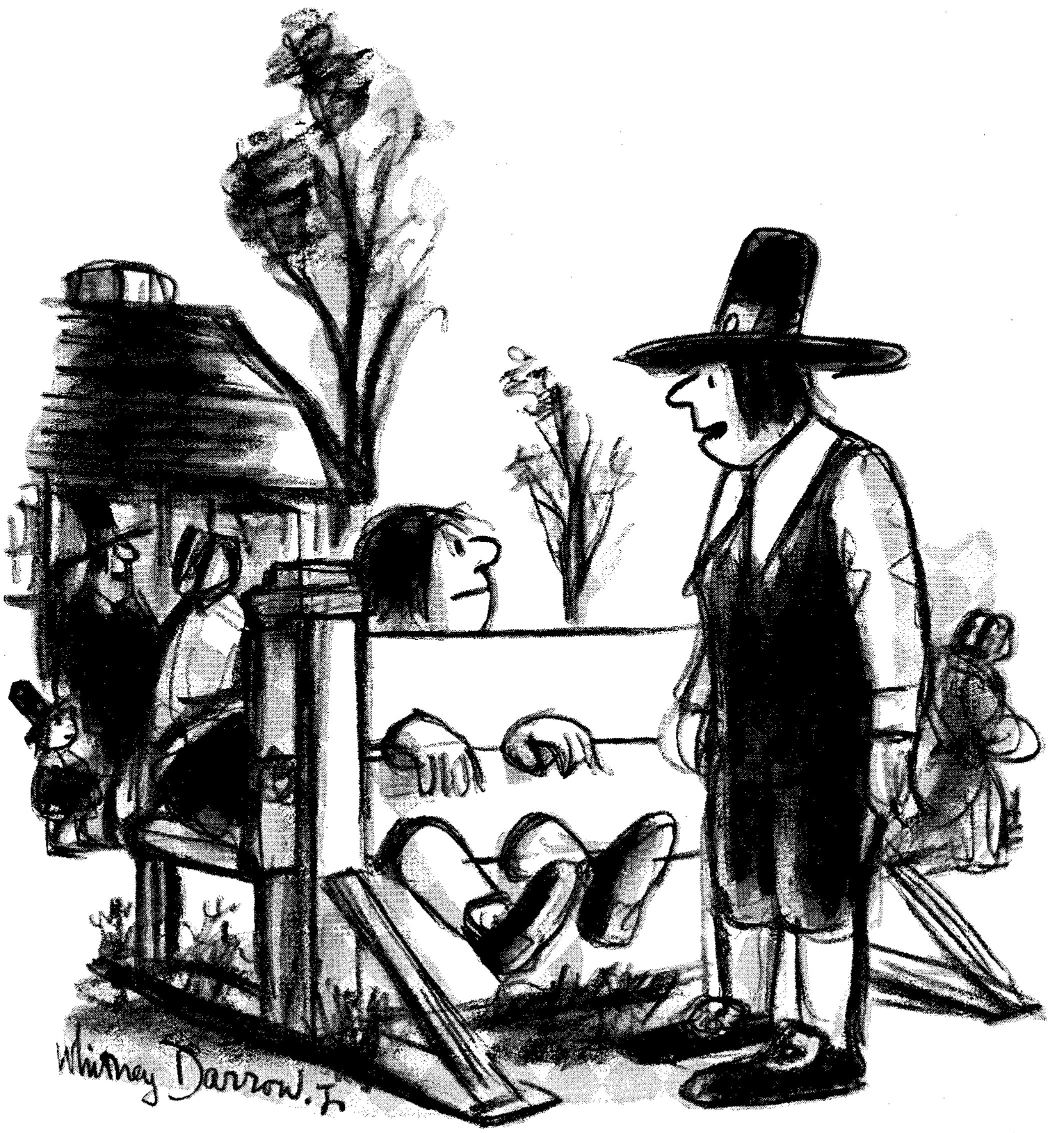
Just two nights ago, I went to a party with three large dinner tables. It was mixed, the rich and famous and the reporters who had helped them on their way. There were a lot of intellectual sharks and *arrivistes*—professors and editors of respectable radical papers, who themselves invite poets, novelists, sophomore rioters, and visiting Englishmen to dinner, which is served by maids.

But this party was given by innocents, two kind, intelligent Americans I knew from college. They wanted to do good and to *know*, like people out of E. M. Forster or Henry James. The purpose was for the senior senator of an American liberal state and an Indian dignitary, a woman, to meet a cross-section of American opinion. They met it, all right. The first course was aspic. The dignitary thought somebody was going to attack her for Indian educational policies in Kerala, but no one knew anything about India at all. She relaxed and grew bored, all at once. The senator thought he was going to meet the young and learn about them. I was sitting next to him and I said, "Do you realize that you and I and perhaps one other are the only people who probably still believe in the electoral process?" He said, "Thanks, honey."

Suddenly, after dessert, a lady at my table—a donor to controversial social causes, now half persuaded to devote her money to the cause of saving art—said she thought the dinner would be wasted if the conversation did not become general, if it was all private bon mots spliced together, or just gossip. She thought we ought to talk about America today. She called first on one of those social academics, a man who had *vécu* a bit, whose bow tie was perpetually atilt, perhaps to show himself at an eccentric angle to the dinner jackets that he wore, what they implied. He rose, red-faced and angry, to his feet, and said he felt the guests should know the President of the United States was as responsible for the deaths at Kent State, Jackson, Vietnam, and Cambodia as if he had pulled the triggers himself. The Administration, he said, was the murderer. He happened to know, he said, of two Kent State deaths that had not been reported. There could be no further discussion until the President was impeached or dead.

The lady who led the discussion, unperturbed, asked a tireless, self-effacing worker in the cause of civil rights whether he had anything to say "about all this." He leaned his head against the wall, then stood up. "Bertram," he said to the man in the bow tie, "I am so offended by what you have just said I think I'd better save my words for when we are alone together. If you don't believe in what the country's doing, you've got the recourse of the law. But if you can't be scrupulous in your distinctions about who killed whom, and what it means, then who





"She said she doesn't want to visit you, she hates you, and she hopes it rains."

• •

can? I don't know what to say to you." He sat down.

The lady called upon a poet, a surrealist who, with clear reluctance, got to his feet and said, turning to the Indian lady, "I think in this country we need to disburden ourselves of our, our burden of rationality." He sat down. It did not seem exactly India's problem.

A liberal reporter of military affairs was called on. He got up and said, "I don't want to discuss the morality of it, but anyone who knows anything about covering the military knows that invasion was necessary. . . ."

"I know something about the military," another reporter, younger, fiercer, gray with anger, said, rising to his feet and interrupting. "And when a party like this can't discuss a question sanely, I know the fabric of our whole society is stretching very thin." He went on for some time, then sat down abruptly.

The editors—one local popular, one national radical—talked well when they were called on, discursive, rambling. It was as though they had a repressed and abiding lust to have their say, in their own words for once. The party ended the only way it could. A McLuhanite apostle, revered as a physics genius in these circles, spoke. He was in his seventies, extremely hard of hearing. He spoke long and loudly. He continued speaking. "I'm sorry to have to interrupt," the lady moderator said, after geologic time spans seemed to have passed. He did not hear her. He went on.

"I'm very sorry to *have* to interrupt," she said, more loudly. He heard nothing. He continued speaking. She kept trying. Finally, some clear-sighted soul rose to propose a toast. "All stand," he said, and everyone stood up. For a few moments the clear-sighted soul and the deaf genius were speaking in duet. Then the genius, looking around, subsided. "The reason we are gathered here is to honor our hostess," the good soul said, and drained his glass. So did we all, and then went home with all deliberate speed. I took a cab home. The driver spoke of killing Mayor Lindsay. I thought, There is no room for you in my life. I said nothing. The driver did not notice, went on bitterly talking.

We passed three Spanish-Americans, two beating up a third. They had pulled his sweatshirt up over his eyes. He could not see them. A crowd had gathered, interested. The two men continued beating, bludgeoning. Suddenly a young man got out of the cab beside mine. "That's enough!" he shouted. The scene froze a minute. Then it started up again. After all, he was unarmed. Nobody knew him. He moved closer and said, "That's enough," again. The whole thing stopped, dissolved. The beaten man pulled his sweatshirt down over his injured face, put his arms inside the sleeves, and limped away. The crowd disintegrated. I thought, What a phrase from some past time I can remember. That's enough.

In the South, in simpler days, I remember a middle-aged gentle black worker speaking to his son who had insomnia. "When you can't sleep," he said, "just *tell yourself the story of your life.*" Now sometimes when I can't sleep, I wonder. A twenty-four-hour curfew declared every day, for everybody. Suppose we blow up the whole thing. Everything. Everybody. Me. Buildings. No room. Blast. All dead. No survivors. And then I would say, and then I would say, Let's just have it a little quiet around here.

—Renata Adler

•

Cracked raw eggs seep out the white when they go into the cooking-water, and water enters the shell; this gives you a misshapen peeled egg. You can tell by ear if raw eggs are cracked by tapping of the eggs very gently together; a cracked egg has a full sound, while a whole egg sounds full—hard to describe, but easy to hear when you try it.—*Hartford Times.*

Take another stab at it while we clean up this mess.

DEAR (NAME OF MAGAZINE)

DEAR (NAME OF MAGAZINE): You and your fellow publications, READER'S DIGEST OF PLEASANTVILLE, NEW YORK, and LIFE MAGAZINE OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK, are among the lucky periodicals in NEW YORK STATE that have been carefully chosen from a list of available publications to receive an official simulated Magazine Subscription Order Form in the Dan Greenburg First Annual Forty-Two-Dollar Magazine Subscription Sweepstakes!

That's right, (NAME OF MAGAZINE), Dan Greenburg has decided he *must* spend at least $42.00 on subscriptions to periodicals this year, and *yours may be one of the magazines that he has already selected!*

Yes, (NAME OF MAGAZINE), Dan Greenburg has *already* chosen a number of publications from a list he believes he would enjoy reading, and *your magazine may be on that list!*

Now then, the only way to find out if you are one of the lucky ones, (NAME OF MAGAZINE), and the only way your Publisher, Mr. (NAME OF PUBLISHER), and your Editor-in-Chief, Mr. (NAME OF EDITOR-IN-CHIEF), and your Circulation Manager, Mr. (NAME OF CIRCULATION MANAGER), and the entire staff over there at (ADDRESS OF MAGAZINE) can find out if you are one of the lucky periodicals selected by Mr. Greenburg is to complete and return the enclosed official simulated Magazine Subscription Order Form. To complete the Form, place an "X" either inside the box opposite "YES! WE AGREE TO STOP DUNNING MR. GREENBURG WITH SUBSCRIPTION COME-ONS LISTING PRIZES HE HAS SEEMINGLY WON!" or inside the box opposite "NO! WE MAKE NO SUCH PROMISE AT THIS TIME BUT WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF WE ARE A WINNER ANYWAY!"

If you decide to check the "NO!" box, (NAME OF MAGAZINE), you will *still* be eligible to find out if you are one of the lucky publications chosen by Mr. Greenburg, although your chances of winning an actual subscription will be virtually nil. But you already knew that, (NAME OF MAGAZINE), didn't you?

Previous publications subscribed to by Mr. Greenburg have included BOYS' LIFE, NEW YORK, GOURMET, ESQUIRE, CONSUMER REPORTS, and CATS. Wouldn't it be neat, (NAME OF MAGAZINE), if *your* publication were one of those chosen by Dan Greenburg in 1971?

It could be! But—*and this is important*—you *must* return your official simulated Magazine Subscription Order Form *immediately*, or *some other periodical will win Mr. Greenburg's subscription!*

That's right. Some other publication, like PARIS REVIEW, THE AMERICAN GIRL, PLAYBOY, COMMENTARY, JACK & JILL, POPULAR MECHANICS, GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY, QUEEN, THE NATIONAL OBSERVER, THE NEW REPUBLIC, TODAY'S HEALTH, PHOTOPLAY, AVANT-GARDE, ROAD AND TRACK, or HAIRDO & BEAUTY, may win a subscription that *rightfully belongs to (NAME OF MAGAZINE)*—just because you were careless or *stupid* enough not to send in your simulated Magazine Subscription Order Form in time!

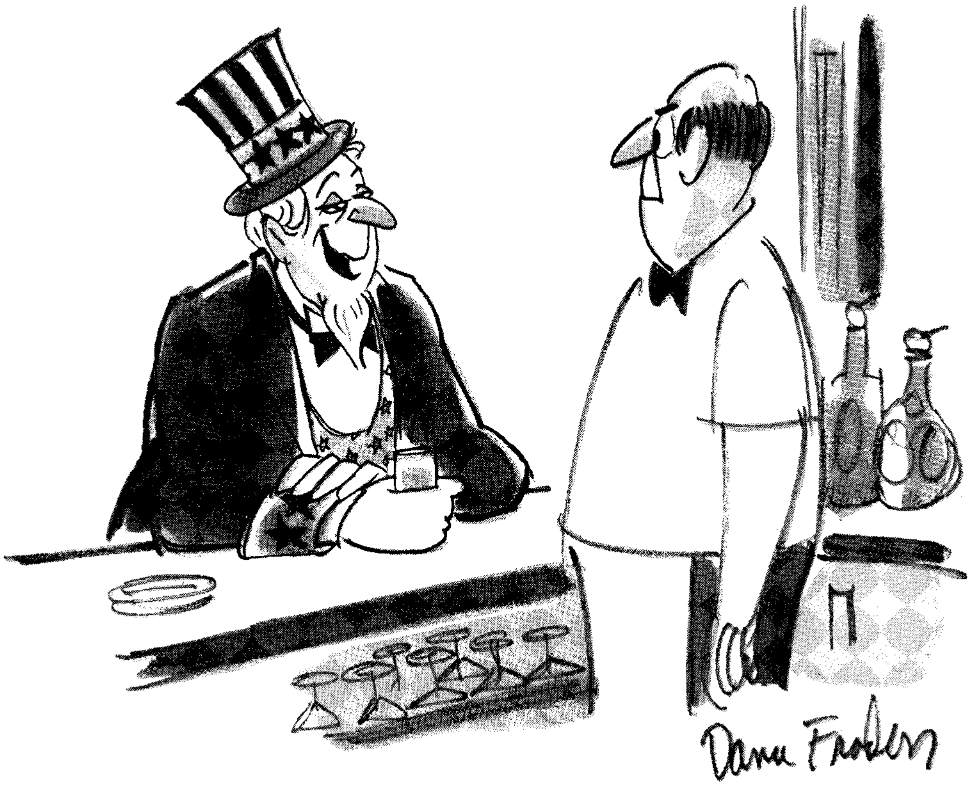
Imagine how your Publisher's wife, Mrs. (NAME OF PUBLISHER'S WIFE), will feel when she hears that some other publication, like COSMOPOLITAN, DENTAL ECONOMICS, or CAR AND DRIVER, has received a subscription from Mr. Greenburg that should rightfully have gone to you. Imagine how little (NAME OF CHILD OF CIRCULATION MANAGER) or little (NAME OF OTHER CHILD OF CIRCULATION MANAGER) will feel when they find out that their da-da, (NAME OF CIRCULATION MANAGER), has let a valuable subscription slip through his fingers and put his job at (NAME OF MAGAZINE) and his home at (ADDRESS OF CIRCULATION MANAGER) and his (MAKE OF CAR OF CIRCULATION MANAGER) up for grabs, and just think of what the usually noncommittal Dr. (NAME OF PSYCHIATRIST OF CIRCULATION MANAGER) might even say about such an act of willful and self-destructive hostility!

Well, (NAME OF MAGAZINE), we don't want to frighten you, but before you take too lightly the acquisition or loss of even one subscription, perhaps we should remind you of the fate of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, COLLIER'S, LIBERTY, AMERICAN MERCURY, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, FLAIR, and other once flourishing periodicals.

Cordially,
Dan Greenburg

P.S. SPECIAL BONUS FOR PROMPT ACTION! As a special added inducement for a speedy reply, if we receive your simulated Order Form within 10 days, with your "X" in the box opposite "YES! WE AGREE TO STOP DUNNING MR. GREENBURG, etc.," our attorneys will promise *not* to send you our special official Invasion of Privacy Suit summons! That's right, (NAME OF MAGAZINE), you can avoid a lengthy and extremely costly lawsuit simply by replying NOW! But don't delay, *because time is running out!*

—DAN GREENBURG



"I don't think I'm in too bad shape for a guy who consumed half a billion gallons of booze last year."

SEVEN POEMS

A DOOR

You walk on

carrying on your shoulders
a glass door
to some house that's not been found

there's no handle

you can't insure it
can't put it down

and you pray please let me not
fall please please let
me not drop
it

because you'd drown like water
in the pieces

so you walk on with your hands frozen
to your glass wings
in the wind
while down the door in time with your feet
skies are marching
like water down the inside of a bell

those skies are looking for you
they've left everything
they want you to remember them

they want to write some last phrase
on you
you
but they keep washing off
they need your ears
you can't hear them

they need your eyes
but you can't look up
now

they need your feet oh
they need your feet
to go on

they send out their dark birds for you
each one the last
like shadows of doors calling calling
sailing
the other way

so it sounds like goodbye

THE WAY AHEAD

A winter is to come
when smaller creatures
will hibernate inside the bones
of larger creatures
and we will be the largest of all
and the smallest

A Monday is to come
when some who had not known
what hands were for
will be lifted and shaken
and broken and stroked and blessed
and made

An eye is to come
to what was never seen
the beginning opening
and beholding the end
falling into it

A voice is to come
that all the leaves
wanted
and the ears uncurled
to reach for
and one of them will hear it

Feet are already marching there
fields of green corn and black corn are already
throwing up their hands
all the weeds know and leap up from the ditches
every egg presses on toward those ends
for this the clouds sleep with the mountains
for this in the almanacs of the unborn
terrible flowers appear
one after the other
giving new light

A light is to come

MIST

Today seventy tongues
are hiding in the trees

their voices are hanging beyond the mist
seventy long banners mingling
red yellow
blue voices
hanging silent

here the nuthatch blows his horn
leading a thin procession of white wind

past the black trees
through the world

BREAD

Each face in the street is a slice of bread
wandering on
searching

somewhere in the light the true hunger
appears to be passing them by
they clutch

have they forgotten the pale caves
they dreamed of hiding in
their own caves
full of the waiting of their footprints
hung with the hollow marks of their groping
full of their sleep and their hiding

have they forgotten the ragged tunnels
they dreamed of following in out of the light
to hear step after step
the heart of bread
to be sustained by its dark breath
and emerge

to find themselves alone
before a wheat field
raising its radiance to the moon

ONE TIME

O venerable plank burning
and your pegs with you
the hordes of flame gaining
in the marks of the adze
each mark seven times older than I am
each furthermore shaped like a tongue
you that contain
of several lives now only a dust
inside the surfaces that were once cuts
but no memory no tree
even your sparks dust
toward the last some of your old pitch
boils up through you
many children running
into a shining forest

DIVISION

People are divided
because the finger god
named One
was lonely
so he made for himself a brother like him

named Other One

then they were both lonely

so each made for himself four others
all twins

then they were afraid
that they would lose each other
and be lonely

so they made for themselves two hands
to hold them together

but the hands drifted apart

so they made for the hands two arms

they said Between two arms
there is always a heart

and the heart will be for us all

but the heart between them
beat two ways
already for whoever

was to come

for whoever would
come after

one by one

HORSES

The silence of a place where there were once horses
is a mountain

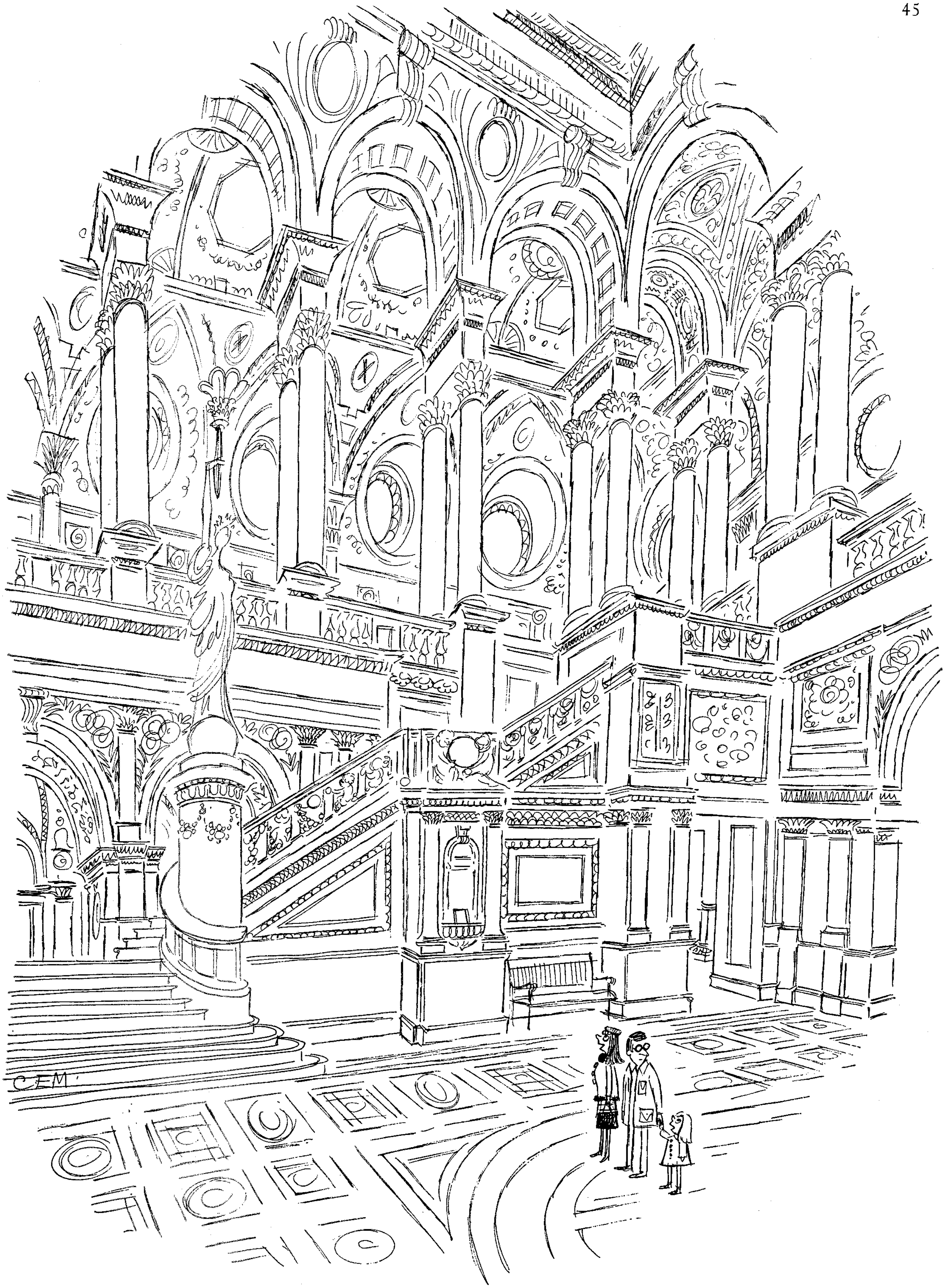
and I have seen by lightning that every mountain
once fell from the air
ringing
like the chime of an iron shoe

high on the cloudy slope
riders who long ago abandoned sadness
leaving its rotting fences and its grapes to fall
have entered the pass
and are gazing into the next valley

I do not see them cross over

I see that I will be lying
in the lightning of an alp of death
and out of my eyes horsemen will be riding

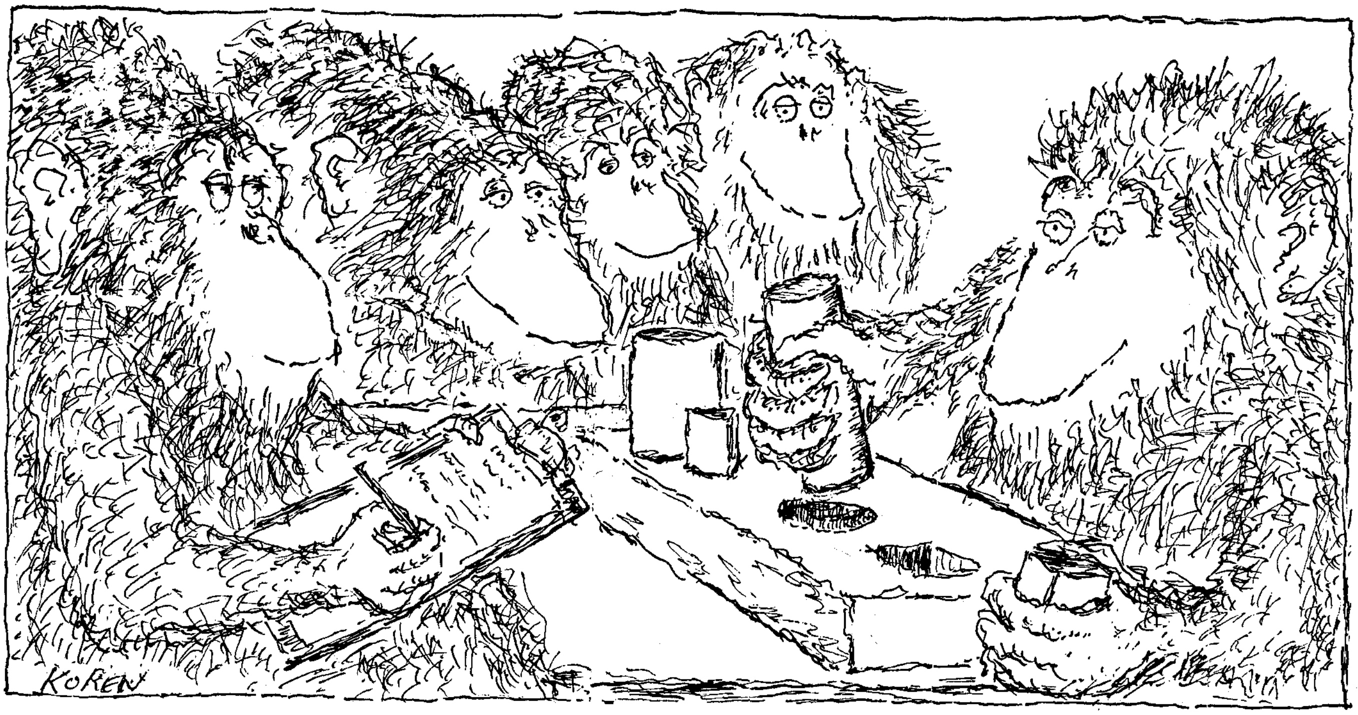
—W. S. Merwin



"Just think! Every book that's ever been published in the United States is right here in the Library of Congress."
"Even 'The Poky Little Puppy'?"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ON THE SIDE OF THE APES—II



1661. AUGUST 24TH. At the office all the morning and did business; by and by we are called to Sir W. Batten's to see the strange creature that Captain Holmes *hath brought with him from Guiny; it is* a great baboon, but so much like a man in most things, that though they say there is a species of them, yet I cannot believe but that it is a monster got of a man and she-baboon. I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind it might be taught to speak or make signs.—*The Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE director of one of the seven Regional Primate Research Centers in the United States spoke with unusual emphasis: "Some of us go in for virology, and others are studying the cardiovascular system. We have enough behaviorists to stock all the universities in the country. Physiology, embryology—you name it. We study it. But all that any member of the public asks me about is the possibility of breeding apes with people. I mean to say, nine out of ten have never even heard of the Primate Centers, but that one man—the tenth one—he's got that one idea about primatology and nothing seems to shake it." He shoved some papers around on his desk half angrily. "I remember about fifteen years ago, when I was at the original primate breeding center started by Robert Mearns Yerkes at Orange Park, near Jacksonville, Florida. I've always been a great believer in letting the public know what goes on in such places. People resent mystery. So I waded right in and asked the mayor of Jacksonville if he'd like to encourage the local citizens to come and see our place—tours for high-school classes, that kind of thing. Well, he didn't seem to take to the idea, and finally he asked me plainly if we weren't crossbreeding apes with human beings." The director gave me a disgusted glance and sat back in his chair. "Of course, I denied it, until after a while he seemed about half convinced. Anyway, he invited me to give a talk at one of those Rotary lunches, and I did. I described our work and what we hoped to get out of it for humanity, and so forth, and then I asked if there were any questions. There were. Every single one had something to do with crossbreeding apes and people. Well, I talked to that club until I was blue in the face, telling them we weren't attempting to do this and didn't intend to attempt it. It wouldn't work anyway, I said. I guess some of them finally believed me, but that mayor still wasn't quite sure, so finally I looked him in the eye and said, 'It can't be done, sir. For one thing, no American woman would consent to take part in an experiment like that, would she?' That shut him up."

In justice to the citizens of Jacksonville, to Samuel Pepys, and to all who know little about research with primates, it should be stated that people didn't make up this delicious horror of an idea out of their own dark unconscious minds. The man-chimp experiment was indeed tried at one time—not here but in Africa, and by Russian scientists, at a time when all of us knew a good deal less than we do today about chromosomes and species differences. A few details of the attempt are recorded in a little book called "Monkeys for Science," by Professor Boris M. Lapin, M.D., director of the Institute of Experimental Pathology and Therapy of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Medical Sciences, and Eman Fridman, who was chief of the Institute's Primate Information Center. The main subject of the book is the Institute—or, as they often call it, the monkey breeding station—at Sukhumi, on the Black Sea, but it sketches some of the history of man's efforts to find out more about his primate cousins. The book opens with a brief account of apes and monkeys in history, mentioning, among other species, the hamadryad, or sacred baboon of Egypt:

> Monkeys were deified and are still worshipped as divinities by Tibetans, Malayans, and Hindus. In contrast, some other peoples (Arabs, Mexicans, etc.) contended monkeys were "evil spirits," "the devil's offspring," sinners whom God had condemned by turning them into an ugly likeness of man. The Russian word *obezyana,* for "monkey," is also an echo of such a belief, being derived from the Arabic words meaning "father of sin."... And even in the nineteenth century one could come across writings about the "mandrill devil" which "comes to town twice a week to collect tribute" and other fantastic details associated with monkeys.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century, the writers say, "the prominent Russian naturalist and natural historian K. Ber, whom F. Engels regarded as Darwin's predecessor and to whom Darwin himself referred in his works," had counted a hundred and fifty species of monkey in the world. Another Russian, "the leading Soviet primatologist M. Nesturkh," they say, "dates the shaping of primatology as a science only from the middle fifties of our century." There are various reasons for this delay, the authors assert: it was hard to catch monkeys, and harder still to keep them alive after capture, but the largest impediment was public prejudice.

> The monkey had for many centuries been a "cursed" animal. Its anatomical similarity to man . . . seemed a reproach to the authors and advocates of the Biblical version of the divine creation of man. . . . It can well be supposed that had it not been for the zeal of the Holy Inquisition, which destroyed essays on man's kinship with the monkey, and oftentimes the authors along with the essays, much more information on this question would have come down to us from the Middle Ages. Getting a scientific knowledge of monkeys had a direct bearing on the fundamental problem of man's origin, and was thus in the focus of the bitter fight between idealism and materialism.

Lapin and Fridman tell of Darwin and Thomas Huxley, and of what happened to their works in Czarist Russia:

> And here is an example of how reactionaries fought materialism in science, in particular in primatology and anthropology. Huxley's book, published in St. Petersburg in 1864, was a tremendous success among the progressive Russian public. A second edition had to be published in the same year. But the translation, which came out in Moscow this time, was stripped of all the author's conclusions, which were revolutionary for the time. . . . In fear of the materialistic advance in science, Russian reactionaries committed outright falsification, deleting all pages which would annoy the ecclesiastics.

The authors at last get around to mentioning America's foremost early primatologist, Robert Yerkes, and, having nodded, as it were, in his direction, they do keep him in mind while anxiously trying to show wherever possible that their I. Mechnikov, the founder of primatology in Russia, was a little ahead of the American all the way along the line. In any case, history shows that Yerkes had a primate-research laboratory under way in New Haven in 1926 (he expanded it to open the Anthropoid Experiment Station in Florida in 1930), while the Russians, having encountered many vicissitudes, didn't get theirs going until more than a year later. On the matter of the founding of the station at Sukhumi, Lapin and Fridman are somewhat oblique. "The immediate impetus to the establishment of the Sukhumi station was given, strange as it may seem, by scientific trends which had nothing to do with its work after it was opened," they declare. What they are alluding to is Dr. S. Voronov. Anybody in the twenties who read the Sunday supplements in England, France, or America knew about Dr. Voronov and his monkey-gland operation, which was supposed to rejuvenate tired old men. He became so well known that the Russian Institute of Experimental Endocrinology, which seems to have been languishing, reorganized itself and, in 1925, got things moving toward the establishment of a Russian monkey colony, so that more glands might always be ready to use.

Finally, Lapin and Fridman get onto the subject that Samuel Pepys and the Jacksonville Rotarians were wondering about:

> Another factor which led to the organization of a monkey station was the research work of the outstanding Russian biologist Ilya Ivanov, the originator of the modern method of artificial insemination in animal breeding. Before the Revolution, Ivanov submitted to Prince A. Oldenburgsky, trustee of the Institute for Experimental Medicine, a plan for cross-breeding anthropoids, as well as anthropoids and man, by artificial insemination. Ivanov believed such work could help obtain valuable new ape hybrids, and also serve as one of the ways of demonstrating the degree of phylogenetic proximity of man and the higher apes. Later, in a report to the Commissar of Public Education, A. Lunacharsky, Ivanov wrote that fear of the Holy Synod proved to be stronger than the desire to support this initiative. The Czarist censorship would not allow this scientific project to be even mentioned in the press.

After the Revolution and the establishment of Soviet rule, Ivanov was told to go ahead. "To carry out cross-breeding of the higher primates," the book continues, "the biologist was sent abroad several times, Africa being one of the lands he visited." In November, 1926, Ivanov and his son arrived in

"They're all the boss, dear. We've diversified."

Conakry, French Guinea, and set up a collecting station for primates that they would take to Sukhumi. However, the Ivanovs, the fifteen animals they finally tried to take back, and their insemination experiment were all beset by illness and bad luck:

> In early July, 1927, the whole batch of monkeys, including three chimpanzee females inseminated with human sperm, were loaded in Conakry on a French ship bound for Marseilles, where they were to change ships.... The heavy rolling of the ship, the heat, and the gazing crowds round the cages affected the animals' condition. The situation was aggravated by an outbreak of dysentery, with fatal cases among the seven hundred African soldiers on board. At that stage of the voyage, the Ivanovs lost two anthropoids. In Marseilles, the Ivanovs were compelled by their illness to leave the monkeys, which were temporarily accommodated in the Zoological Garden....
>
> On August 24, 1927, four monkeys, including two baboons, were delivered in Sukhumi, the rest, including Ivanov's three test chimpanzees, having perished on the way.... On September 11 and 17, 1927, the remaining African chimpanzees died.

But the Russians, putting aside their thoughts of crossbreeding, imported more animals and persevered at their ape breeding, as Yerkes did in the United States. By 1940, the breeding of chimpanzees and other primates in captivity, far from their native habitat, was an accepted procedure.

BREEDING, however, remained on a small scale, especially in relation to the rising demand for experimental primates after the Second World War. By the fifties, this country's supply of one particular primate species was seriously threatened. This was *Macaca mulatta*, or the rhesus macaque, of India, the primate most widely used in laboratories. And the biomedical and psychological researchers who used it had themselves contributed to the incipient shortage. They had discovered that for many of their purposes primate subjects, being more similar in many respects to human beings, are more satisfactory than such commoner laboratory animals as dogs, cats, and rats. In reproductive physiology, for example, no animal bears as close a resemblance to the human being as the anthropoid ape—and just now, when everyone is preoccupied with the question of population, reproductive physiology is regarded as an especially important science. The lesser primates also resemble man in their nervous and cardiovascular systems and in their susceptibility to certain infectious diseases, while many aspects of behavior among these primates shed light on our psychological reactions and behavior. Endocrinology, nutrition, and dentistry are other areas in which researchers have become dependent on the primates, and in which rats and dogs prove to be only distantly related to us.

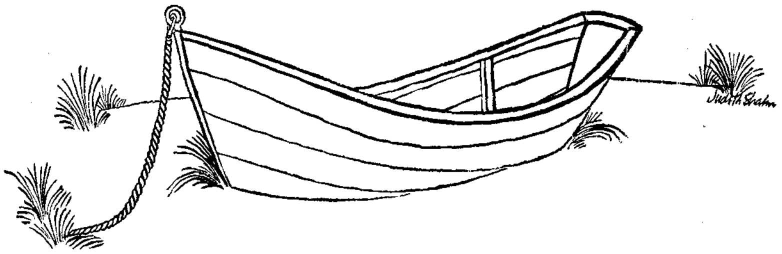
Around 1950, the primate most in demand for laboratory use was *Macaca mulatta*, not so much because it was ideal for such purposes as that science had more or less started with it and its anatomy and temperament were well known. In "Mammals of the World," the zoologist Ernest Walker wrote:

> The rhesus monkey of India, held sacred by the Hindus, is...extensively used in biological laboratories for experimental purposes.... These were the first monkeys to be shot into the stratosphere in rockets. The Rh blood factor was first demonstrated in rhesus monkeys. [Hence, in fact, the symbol itself, Rh factor.]

Because Hindus will not kill or injure rhesus monkeys (or any other kind of monkey, for that matter), the animals used to flourish unchecked not only in the wild but also near Indian villages and cities, swarming over tilled fields to steal crops, entering houses and temples and shops to help themselves to whatever they liked, and even—a spectacle I once witnessed in Uttar Pradesh—meeting trains regularly at the station and begging from passengers, the mother monkeys lifting their infants up to the windows as if in supplication but actually so that the little ones could get inside, where the pickings were better. The Indian peasant may hold the rhesus sacred but does not necessarily love him. The rhesus is, after all, an added burden on the poor. The Hindus would not, could not kill their monkeys, but they did perceive a way out. *M. mulatta* had become mysteriously popular abroad, and they saw that they could not only achieve relief from the burden but actually make money—and all without sin—by trapping monkeys and selling them unhurt to the foreigners. Once the monkeys were out of local hands, the average Hindu had no need to concern himself over what might happen to them abroad. As Arthur Hugh Clough wrote:

> Thou shalt not kill; but needst not
> strive
> Officiously to keep alive.

At first, the enthusiastic export of rhesus monkeys did not make any visible dent in their population at home. In 1953, for instance, sixteen thousand—no great number—were caught and shipped away. But then, in 1954, when work on the Salk vaccine was at its height in America, the number jumped to sixty-four thousand, and an outcry arose. Not only antivivisectionists, both in America and in Great Britain, but the comparatively moderate British Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals joined in. The R.S.P.C.A. reported that many rhesus monkeys being transported by air and sea from India to America had died before they arrived in Britain, where they were to be transshipped. Such deaths—from overcrowding, malnutrition, or perhaps simple terror—sometimes amounted to thirty per cent, and on one notorious occasion four hundred young animals suffocated in a van at Heathrow Airport. Back in India, religious purists among the Hindus began to worry, and they now joined the R.S.P.C.A. and other societies abroad in protesting against the use of *M. mulatta* in research. Finally, in March, 1955, the government of India announced a total ban on the export of monkeys except with its prior approval. Not long afterward, following some debate in the Indian Parliament and expostulation from many of the world's scientists, T. T. Krishnamachari, India's Minister of Commerce and Industry, who had imposed the ban, relented enough to make an agreement with the United States to permit the export of rhesus monkeys for medical research and the production of polio vaccine. One of the conditions was that the American Public Health Service certify that these purposes were the only ones for which the monkeys would be used. (In India, there had been fears that experiments with atomic weapons were involved.) It was also stipulated that the American requirements be evaluated by a National Advisory Committee, and that humane care and use of the monkeys be guaranteed. In the United States, research scien-



"Perhaps that will give you some notion as to just exactly how satanic he is."

• •

tists heaved sighs of relief. It had been a near thing. But the supply of rhesus monkeys had fallen off, while the prices went up, so the scientists were still worried.

As it happened, primatologists had already been trying for some years to interest government authorities in the problems involved in getting hold of experimental animals, but the cause seemed remote to most officials, and biomedical research men were far from adept at lobbying. Between 1953 and 1955, there was considerable discussion of the subject at the National Institutes of Health, and after India's 1955 ban various interested bodies got into the act, the most important of them being the newly formed National Advisory Committee on Rhesus Monkey Requirements—inevitably, NACRMR—which repeated the recommendation for support of monkey colonies to facilitate research. In April, 1957, NACRMR again recommended that the N.I.H. think the matter over. All this was in vain—largely, it seemed, because Dr. James A. Shannon, a medical research man who was director of N.I.H. at that time, wasn't much interested in primate colonies.

But change was on the way. In the mid-fifties, some prominent American doctors visited Sukhumi. One of them was Dr. James Watt, the director of the National Heart Institute of the N.I.H.; another was Dr. K. F. Meyer, the director of the George Williams Hooper Foundation for Medical Research at the University of California at San Francisco. Learning that their Russian colleagues at Sukhumi were currently working on hypertension in primates, American doctors became interested in doing some of this kind of research at home. Dr. Meyer wrote enthusiastically about the Russian setup to the Heart Institute, and Dr. Watt—whose travelling companion, as it happened, was the heart specialist Dr. Paul Dudley White—came home full of ideas for a great American primate-research center, something like Sukhumi but more like Woods Hole (the famous marine biological laboratory on Cape Cod). Early in 1957, Dr. Watt discussed with the Heart Institute and a planning committee a recommendation that the primate colony he envisioned be developed near some university that would initiate "a long-term, multi-university approach to cardiovascular problems." (Naturally, as a specialist, he thought only in terms of heart research.) Now, at last, things started to roll. In March, 1959, the planning committee got an encouraging message from Dr. Shannon, who announced that he preferred to think of America's Sukhumi not as one big, central Woods Hole for heart research but as a number of smaller centers, for various kinds of

"When a Communist can win a free election, I say there's something wrong with free elections!"

• •

research, throughout the United States. The N.I.H. planners saw the point, which was that such a suggestion was likely to appeal to the Senate Appropriations Committee more than the original proposition for one central station would. From the taxpayers' (and the politicians') point of view, a scattering of small primate colonies was preferable, because each would presumably bring with it prestige and job opportunities as well as grants. At any rate, in the autumn of 1959 Congress voted the first appropriation, of two million dollars, for the project. It was agreed that each center should be located near a university (called the "host"), and that the financing should be provided by N.I.H. grants to the host-university administrations.

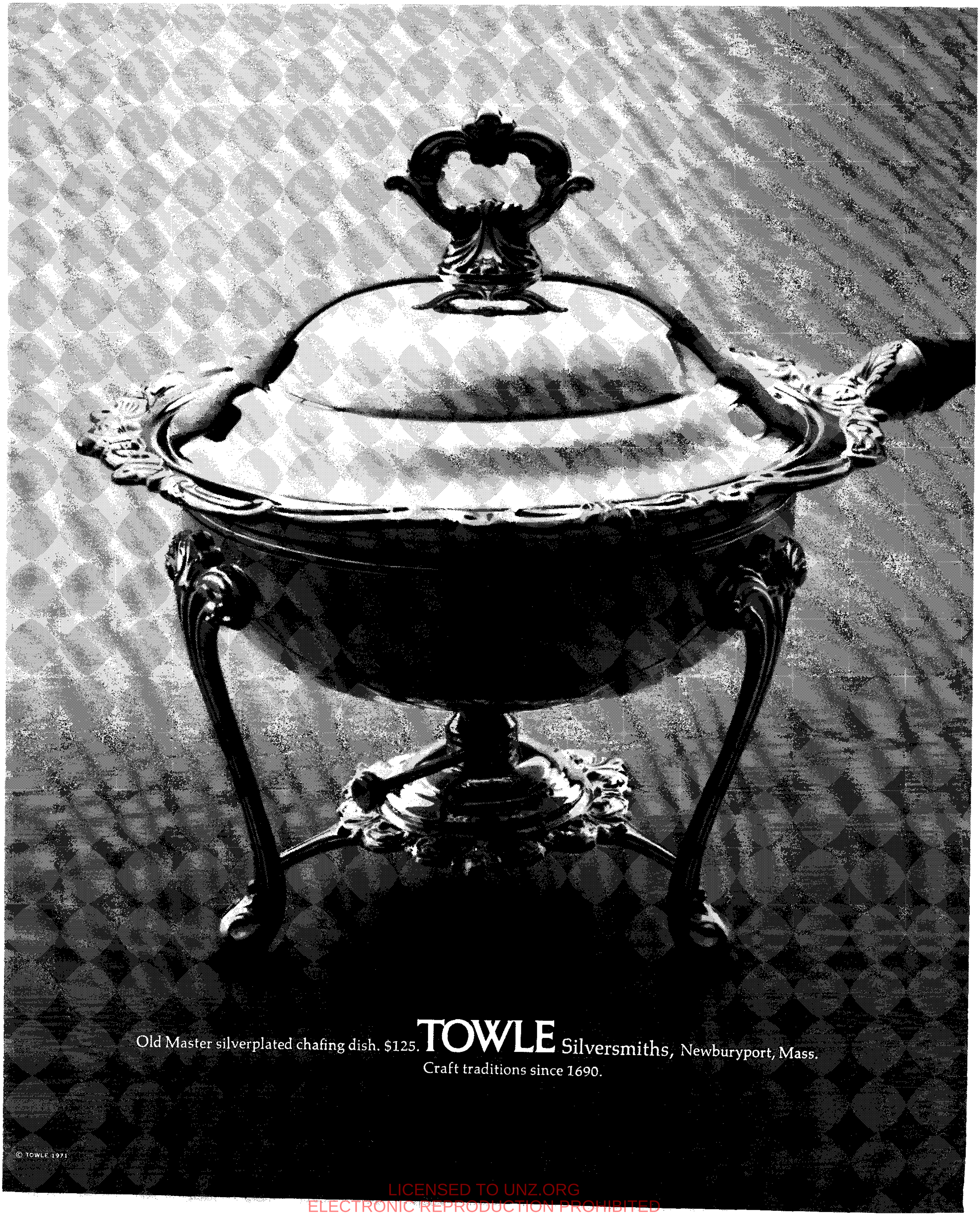
Once all this had been settled, the prickly question remained: Where were the centers to be situated? The burden of making the preliminary decisions was shouldered by the members of the Heart Institute's Primate Research Study Section, who, after inviting applications from would-be host institutions, travelled throughout the states to inspect all the sites that were deemed eligible. It seemed that almost everyone wanted a Primate Center, so nerves were frayed and friendships wrecked by the time the final decisions were made. Geographically speaking, the distribution of the seven Regional Primate Research Centers hardly proved ideal. There are centers next door to each other in Oregon (Beaverton, near Portland) and Washington (Seattle), and again in Georgia (Atlanta) and Louisiana (Covington), whereas Wisconsin (Madison), Massachusetts (Southborough), and California (Davis) are relatively isolated from one another. Strictly speaking, the center at Davis is not regional but national, concentrating chiefly on over-all problems of animal husbandry as it affects primates.

In addition to giving support to the seven main centers, the N.I.H. Division of Research Resources keeps a friendly eye on other primate study centers or colonies in the United States. Occasionally, it has provided grants for these institutions, and the seven main centers sometimes borrow animals from them. Among others, they include the baboonery of the Southwest Foundation, of San Antonio, Texas; the research laboratory at Holloman Air Force Base, at Alamogordo, New Mexico, which has a large number of chimpanzees and a few other primates; the monkey-island colonies of Puerto Rico, under the direction of the university there; and the primate laboratories of the New York University Medical Center, one near Tuxedo, another on Welfare Island.

ONE of my first discoveries in the course of some recent extensive travels to Regional Primate Research Centers and other primate collections and colonies was the abundance of mouth-filling terminology in primate-research literature. The Primate Center at Davis, California, I found when I went there, is, for instance, described in one of its brochures as "a facility dedicated to procurement, housing, breeding, and manipulating of diverse species, and to interdisciplinary investigations of the broad biologic features of these species." Davis, not far from Sacramento, in northern California, appeared to have everything needed for animal husbandry—even the husbandry of such way-out animals as monkeys and apes: a mild climate, in which these exotic imports can live out-of-doors; plenty of space; and lots of experienced people, from four of the colleges at the University of California at Davis.

The director, Dr. Robert Stowell, received me in his office-*cum*-library, in a large one-story concrete building. "This is one of the largest primate colonies in the country, if not in the world," he told me. "And it's probably going to be larger. At the moment, we have more than two thousand animals, of nine species. There are breeding colonies of eight species—presumably just the beginning. Someday, we may have as many as twenty-five thousand animals, but that's a very long-term project. By that time, we'll probably be using all our three hundred acres. Our main objects are husbandry, reproduction, and baseline studies such as blood-chemistry norms, hematological factors, parasites, bacterial diseases, reproductive physiology, and menstrual cycles. In addition, we provide animals for research, and visiting scientists come to work here. We have the only breeding colony of Indian langurs that I know of—about fifty animals. They're doing

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EATING AND DINING.



Old Master silverplated chafing dish. $125. **TOWLE** Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass.
Craft traditions since 1690.

© TOWLE 1971

well, and have had twelve young ones born here. Dr. Meyer, of San Francisco, imported them to use in a study of plague, and handed them over to us to keep. Dr. Keith Killam, of the University of California School of Medicine, has brought baboons from West Africa so that he can study a feature peculiar to these particular animals: they go through what look very much like epileptic seizures when exposed to stroboscopic flashes of light. There are forty baboons in his troop, and very likely they'll increase."

I had, in fact, already visited some baboons—about a thousand of them, at the baboonery of the Southwest Foundation in San Antonio. I had felt that this establishment called for my early attention, because the rumor that such an institution existed had first set me off on my quest for primates in America. I had found it to be a pleasant place, laboratories sharing spacious grounds with large, high cages that housed a number of separate baboon communities, with the animals living together in family groups just as they had been captured in East Africa. The foundation had been set up by the late Texas millionaire Tom Slick, who spent a lot of his mature life searching unsuccessfully for the Abominable Snowman; it was originally established for purposes of basic biomedical research. (The baboon colony got started in 1959.) Baboons in the wild just naturally get atherosclerosis, without modern stress, strain, or high-cholesterol food, and it was hoped to discover from working with them what relation factors in modern life, including diet, have to the progress of the disease in man. Baboons are also very useful in virology and blood studies—and evidently, as I was finding out at Davis, in the study of epilepsy.

NOW Dr. Stowell turned me over to Dr. Lloyd J. Neurauter, the associate director at Davis, who, as he started to guide me around, said, "A lot of questions have to be answered when you try to domesticate wild animals, but I don't see why they can't all be properly answered, under well-controlled conditions. We should go in for controlled breeding, as is done with dogs and pigs and the others. If we believe that primates are the ideal animals for research, we should decide on a species that would answer our purposes best—the all-purpose primate. If we could only miniaturize the chimpanzee, that would be the ideal animal."

I looked at him wonderingly. He really meant it. I thought of the time it would take to miniaturize the chimpanzee—adults weigh close to two hundred pounds and reach a height of about four and a half feet, and a new generation comes along every two or three years—and felt a trifle confused.

Dr. Neurauter was particularly proud of the quarters he had devised for the animals—mushroom-shaped metallic structures, which, I told him, reminded me of an African village, but which were in fact corncribs from Iowa. After we had inspected some and looked at the various animals living in them, we returned to the laboratories, where one doctor said to me earnestly, "Problems with primates in captivity are *different*. The animals have hands. They're manipulative, and they're clever. Their relationships and social structures are very important in their lives, which is why we seem to spend so much time on behavior. I know the world outside thinks we do too much on behavior, but it's not true—we aren't wasting time. You can't handle an animal in captivity unless you know how he behaves in the wild, and monkeys are too intelligent to fool. Usually, they catch on to things quicker than the animal handlers do."

In a final conversation, Dr. Stowell said, "Sometimes I wonder why we don't concentrate on three species for research—say, the rhesus, the bonnet, and the baboon. We could raise them on ranches then, and give the orangutan and all the others back to the conservationists. On second thought, though, there could be no substitute for the chimpanzee. And then there are all these new things they're finding out about the New World monkeys. . . ." He sighed, as if relinquishing a dream. "The others, for the most part, are arboreal and hard to keep. Of course, in a way, we, too, are conservationists, but that's not our main job."

DR. HARRY F. HARLOW, a good-looking, graying man in his sixties, who is head of both the Wisconsin Regional Primate Research Center, in Madison, and the Department of Psychology Primate Laboratory at the state university there, once told me how his particular branch of research happened to get started. It was long before the center was formed, and Harlow's domain was limited to the primate laboratory. One day, he was showing the place to a distinguished visitor, the English psychiatrist Dr. John Bowlby. Standing between two rows of cages in which rhesus monkeys, one after another, cage after cage, sat alone, the two men spoke of Russia's famous Dr. Ivan Pavlov, who was experimenting with neurosis-like behavior in various animals.

"I wish I could get hold of a few neurotic monkeys," Harlow said fervently. "If only one could find them!"

Dr. Bowlby bent on him a mildly astonished gaze. "But you've got dozens of them right here," he said, with a gesture that took in the whole room. "How many do you want?"

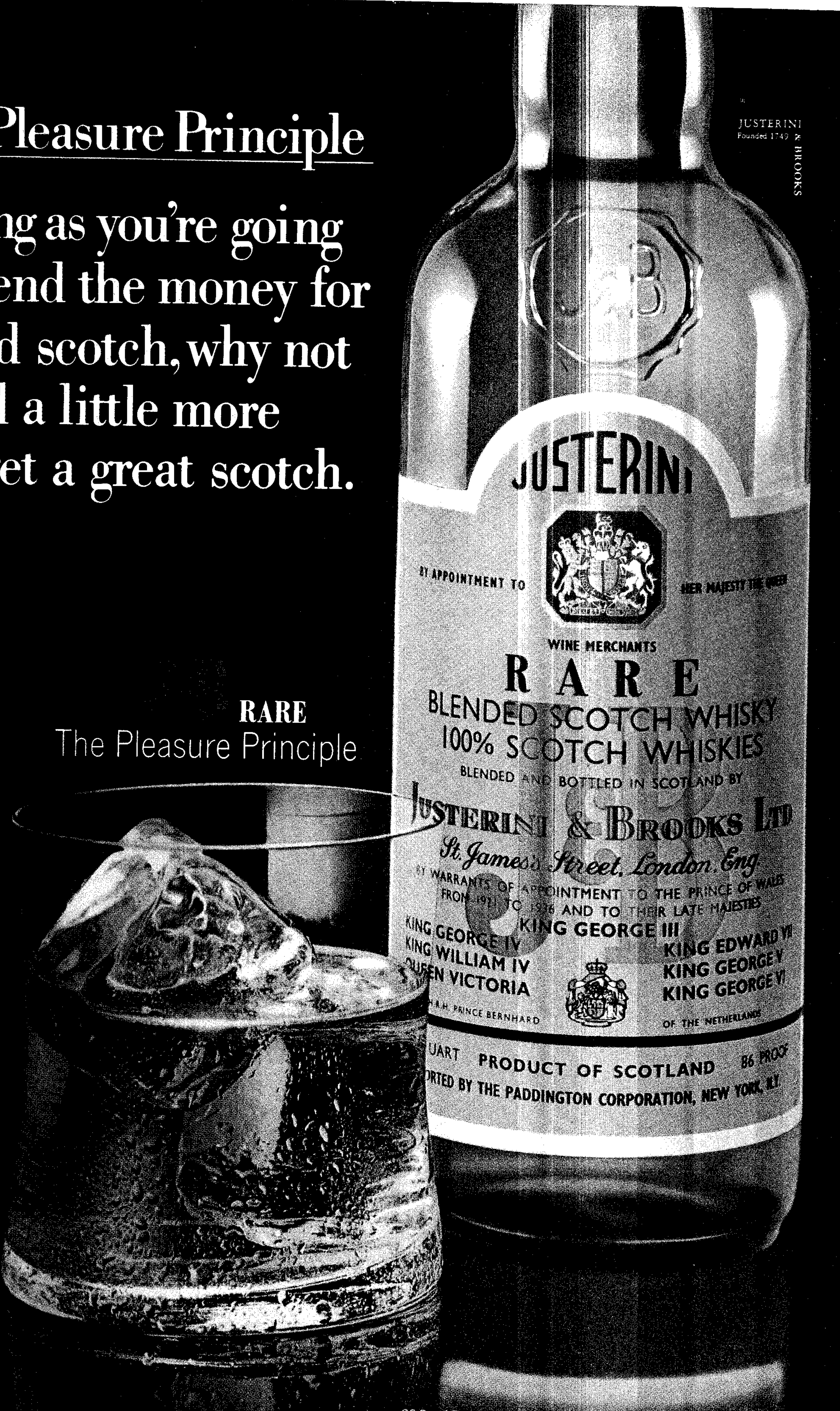
Recalling the episode, Dr. Harlow said to me, "He was right, of course. We simply hadn't thought of our monkeys' behavior in that way—we were used to it. We were aware that if a rhesus is kept in isolation for some time it develops all sorts of psychopathological behavior—thumb-sucking or self-hugging or just staring into the distance—but we needed a psychiatrist to point out the obvious fact that we'd been raising monkeys for years with just the sort of abnormalities we needed to produce syndromes analogous to human disorders."

Thus, when in 1961 the N.I.H. tapped Madison as the site of one of the seven Primate Centers it was planning, a beginning had already been made there. To the laboratory staff, the center plans were more than welcome; its members had fought hard for what they

FLORIST
BRIDES
BOUQUETS
ORCI
BOSTON FERN
3.55
R. MacMillan

The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.

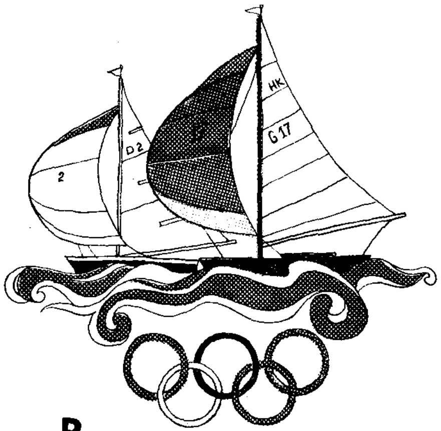

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749
& BROOKS
JUSTERINI
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
WINE MERCHANTS
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LTD
St. James's Street, London, Eng
BY WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES
FROM 1921 TO 1936 AND TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES
KING GEORGE III
KING GEORGE IV
KING WILLIAM IV
QUEEN VICTORIA
KING EDWARD VII
KING GEORGE V
KING GEORGE VI
H.R.H. PRINCE BERNHARD
OF THE NETHERLANDS
UART
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
86 PROOF
RTED BY THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

RARE
The Pleasure Principle

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. ©1971 Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

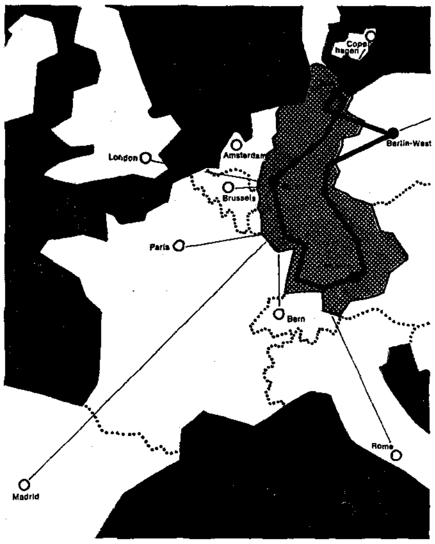
How to blaze an Olympic trail through the heart of Europe

Happy Holidays in Germany '71



Be ahead of the crowd this year. Blaze a trail in Germany where the Olympic Games will attract the world in 1972. The 2000-mile trail takes you through the most historic and picturesque parts of Germany between Munich and Kiel, the sites of next year's international competitions.

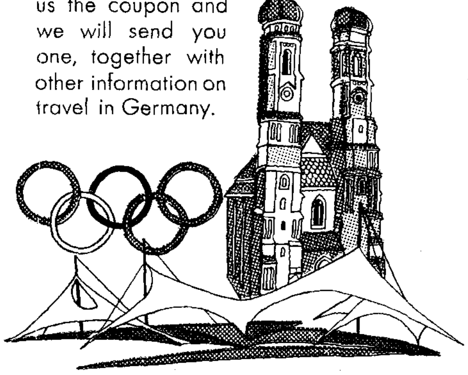
See the storied Rhine, its verdant vineyards and romantic castles . . . the Black Forest where elegant spas and casinos alternate with beautiful gay resorts . . . the majestic Alps of flower-bedecked valleys and sparkling blue lakes. Visit walled and turreted medieval hamlets where winding cobbled streets lead from one fascinating discovery to another, and ancient buildings speak of the long-bygone past. Enjoy the big cities famous for art, music and vibrant with contemporary ideas . . . savor the variety in delicious German food and great vintage wines famed since Roman times.



You will find a friendly welcome wherever you go . . . on the street, in hotels, restaurants and shops, in theatres and museums. Most Germans speak at least some English, all of them are anxious to help and proud to show you their country.

You can follow the Olympic trail on your own or have your travel agent book you on a 21-day conducted tour, priced from $479. The cost includes transportation by motorcoach, rooms with bath (double occupancy) at comfortable hotels, two meals a day, extensive sightseeing and the services of a knowledgeable English-speaking tour conductor. Shorter tours are also available and you can buy prepaid arrangements for individual cities. Whichever course you follow, you will have happy holidays in Germany during the *Pre-Olympic year.*

If your travel agent does not have the 1971 Pre-Olympic Tour folder, clip and send us the coupon and we will send you one, together with other information on travel in Germany.



German National Tourist Office
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036

Gentlemen: Please send me your folder "Germany '71 happy days along the Olympic trail" and other illustrated travel literature on Germany.

Name ______

Address ______

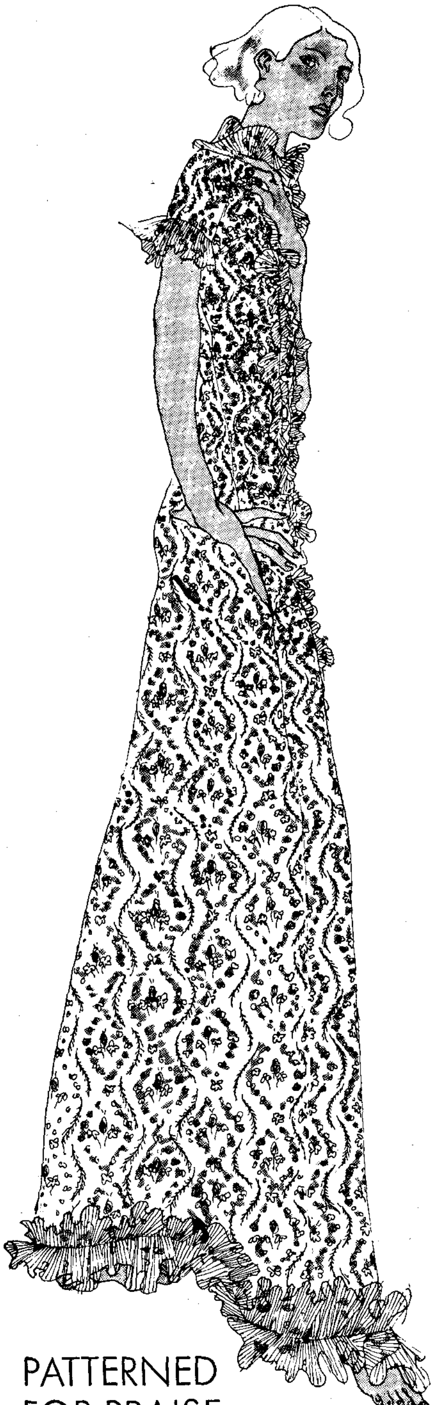
______ YD

had and were not sure even yet that it was securely in their grasp. When Harlow came to Wisconsin, in 1930, he discovered very quickly that, as a member of the Psychology Department, he was, to put it mildly, underprivileged. When he asked his chief to show him the animal laboratory, he was told, "We tore it down last summer." I remember that laboratory; when I was a child, my family lived in Madison, and I used to fool around in it—a hexagonal wooden bungalow structure, in which a few guinea pigs and rabbits moped in makeshift enclosures and nobody was around to tell me not to pet or feed them. Despite its shortcomings, its disappearance must have been disconcerting to the newly arrived Harry Harlow, who, like Yerkes before him, knew that his lifework would revolve around experimentation with animals, and with primates in particular. For lack of any other opportunities, he began to work with primates at the local zoo, in Vilas Park, which fortunately had a fairly varied collection of them. A while ago, in the center's newsletter, he cast his mind back to those pioneer days, and back to an orangutan named Jiggs—"the nicest and sweetest orangutan that had ever lived at any zoo for fifteen years," Dr. Harlow recalled. "We gave him two oak blocks, one with a square hole and one with a round hole, and a square plunger and a round plunger," he went on. "He learned to put the round plunger in the round hole and the round plunger in the square hole, and he learned to put the square plunger in the square hole, but he never learned to put the square plunger in the round hole. He worked incessantly on this problem for six weeks, and then died of perforated ulcers, but at least he died demonstrating a level of intellectual curiosity greater than that of many University of Wisconsin students."

In a couple of years, Dr. Harlow's department acquired some quarters of its own, and he was able to leave the zoo and begin work on three continuing major research projects: the development of means of measuring primate learning, the effects of cortical lesions on learned behavior in primates, and the analysis of primate motives. At last, in 1939, Dr. Harlow's outfit gained the dignity of a name of its own—the Department of Psychology Primate Laboratory. Legends began to accrue around it.

"One of the brightest monkeys we ever had was No. 130," Dr. Harlow recalled in a talk he gave a number of years ago. "She was living in one of our combined indoor-outdoor cages, and there were always two doors between her and freedom. This did not bother No. 130 in the least, because on the average of once a week she outthought the graduate students who took care of the animals. She knew all about people, and knew that they were careless, indifferent, shiftless, and stupid. She would bide her time, and at the chosen moment the graduate student would find himself in the cage and find No. 130 outside the cage. She spent more than half her last summer in the upper branches of a large elm tree, and I think that the only times she let herself be caught was when she heard that rain was predicted. However, her peregrinations in no way interfered with our testing program, because she could solve as many problems in two days as any other monkey could in seven."

In the fifties, one of Dr. Harlow's assistants was a coed named Audrey. "We had six baby monkeys that we had removed from their mothers at birth, and we had kept each monkey isolated in a separate cage," he went on. "We wanted to keep them isolated for two years and then study their initial social responses. Audrey was taking care of them on the night shift. Late one evening, I went over to the lab and opened the door to the baby room, and there was Audrey sitting in the center of the floor playing with all six monkeys. They were having a wonderful time. She didn't give me a chance to say a thing. She rose to her full five feet two inches of enraged femininity, and she said, 'Dr. Harlow, I'm a student in secondary education. I have been trained, and I know that it is improper and immoral to blight the normal social development of children!' We didn't know that we had been paying her to serve as a babysitter. One year's time and five thousand dollars forever lost. I was angry, but I also had some respect for Audrey. I felt that perhaps we had something in common. One must have faith in what one does. However, I can assure you that Audrey and those monkeys never played together again. Four years have passed, and Audrey has twice been pregnant, which is more than one can say for any of the monkeys. Last week, I observed them in their cages, sitting staring into space, sucking their thumbs, engaging in unending stereotyped movements. It came to me as a complete shock that the monkeys *were* abnormal, and their social lives *had* been blighted. Audrey was right. There is apparently something to this secondary-education business after all. However, it wasn't necessary for Audrey to tell us. We found it all out through research. Of course, it took us four years longer. This illustrates the power of the inductive method. If you work hard enough and



PATTERNED
FOR PRAISE...

For mother's day of days—and every other day that you want to begin with sheer prettiness. Button-front, with permanent-pleat ruffles to hem. Washable Kodel® and cotton voile, fully lined. By Lori Till in a flower-sprigged pattern reminiscent of fine French china. In Limoges blue or pink on white. Sizes 8-18. $24. Short version $20. Slightly higher on the West Coast. Mail and phone, of course. Add tax where necessary. 90¢ handling charge outside NYC.

Elizabeth Arden

691 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

long enough, you will eventually learn some of the things that other people already know."

JUST before I paid a visit to the Primate Center at the University of Washington, in a lush green section of Seattle, I read an article by two people there, Dr. Gordon D. Jensen and Dr. Ruth A. Bobbitt, that had appeared in the May, 1968, issue of *Psychology Today*. The Doctors explained that they had started an experiment at a point to which they had been led by studies of Harry Harlow and his wife, Margaret, demonstrating that infant monkeys deprived of maternal care, if they are brought up among normal peers, may still develop essentially normal social behavior. Drs. Jensen and Bobbitt studied another type of behavior, the mother-infant relationship. They did not use rhesus monkeys for this work, preferring the slightly larger pig-tailed macaques, *Macaca nemestrina* (possibly because the Washington center has a good supply of them).

Soon they were able to record an interesting observation. The old idea of the monkey mother who just sits and clutches her child—as some certainly do—doesn't apply for very long to *M. nemestrina*. Though the mother is affectionate and protective at first, she soon starts pushing the infant away and insisting that he learn to get along by himself. Anyone who has watched how a cat expecting a new litter discourages her growing kittens from nursing will get the idea, but a pig-tail mother is not pregnant when she chases her baby away. One might say that she has other things on her mind; she can be described as a working-mother type.

Dr. Jensen and Dr. Bobbitt wrote:

> One of our goals was to determine how isolation of naturally mothered infants would affect their development. We wanted to know if isolated, mother-raised infants without playmates, or with later contact with playmates, would develop normally. We arranged a study of mothered monkey infants according to the amount of contact with playmates of the same age, ranging from none at all, through visual and auditory contact only, to full and free association. If we could understand the importance in humans of contact with companions of the same age, we could devise improved child-rearing guides for parents and programs for optimal institutional and foster care of children. This study also showed the effects of deprived and enriched environments on monkey development.

Dr. Jensen and Dr. Bobbitt made up three different types of environment—deprived, delayed enriched, and enriched. In the deprived environment, mother and infant lived in bare quarters, cut off from contact with other monkeys and having minimal contact with people. In the delayed-enriched environment, mother and child were kept in a similar dwelling for four months and then were supplied with playmates and toys. In the enriched environment, the subjects had toys from the beginning, and their cage stood in a large, open laboratory within sight and sound of people and other monkeys. After four months, these rich baby monkeys were separated from their mothers and spent two months as playmates for the new-rich infants. Then the whole lot of them were tested.

The writers reported:

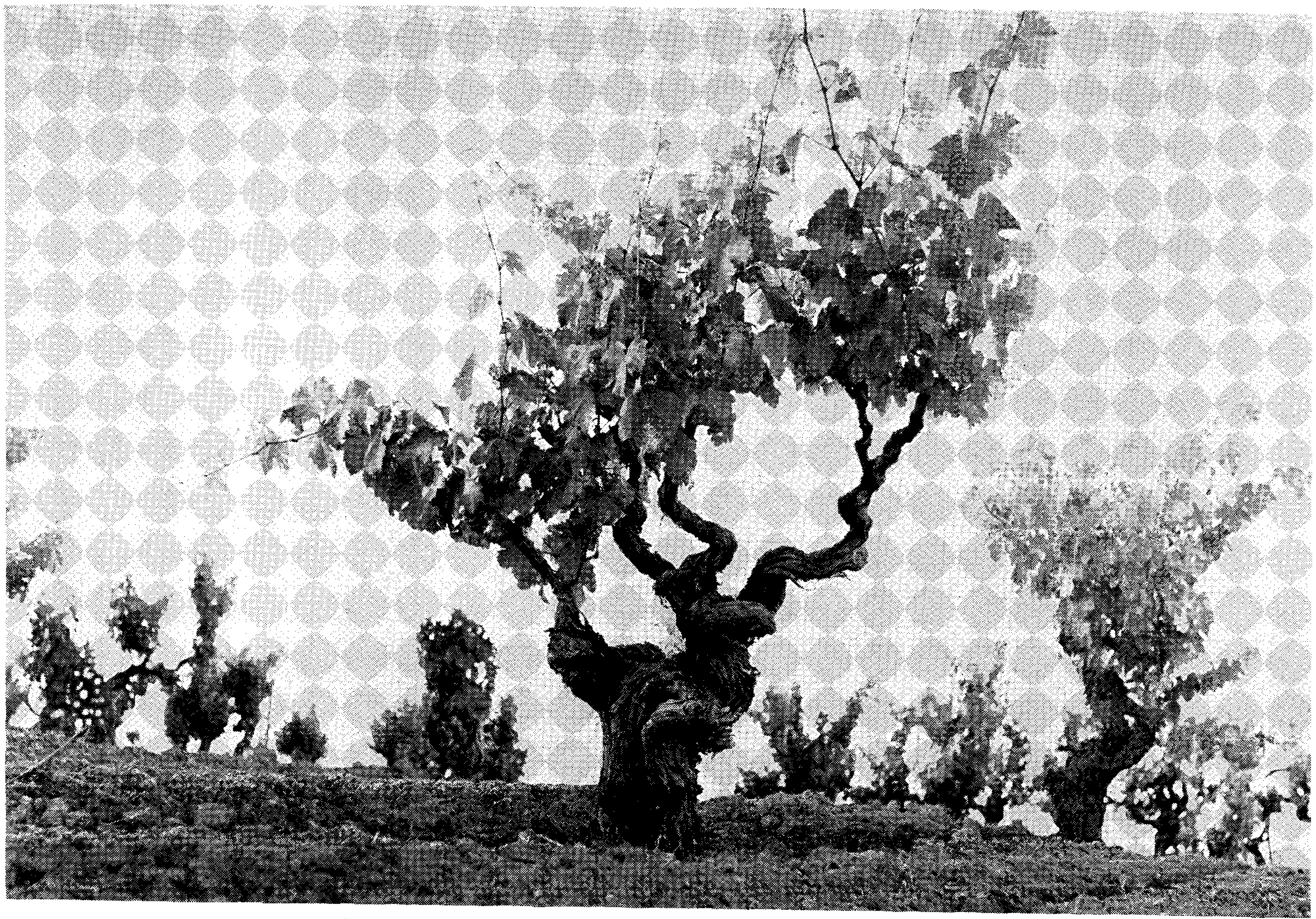
> We found that the privation environment produced prolonged physical closeness between mother and infant, or what could be called a retardation of the mutual independence process.... In the privation environment, the infant and mother turned to each other for most of their reinforcements. This situation is analogous to the overprotective human mother and her child, or to families living in very isolated and severely deprived conditions.

Nevertheless, the tendency of a mother to leave her infant, while the infant made most approaches, remained true in spite of the rearing environment.

> A rich environment does not affect the nature of this process. It merely produces an earlier elaboration of the infant's behavior toward independence.... Conversely, the retardation in social and motor development shown by deprived infants in the earliest weeks of life later manifested itself in the poor showing of deprived infants in social and competitive situations. These studies ... indicate the potential value of human environmental-enrichment programs such as "Head Start" and anti-poverty programs that provide educational and cultural enrichment for deprived schoolchildren.

Little was said about the father's role in pig-tail family life, the authors explained, because monkeys do not have the monogamous family structure "popularly ascribed to humans." Males play an important part in the social organization and defense of the group, and thus, the authors say, have a lot to do with how the young learn to behave as group members, but the subject of father-infant relationships must still be investigated. However, one thing can be said about the differences between the sexes in the monkey world. Human mothers often claim that boys behave differently from girls right from the start. The Doctors examined this question with pig-tail infants and found that

Our oldest employee. Crotchety, lazy and completely devoted.



We're not quite sure when this Pinot Noir vine came to work for us.

Certainly before 1900.

Training it was a pain in the neck. (Your noble vines are always temperamental.)

And it's never produced many grapes.

But by golly, the grapes it does produce are just splendid.

So we put up with all the problems. Because when you're a premium winemaker, splendid is what you need.

You can make a sound wine with lesser grapes.

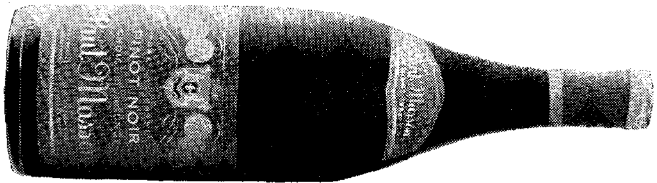
But Paul Masson's Pinot Noir is more than a sound wine. It's a fine wine.

You'll have to pay more for it, of course. Because premium grapes are scarce. Because of the small cooperage we use. And because we age our wine a long time before we'll let you buy it.

But at least you know where your money goes.

It's right there in the bottle.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970

Discover
the Pleasures of
Lillet.

Quelle Joie!

Before meals—at cocktail time or any time after the sun sets.

LILLET
Blanc & Rouge
APERITIF DE FRANCE
By Dreyfus-Ashby & Company, New York

You don't have to be an engineer . . .

. . . to choose high fidelity components confidently. The purpose of high fidelity is simple—to re-create music accurately. But, explanations about how this is done are traditionally clouded by technical verbiage, and more often confuse than clarify.

Acoustic Research can help. The people at AR have written a series of comprehensive but non-technical articles explaining the essentials of high fidelity. You can obtain these articles and a copy of the current AR catalog by mailing the coupon below.

AR

Acoustic Research, Inc.
24 Thorndike St.,
Cambridge, Mass. 02141, Dept. NE4

Please send me free copies of your articles on high fidelity plus the current illustrated AR catalog.

Name ____________

Address ____________

____

with them it is certainly true. Male monkey babies do indeed develop behavior patterns that differ from those of female monkey babies. They achieve independence sooner, and they are generally more active. As for the mothers, they punish their male babies more than their female ones, hold and carry them less, and pay less attention to them. "Failure of human mothers to 'let go' is often postulated as a cause of homosexual deviation in males," the authors remind us.

In conclusion, the Doctors say, their experiments led them away from thinking in terms of the exclusive importance of Mother:

> With all due respect to contemporary literature, television, films, and funnies that satirize and spoof mother, it appears that although mothers are important their role has been oversold. Experiments support the idea that playmates and environmental factors are important, too. In time, although mothers may get less credit for man's success, they may also receive less blame for his failure.

At the Washington center, I had a talk with Dr. Douglas Bowden, a member of its staff and an assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Washington School of Medicine, who had recently returned from three months in Russia. He had spent a few days visiting the Russian primatologists at the Koltushi Laboratory of the Pavlov Institute of Physiology. He and his wife, he told me, loved Koltushi. "It was a fascinating time—I hated to come away," he said. "They've had a group of chimps under observation there for years and years; last year they broke it up and started getting some new ones in. One of the original animals apparently died of depression. Before that, she'd never been sick in her life. She'd been there ten or twelve years and was the dominant member in a group of five, as well as the closest companion of a male in the group. The Laboratory traded off the others one by one, but decided to keep her, because she was the easiest to work with. Well, she was O.K. until that male was got rid of, and then she became quite a different creature: depressed, unresponsive, no appetite. Clearly, she was really physically ill. They did all kinds of tests, but couldn't find a trace of infection. It went on like that for several weeks, and at last she developed a gastro-intestinal disease and died of it. In the autopsy, all they could find as the immediate cause of death was an infarction of a mesenteric vessel—a disruption of the blood supply to a portion of the intestine."

Dr. Bowden remembered a lighter story about Koltushi: "They told me

Cruise the Ancient World on the Mermoz in sunny French Riviera style.

Stroll through Istanbul's Grand Bazaar. Climb the heights of the Acropolis. Witness the re-enactment of the oath of Hippocrates. Or luxuriate in the beauty of the Black Sea. Now, Paquet's bright Mermoz can take you there in superb South-of-France style. In July, August and September, when the Eastern Mediterranean is at its sunniest and most hospitable.

From Cannes, July 17: 15 days to Istanbul and the Black Sea. **Aug. 2:** 14 days to the Aegean and Corfu, Rhodes, Delos/Mykonos, Piraeus. **Aug. 17:** 14 days to Alexandria, Beirut, Haifa, Piraeus. **Sept. 8:** 14 days to Malta, Istanbul, Dubrovnik, Sicily, Greece and her islands. **Sept. 23:** 14 days to Istanbul and the Black Sea. From $344 to $1176.

Your travel agent has all the details. Or contact Mediterranean French Companies, Inc., Owner's Representative, 119 West 57th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. (212) 765-0670.

THE RENAISSANCE IS REGISTERED IN FRANCE
PAQUET LINES
RENOWNED OVER A CENTURY

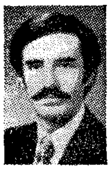
NEW YORK

The Regency Hotel
The most celebrated address in New York.
Park Avenue at 61st Street,
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 759-4100.
A LOEWS HOTEL

NOW there's time to enjoy a fine after-theater supper

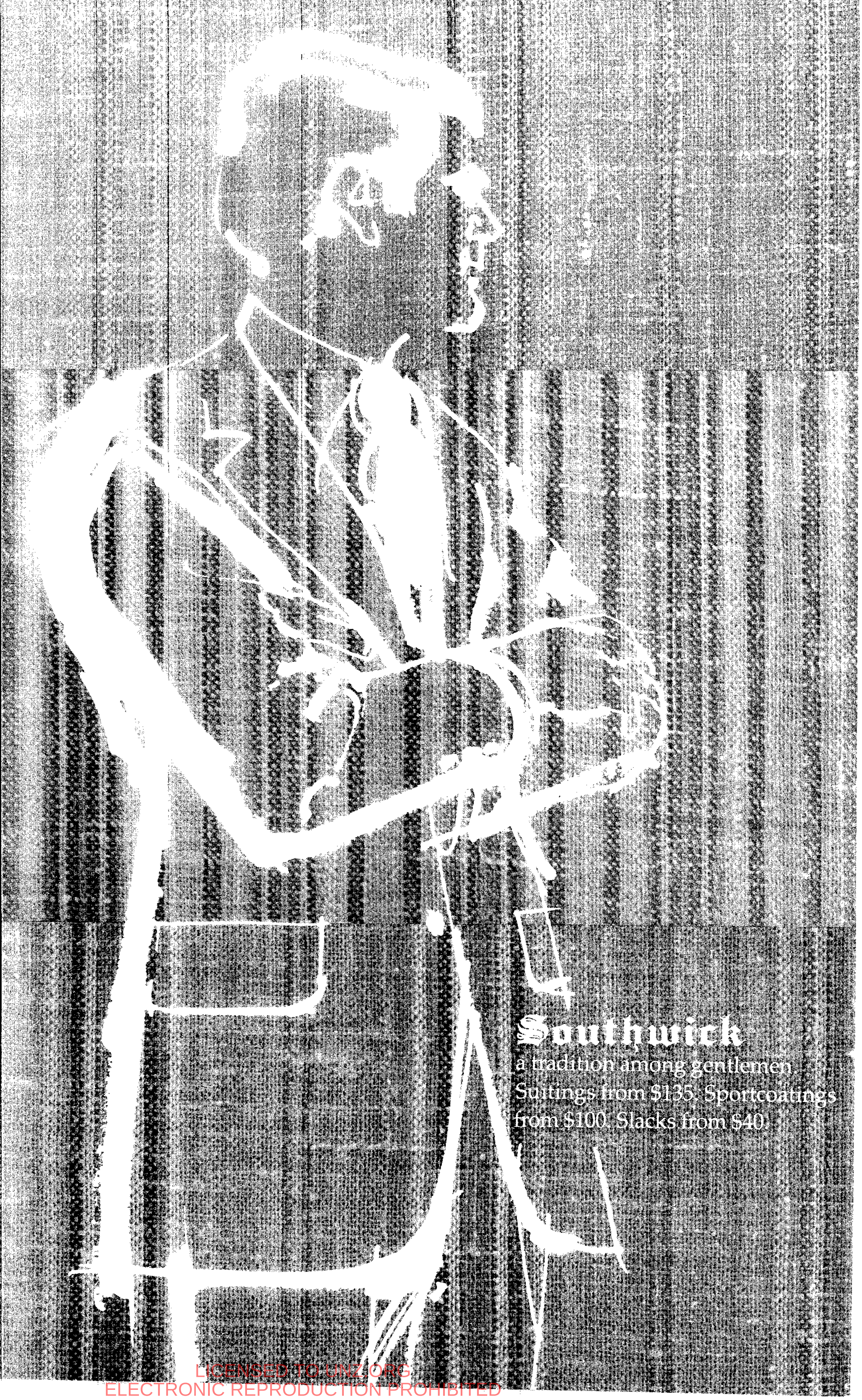
B

Bruno's
Pen and Pencil
Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660



John C. Bruno

[illegible] this exclusive Irish worsted linen
[illegible] with the impeccable good taste
[illegible] tailoring by Southwick.



Southwick
a tradition among gentlemen
Suitings from $135. Sportcoatings from $100. Slacks from $40.

Southwick
by Grieco Brothers

DIRECTORY OF STORES

EW YORK, N.Y.	Paul Stuart, Inc.
lbany, N.Y.	Dall's
llentown, Pa.	Gentry, Inc.
mherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
ndover, Mass.	Andover Shop
sheville, N.C.	Bell's Traditionals
tlanta, Ga.	H. Stockton-Atlanta
ugusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
altimore, Md.	Eddie Jacobs, Ltd.
ethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
erkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
irmingham, Ala.	Shaia's of Homewood
irmingham, Mich.	Claymore Shop
oston, Mass.	Filene's
oston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
oulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
uffalo, N.Y.	Peller & Mure
ambridge, Mass.	J. August
harleston, S.C.	Jack Krawcheck
harlotte, N.C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
harlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
hattanooga, Tenn.	The Gentry, Ltd.
hevy Chase, Md.	Arthur A. Adler
hicago, Illinois	Brittany, Ltd.
incinnati, Ohio	Burkhardt's
larksburg, W. Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
layton, Mo.	Boyd's
leveland, Ohio	Bunce Brothers
olumbia, S.C.	J. Patrick Treadaway, Inc.
olumbus, Ohio	The Union
allas, Texas	Varsity Shop
ayton, Ohio	D.H. Peer, Ltd.
enver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
es Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
asley, S.C.	Barron's, Ltd.
lint, Mich.	James, Inc.
ort Wayne, Ind.	Heider's, Ltd.
ort Worth, Texas	Clyde Campbell
resno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
rand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
reensboro, N.C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
reenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
rosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
arrisburg, Pa.	C.J. Crego & Son
empstead, N.Y.	Edw. Miller
igh Point, N.C.	Arnold Craven Clothiers
ouston, Texas	William Richard
untington, N.Y.	Marsh's
dianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
ackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
alamazoo, Mich.	Steven Maloney
ansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
noxville, Tenn.	Hansom House
ake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
ancaster, Pa.	Filling's
exington, Ky.	Meyers
ittle Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
os Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
ouisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
ynchburg, Va.	S.H. Franklin Co.
adison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
anchester, N.H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
anhasset, N.Y.	David's
emphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
ilwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
inneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
organton, N.C.	Lazarus
t. Kisco, N.Y.	Harry Ketchel
ewport, R.I.	Narragansett Clothing Co.
ewport Beach, Cal.	Atkinson's
ewport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
ew Britain, Conn.	N.E. Mag & Sons
ew Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden
ew York, N.Y.	Paul Stuart, Inc.
ew York, N.Y.	Walker & Florio
orfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
orwood, Mass.	Joseph's
alo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
asadena, Cal.	Atkinson's
eoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
etersburg, Va	Stan's
hiladelphia, Pa.	Morville
hiladelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
hoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
ittsburgn, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
ortland, Ore.	Albert, Ltd.
ortland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
rovidence, R.I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
eading, Pa.	John Mazzo
ed Bank, N.J.	Roots
ichmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
oanoke, Va.	Davidson's
ochester, N.Y.	Sibley's
acramento, Cal.	Irwin at the Crossroads
t. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
an Diego, Cal.	Lion
an Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
an Francisco, Cal.	Tearney's
an Marino, Cal.	Bill Winn
anta Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
avannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
eattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
pokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
pringfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
pringfield, Mass.	A.O. White
ummit, N.J.	Roots
wampscott, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
arrytown, N.Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
orrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
ucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
niversity of Virginia, Va.	Ed Michtom's
ashington, D.C.	Arthur A. Adler
ellesley, Mass.	Ara's
est Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
estfield, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
ilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
ilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

or stores in other cities write
Southwick
290 Avenue of the Americas'
New York, New York 10019

An apology for advertising Plymouth Gin.

Plymouth Drinkers, forgive us.

For years you were loyal. You selflessly journeyed across town to find a merchant who carried Plymouth. You insisted your barman mix martinis with it.

At first it was a bother. Then you caught the pioneer spirit. The best-known luxury gin in England (said to be a favorite libation of the British Admiralty for centuries) was your secret in America.

You gloried in its rarity. It was like Acapulco before the motels. Or Cortina before the liftlines.

Well, nothing is forever. Coates & Company has launched a program to acquaint more Americans with its crisp, dry 94.4 proof English Gin.

We realize this may distress you.

But rest assured everything else about Plymouth will remain unchanged.

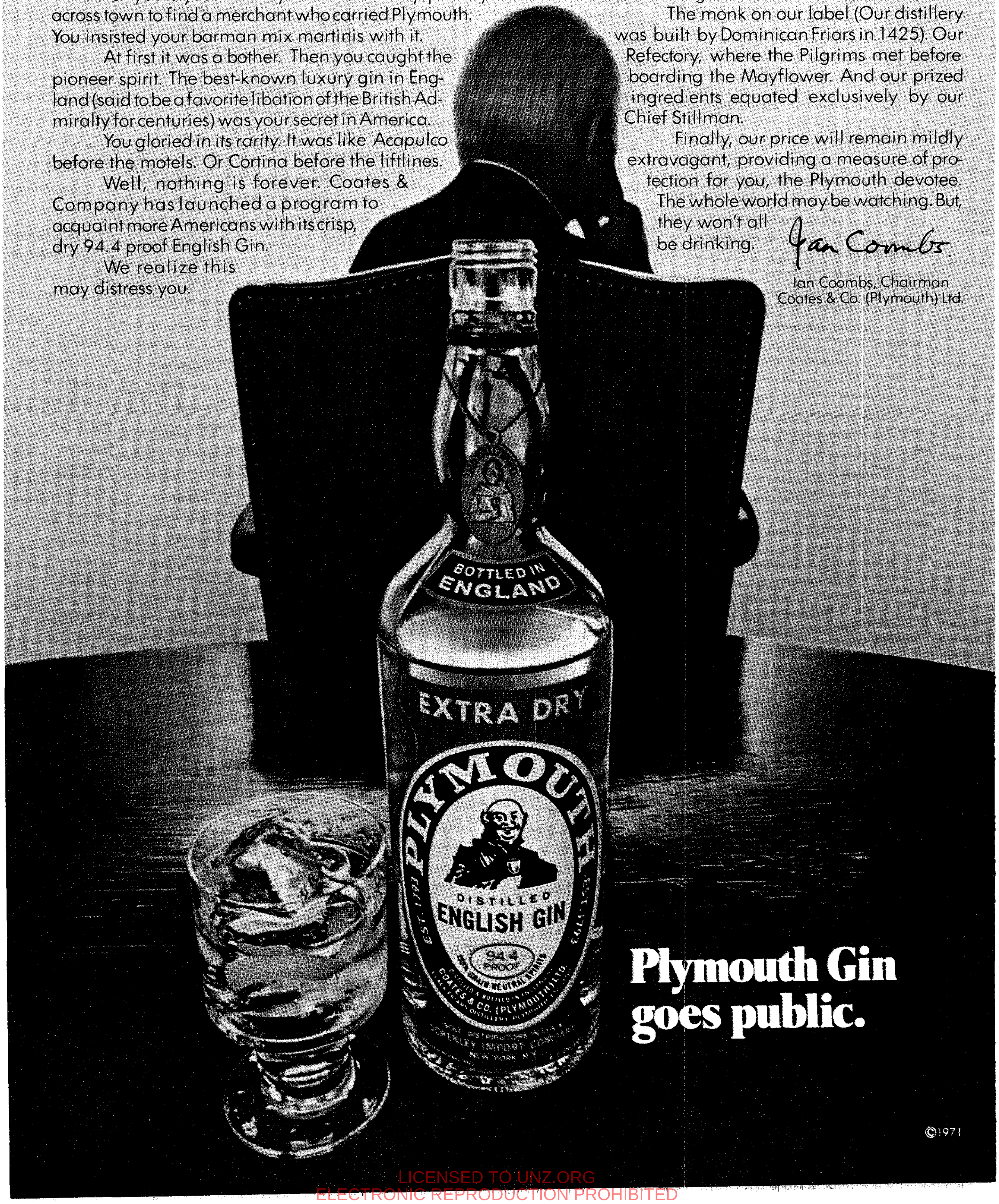
The monk on our label (Our distillery was built by Dominican Friars in 1425). Our Refectory, where the Pilgrims met before boarding the Mayflower. And our prized ingredients equated exclusively by our Chief Stillman.

Finally, our price will remain mildly extravagant, providing a measure of protection for you, the Plymouth devotee.

The whole world may be watching. But, they won't all be drinking.

Ian Coombs.

Ian Coombs, Chairman
Coates & Co. (Plymouth) Ltd.



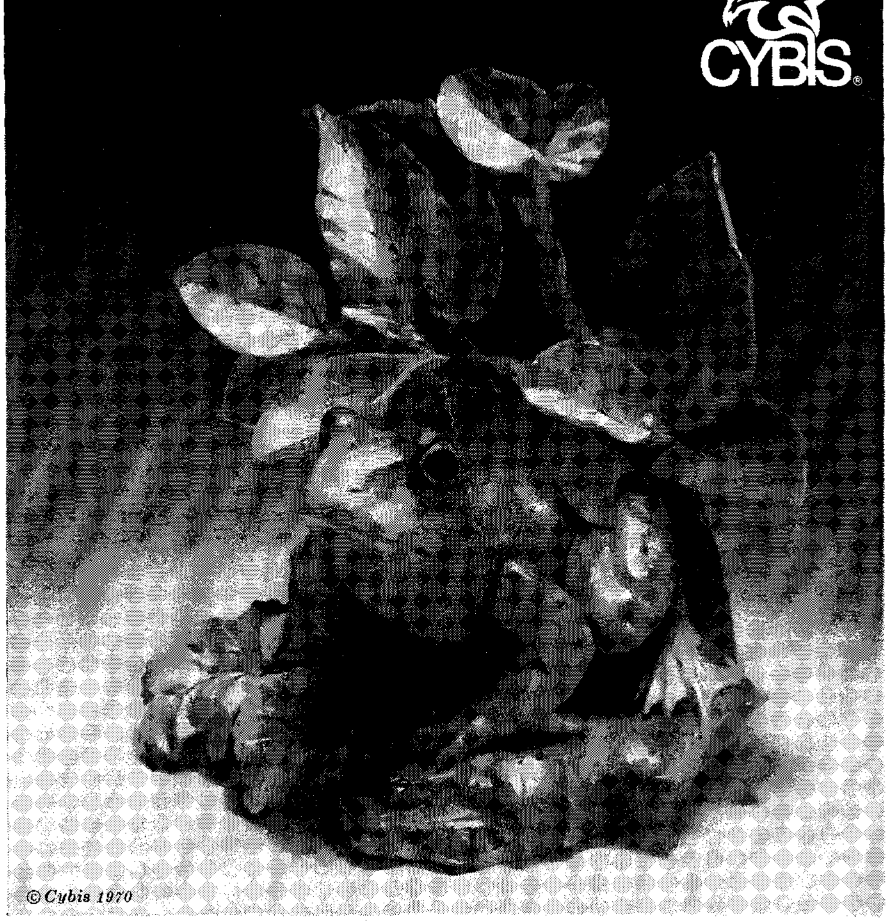
Plymouth Gin goes public.

©1971

about a special experiment they carried out on one of their male chimps a number of years ago. It was a kind of intelligence or adaptation test. First, they trained him by lighting a little fire, producing a bucket of water, and showing him how they put the fire out by pouring the water on it. Then they gave *him* the bucket of water, lit a fire again, and let him do it all himself. He learned the action quickly. So far, so good. For the next phase, they put him with an *empty* bucket on a raft in a pond near the laboratory, lit a fire on the raft, and shoved the whole contraption away from the bank, the idea being, of course, to see if he was smart enough to dip up water in the bucket for himself and put the fire out. What do you think happened?" Dr. Bowden laughed. "He put the fire out, all right—he urinated on it."

THE Delta Regional Primate Research Center, which I visited several times, is connected with Tulane University, in New Orleans, but it is some forty miles from the campus, near the town of Covington, which one approaches across the long causeway over Lake Pontchartrain. Set in some of the prettiest rural countryside in the United States, it looks at first like an outsize country house. Indoors, however, the impression disappears, for the people there are a busy crew. The last time I visited the office of the director, Dr. Arthur J. Riopelle, I saw something new in the way of decoration—a large ape doll, obviously a replica of a famous albino lowland gorilla in the zoo in Barcelona, Spain. Copito de Nieve, or Snowflake, is the animal's unlikely name, but it probably didn't seem so unlikely in 1966, when Copi—who is now six years old and weighs more than a hundred pounds—was an appealing two-year-old in the Rio Muni Forest of Spanish Equatorial Guinea. He was captured when his mother, an ordinary black animal, was killed by a plantation owner, whose banana grove she was raiding. Copi has typical albino coloring—white hair, pink skin, and blue eyes—and so had the doll in Dr. Riopelle's office. I guessed, correctly, that it came from Barcelona.

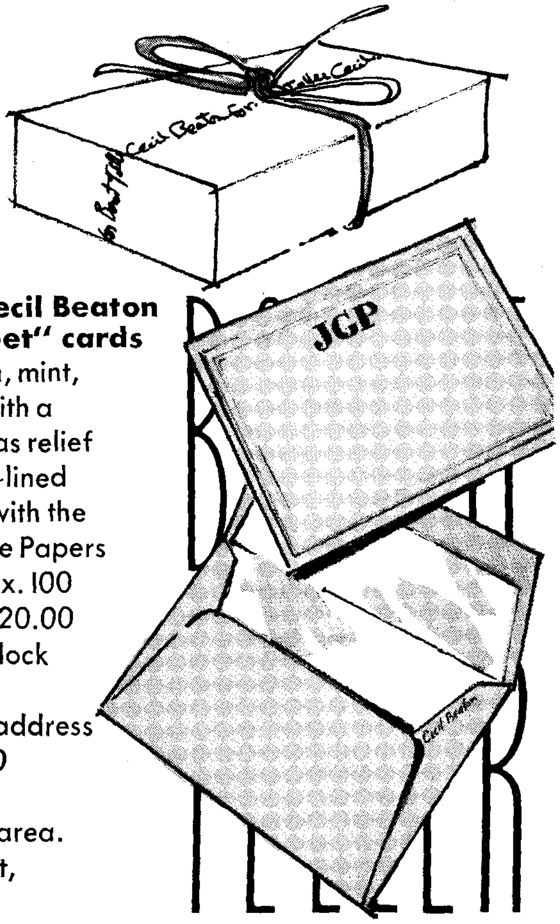
"A couple of us go over to Barcelona every year to see him—measure him, and all that—and this time we tried the doll on him," Dr. Riopelle said. "He's got a cagemate, an ordinary black male gorilla, about the same age as he is, but the fascinating thing about him was that when we handed him this doll he reacted to it in quite a different way from his reaction to his playmate. He recognized it as some-



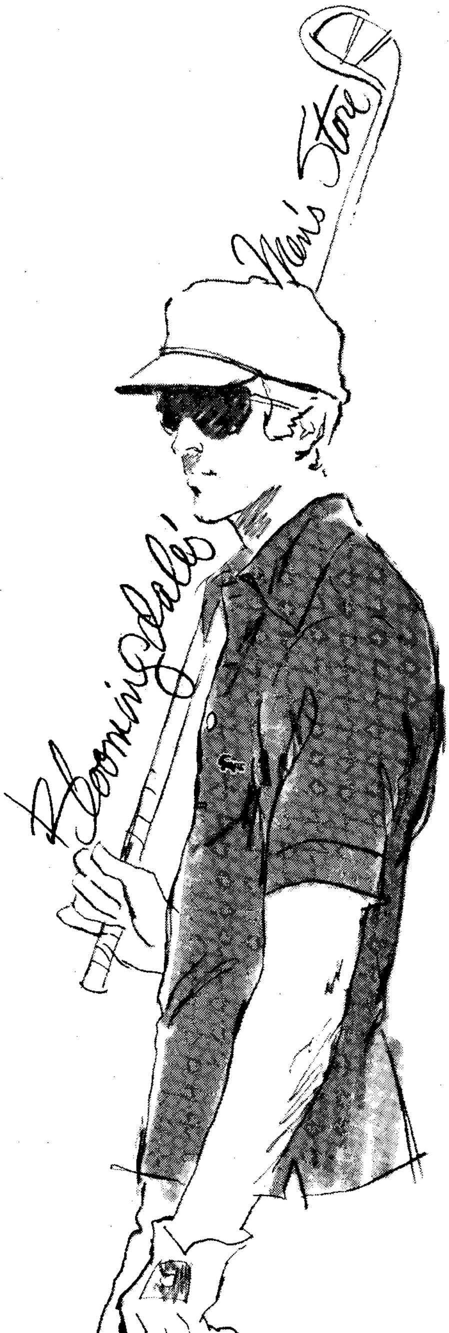
Museum Collector's Catalogue "Cybis In Retrospect" $5.
Cybis Porcelains, NU, Trenton, N.J. 08618

CYBIS®

© Cybis 1970



For Bonwit's alone, Cecil Beaton whips up "Milk Sherbet" cards in pale, cool hues of melon, mint, strawberry or blueberry with a flannel-soft texture and bas relief piping. The white-lacquer-lined envelopes are embossed with the Beaton signature. A Private Papers exclusive in our special box. 100 cards and 100 envelopes, 20.00
In matching color: 2 or 3 block initial monogram on cards, 7.50 Name and address imprint on envelopes, 7.50
Stationery Bonwit Teller
Add 1.25 outside delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores



Swing with the pros in our exclusive cotton knit shirt from Spain. Izod does it in five handsome colors and with the classic crocodile, 17.00.
Men's Store, Street Floor,
New York and all stores.

3rd Ave. at 59th, New York 10022 EL 5-5900

thing like himself. He grabbed it right away, and even reacted sexually. Naturally, he's seen himself more than once in a mirror, so I suppose it's not as remarkable as it seems."

Dr. Riopelle described some of the center's work. "We've got a group in reproductive biology busy on several projects. One is to find out whether a small African monkey, the talapoin, is suitable for research of this sort. They're trying out an intrauterine device on that monkey—perhaps you know that the trouble with these devices is that they can work their way out. The hope is that if they're coated with a certain hormone they won't be expelled. Dr. Harold Spies is studying the brain's part in controlling the reproductive cycle and the effect of certain hormones on it, and Dr. Luther E. Franklin is investigating the morphological changes that occur when the sperm first comes in contact with the ovum. This is a critical period in the life span of an individual. We don't know to what extent developmental disorders start at this moment, when something might easily go wrong. Usually, if things do go wrong the pregnancy is interrupted—but if not the resulting offspring might be badly affected. Also, if you learn enough about the process, you might develop a different contraceptive technique which doesn't involve steroids; a lot of people have doubts about steroids—compounds used in birth-control pills and containing certain hormones—because they aren't sure of the long-term effects on women."

After a pause, Dr. Riopelle continued, "We don't know nearly enough about reproduction in primates. When I was at Orange Park, we had a female chimp about forty years old who had gone ten years without seeing a male animal close up. She had still not reached menopause, so one day I tried an experiment: I opened the cage door so a male could get in. In ten seconds, that chimp was pregnant. I was beside myself over that," he added thoughtfully. "And it ties in with something else we ought to do a lot more of—studies of old age. At Orange Park, we were actually criticized for doing even the small amount we did; it was said that we were running a hotel for ancient apes. Well, why not? The only data we've got on old age in primates are from those ancient apes. We had continuity, which you don't get nowadays. Most grants are for short periods—three to five years—with the result that instead of good, solid research jobs you end up with any number of short-term studies in neat little packages that are little good to anybody. But an old-age study or a life-span study, if it's to be done right, would require a long-term endowment."

On my first visit to Delta, I was taken by Dr. Emil W. Menzel, Jr., a research associate and associate professor of psychology, to watch a group of five-year-old chimpanzees in a fenced-in "field cage" about an acre in size, in which stood some forlorn-looking trees they had stripped bare and an observation platform. There were six of the chimps, and though they appeared to me to be one group, they were really, Dr. Menzel explained, two groups, comprising three and two, with one free-floater. The trio were Shadow, Belle, and Bandit; the pair were Libi and Bido; and the free-floater was Polly. The groups shared much the same history—that is, the members of each had been living together for a considerable time, varying from three months to two and a half years. Neither group, however, had had any experience with the other until the whole lot were put together. In a paper on the experiments, Dr. Menzel wrote:

> The basic problem of the research was: What constitutes a "social group," and what holds an entire aggregate of chimps together in space across time, or causes it to separate into smaller parties?... Initial tests and continued baseline data on patterns of group travel and social interaction clearly showed that the subjects quickly came to travel together as a single aggregate, and to interact freely with any other animal. However, any given subject's primary associations were with members of the original "natal groups."
>
> At night, the subgroups invariably separated to sleep in different locations. Shadow, Bandit, and Belle, who had been raised together since infancy, all slept together in one cage; Libi and Bido, who had been raised as a pair, slept in another hutch; and Polly, who had spent several months before the experiment living with Libi and Bido but before that had been rotated from one housing situation to another, living alternately alone and with different companions, usually slept alone in a third cage. If disturbed at night, however, Polly often left her cage to join one of the other parties.

Later, after yet a new series of tests, Dr. Menzel delivered another report as a lecture in Boston. He began:

> My general problem is: Where will a chimpanzee be next, and why does he go there rather than elsewhere? The preliminary answer to this is simple: A chimpanzee will generally be where his close companions are. Indeed, if we knew

Xerox Telecopier turns your telephone into a cross-town, cross-country copy machine.

Imagine putting a document into a copy machine in New York and having the copy come out in Los Angeles. That's exactly how Xerox Telecopier works with your telephone.

All you do is get the other party on the line. Then insert the letter, chart, diagram or whatever into your Telecopier transceiver and put the Telecopier on the line. Just like it is in the picture.

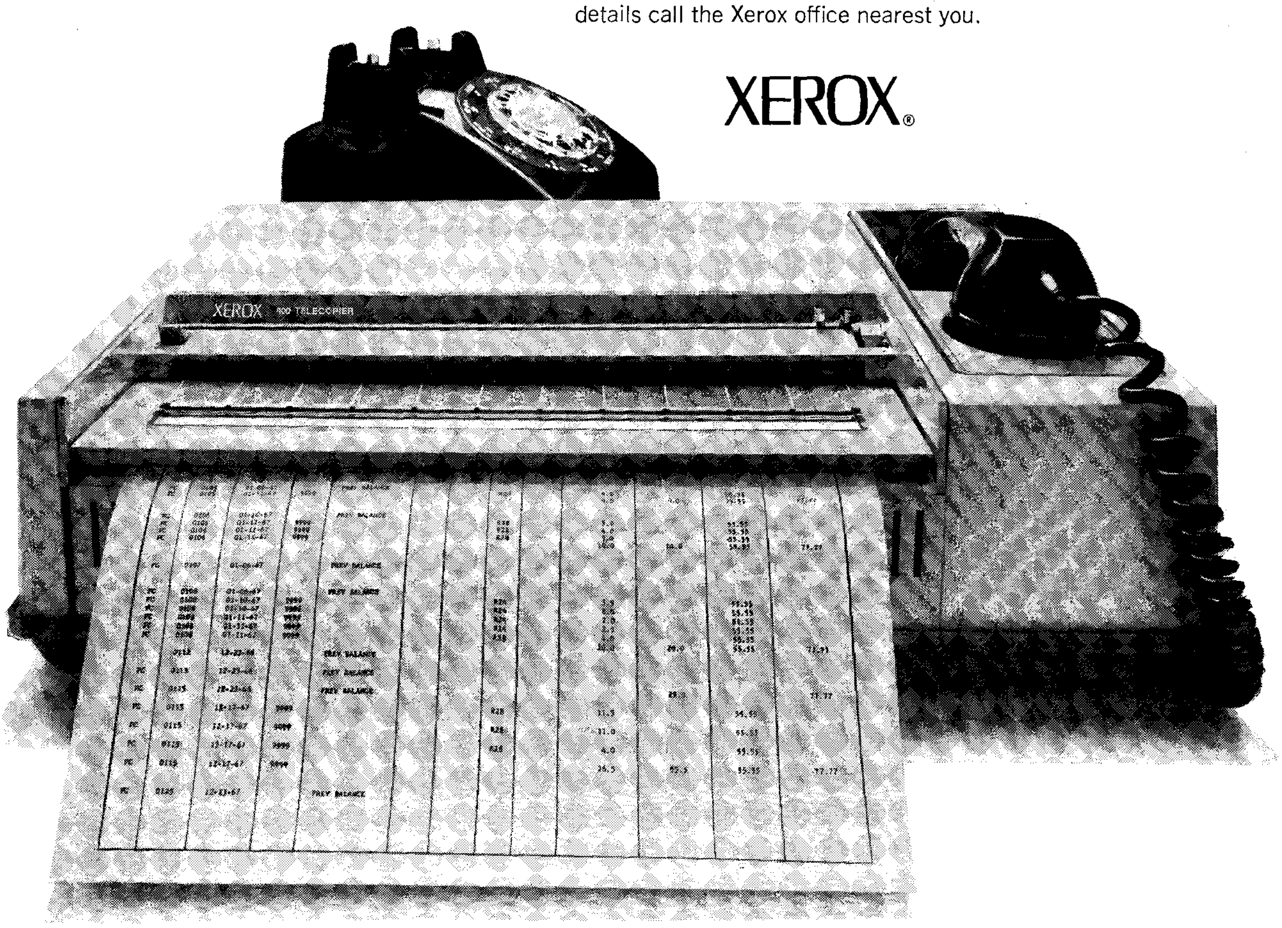
In four minutes or less an exact copy rolls out of the Telecopier transceiver at the other end of the line. Then you can pick up the phone and discuss it. All on the same call.

Unlike sending messages by wire, there's no chance for transcription errors. Because there's no transcription. Xerox Telecopier sends a copy of any document, whether it's written, printed or drawn.

With Xerox Telecopier you'll be making decisions and doing business way ahead of your competition. While they're sending messages that often take days to get there, you'll be sending exact copies in four minutes or less.

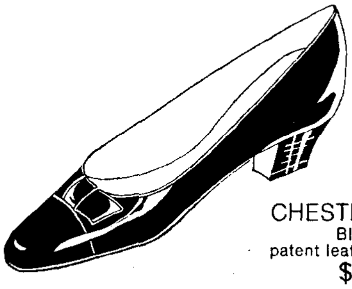
The cost for converting your telephone into a cross-town, cross-country copy machine is less than two dollars a day. If you get one tomorrow, you can beat yesterday's mail. For complete details call the Xerox office nearest you.

XEROX®



XEROX AND TELECOPIER ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF XEROX CORPORATION.

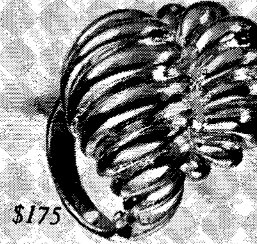
Hand made
De Busschere



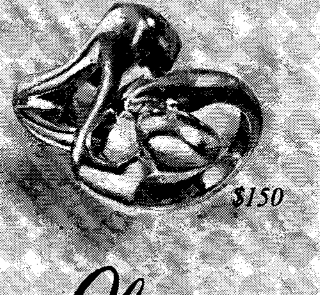
CHESTER
Black
patent leather
$70

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

18KT GOLD RINGS



$175



$150
Olga Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022
illustrated actual size

the minute-to-minute location of a social group's center, we could account for at least ninety per cent of any given individual's movements over the course of a day. The question that immediately arises is: Where will the "group as a whole" be next? What controls its location, its general direction of travel, and the moment-to-moment scatter of individuals about the group center?

To answer these questions, Dr. Menzel devised a game. The chimps were locked up where they couldn't see their field cage, and the Doctor and his associate hid food under a pile of leaves and grass or behind a tree. Then Dr. Menzel selected one of the animals, who was "leader" for the purposes of the game, and carried him to where the food was hidden. He showed the food to the chimp but didn't let him have any, then carried him back and let him rejoin the group before releasing the whole lot. The leader nearly always tried to persuade the others to follow him to the food. If nobody followed him, he grew very upset.

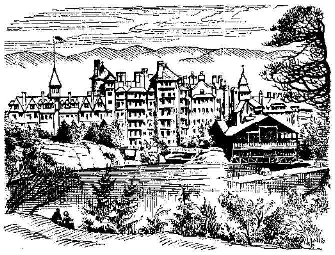
He would go from one follower to the next, grimacing, tapping him on the shoulder, starting off tentatively and then stopping to glance backward, or (in the extreme case) screaming, grabbing a preferred companion, and physically dragging him in the direction of the food. Once the followers followed, however, the leader soon turned his companion loose and ran.... All this, of course, suggests that group cohesion was strong and the "leader" was as dependent upon the group for getting to the food as they were dependent on him in knowing precisely where to go.

Next, a variation was tried. The men showed the leader the food secretly, as they had done before, but after returning him to the group they released him without the others, keeping them in the cage. This gave him a chance to go and get the whole lot of food for himself, but did he take that chance? No. He whimpered, defecated, begged, and even tried to open the cage door himself to release his friends. When Bandit was leader, he had a tantrum at such times, screaming and rolling on the ground, then running and clinging to a tree. (Three times when Belle was leader, it is true, she ran and got the food for herself, but only when it was hidden very near the cage.) Once the door of the cage was opened, the leader's behavior changed rapidly. He "ran to a follower, screamed and embraced him, and within five seconds was off and running for the food."

The scientists discovered, much to their surprise, that when each of two leaders was given knowledge of a different cache of food they were able

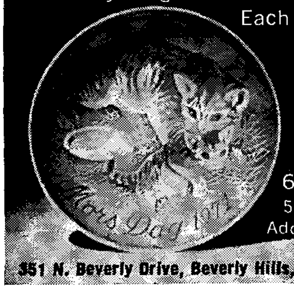
We serve nectar.

It comes in the shape of fresh mountain air and 7500 acres of unspoiled scenery around a glacial lake. And it's close to paradise. Hiking, bird walks, golf, tennis, boating, fishing, swimming and great horseback riding. Peace and quiet, new friends. One of America's most soul-satisfying resorts. See your travel agent or call (212) 233-2244.



Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 Miles from N.Y.C., Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK, NEW PALTZ, N.Y.

Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS
Mother's Day Plate, a limited edition by Bing & Grondahl of Denmark.
Each year you can add to her collection.
Each year it grows more precious.
6" plate, 11.00
55¢ tax in Calif.
Add 1.00 delivery.



351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210

LEATHER
THE STATESMAN Glove leather. Walnut shell. Swivels, tilts. Black, brass, gold, natural, tortoise brown, tangerine, saddle-tan, $285. Ottoman, $80. Rosewood shell, $299. Ottoman, $100. Leathercrafter (N)
303 E. 51 St., N.Y. 10022
Branch: 177-05 Union Tpke., Flushing, N.Y.
Catalog 25¢.

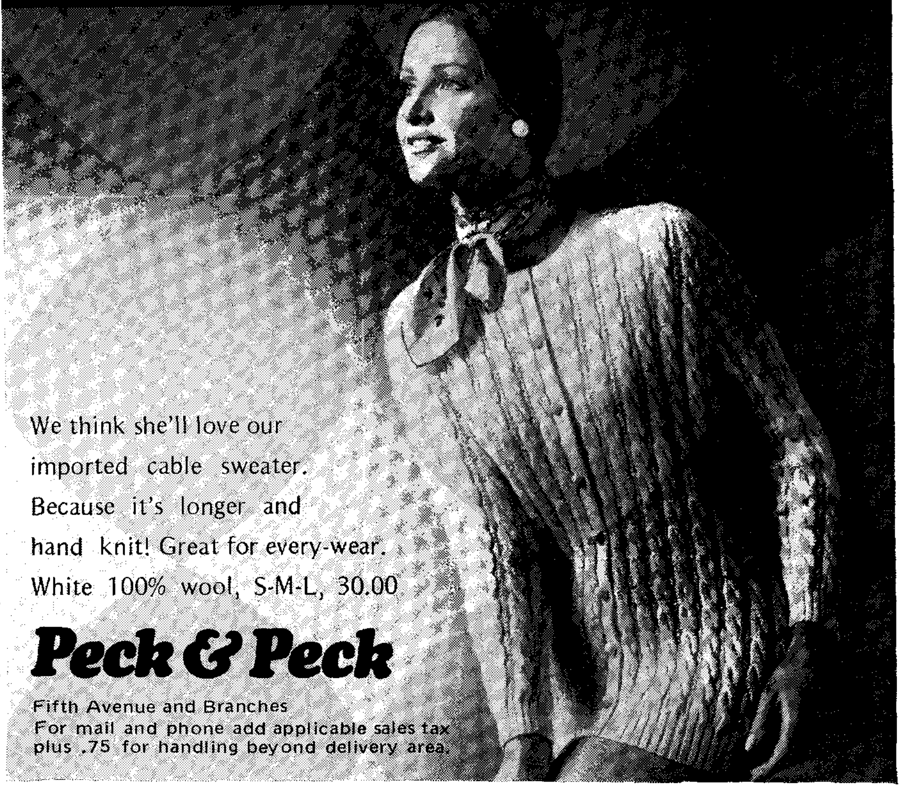
CRAFTER

somehow to communicate to each other the relative value of the two caches, so that the whole mob would go first to the bigger lot and then to the smaller. Dr. Menzel asked himself what each leader did to change the behavior of the other leader and of the followers. He had seen many instances of behavior on the part of the leaders that would interest those who study primate communication. ("For example, glancing back and forth between the goal and the followers, arm signals, 'presenting' the back to get another animal to walk in tandem, whimpering, and tapping a follower's shoulder or tugging his arm occurred fairly frequently.") But these signals were seldom very effective, and they weren't given often enough to explain all the data. Dr. Menzel observed that the best strategy a leader could use to attract followers was to get up and move off independently in a consistent direction. He thought that the most likely explanation for the group's ability to go to the right place was not some special form of chimp language but the leader's ability to run faster, go in a straighter line, and ignore other goals, such as companionship—or, for that matter, to pull harder, whimper louder, or gesticulate more vigorously. There is also, he said, the ability of chimps—and most mammalian species, for that matter—to use the behavior of another member of the species as a cue that something is "out there" in the environment.

DR. MENZEL was cautious about guessing how those chimps communicated, but ever since men began talking they have told each other stories of other talking animals, like Balaam's ass or the beasts in Aesop's fables. A Portuguese scholar named Damião de Góis, who lived in the sixteenth century, wrote of an Indian elephant he had heard of that could inscribe legible letters on the ground with the tip of its trunk, and when asked what it wanted to eat would reply, loud and clear, "Rice and betel nut." De Góis's contemporaries believed his story. We might almost believe it ourselves, since we have such a high opinion of elephant intelligence, but then our notions of intelligence tend to be subjective. For instance, are we sure that the power of speech is a sign of intelligence? Or is it to be taken for granted that all intelligent beings can speak? Is speech, in fact, intelligence itself? Some people have believed so. Diderot said flatly that the difference between man and other animals is that man alone has language and is capable of abstract

Give her your love.

And our sweater.



We think she'll love our imported cable sweater. Because it's longer and hand knit! Great for every-wear. White 100% wool, S-M-L, 30.00

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone add applicable sales tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.

MAUPINTOUR
UNHURRIED
HOLIDAYS...
LEAVE CARES
AT HOME!

EUROPE
8 COUNTRIES

Ideal for the first-time tripper to Europe who wants to see the highlights, but not at a too rapid a pace. Enjoy four days in LONDON, three days PARIS, and three days ROME plus Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Lucerne, Liechtenstein, The Tyrol, Innsbruck, Dolomites, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Portofino, Monte Carlo, and Nice. Between city jets and air-conditioned *lifeseeing* motorcoach travel . . . the happy combination for more time in the best places! *Special events and entertainments included.* Fine hotels. Free time for your own adventures. Saturday departures weekly May through September. 22 days, $768 plus air. **ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT** or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Phone 212-687-7773.

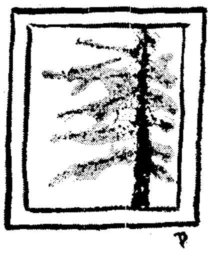
ASK ABOUT THESE
1971 MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS:
☐ *Siberia/Central Asia,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,*
☐ *Italy/Sicily,* ☐ *France,*
☐ *British Isles,* ☐ *Greece/Aegean,*
☐ *Spain/Portugal,*
☐ *Morocco/Canaries/Madeira/Algarve,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *Orient,*
☐ *South America.*

Maupintour
20th year of quality tour operation

thought. He concluded that language and abstract thought are interlocked—and that other animals, *because* they are unable to speak, are incapable of thought. The idea of interlocked thought and language is still with us. Jean Piaget, the psychologist, says that logic and language are obviously interdependent. If, as some people aver, animals are not talking when they make noises, what is it they are doing? Many animals utter sounds—or, to use the scientific terms, "vocalize" or "phonate"—and the sound of each species is characteristic. Dogs bark, cats mew, babies cry. The dog is broadcasting a message—perhaps a threat or a demand for attention. The cat reminds its master that it is hungry or needs a pat of reassurance. The crying baby signals that it is hungry or frightened or wet or bored, but none of these creatures are talking as we talk. The baby is simply too young to know how, but the dog and the cat, no matter how old they grow, will never talk in our speech. Here and there, a dog can be taught to make sounds approximating human speech, but its utterances are mechanical tricks, fit for the circus rather than for any sort of useful dialogue. As for dolphins, they obviously seem to imitate human speech, but whether they do so with any comprehension is still a mystery—as are the audible communications that they and other cetaceans apparently use.

Looking at the animals most closely related to us physiologically, observers often wonder why these creatures shouldn't be able to use their vocal cords, lips, and tongues, which look very much like our own, the way we use ours. Three of the great apes—the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and the orangutan—really are so similar to us that we fall naturally into the habit of thinking of them as children or slightly subnormal or retarded human beings, and hopeful people have sought to bridge the language gap by conferring upon them the gift of speech, rather as Helen Keller's teachers conferred it upon her. Robert Yerkes gave considerable thought to the subject. The impression he got was that the three genera were all quite surprisingly intelligent, each in its own way, and that this intelligence might imaginably be conducive to the faculty of speech if proper lessons were given. It was a natural assumption; today it is still natural, unless one accepts that puzzle-solving intelligence is not quite what is needed for speech. Of the apes' intelligence there can be no doubt. There is a training school for chimpanzees at the London Zoological Society's headquarters in Regent's Park, and at a certain time of day the public may go and watch classes. There, under the alert gaze of a young ape, the trainer swings open the door of a safe furnished with bolts, hooks, and various locks and keys, and inside the safe he deposits a grape or some other tidbit that young chimps like. He closes the safe and locks it with all its devices, then steps back, and the chimpanzee quickly undoes all the locks and bolts in reverse order, without a mistake, until the door swings open and he grabs the reward. Even if one dismisses this display as a mere feat of imitation, the fact remains that it is imitation in reverse order, which is remarkable.

It is often difficult to draw the line between imitation and creative thought. Once, in Africa, I lived with a chimpanzee who was usually kept confined by a chain around her neck that was fastened with a small padlock. Most of the time, I kept the other end of the chain looped around some strong, heavy object, so that she was tethered—an arrangement that she disliked intensely. At other times, when I could keep an eye on her, she was less confined, the chain loosed except at her neck, where it acted as a sort of brake. On rare occasions, I unlocked the padlock and let her go altogether free. This delighted her. One day, I found her sitting on the floor deeply engrossed in a remarkable project. She had got hold of my door key—a large, heavy piece of metal—and was trying to insert it in the keyhole of the padlock at her neck. The door key was ten times the right size, but there could be no doubt that she had grasped the concept of keys. If you had asked me then what her chances were of learning to talk, I would have replied that it was only a matter of time.



The much more knowledgeable Yerkes also felt this way. To be sure, chimpanzees are far from silent as it is. But there are differences, as he pointed out, between vocalization, speech, and language. He considered them three separate things, which could combine. Speech, he said, is many things, including vocalization, but vocal sounds may be merely simple, monotonous cries that signify emotional crises. Of language, which includes speech, there are many sorts, and some, such as sign language and writing, are not vocal. Though man evidently has a "special gift" for inventing and developing

Let us show you India. It's another world.

Who can show you the astonishing world of India's beauty better than Air-India.

We've a whole range of rich rewarding tours at bargain prices starting from $654 for 17 days up to our height-of-luxury tour; 29 days at $2190. Prices include your round-trip flights on gracious Air-India, all or some meals, accommodations and generous extras.

But why not find out more; just snip the coupon and mail, and of course talk to your travel agent.

AIR-INDIA
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me free your fascinating new fact-packed brochure on tours to India.

NY1424

Name
Address
City
State, Zip
Telephone
My travel agent is

TOUR PRICES BASED ON ROUND-TRIP GROUP ECONOMY AIR FARES FROM N.Y.

Khajuraho-Oct.30

Embracing figures everywhere. Lost in a timeless love.

I feel as if I have stumbled on an orgy.

I remember the gentle, modest women I have met.

How different these demanding bodies that twine and twist in every conceivable attitude of love.

Khajuraho.

The very word is like an incantation transporting me back into the 9th century.

Yet only an hour's plane trip away from modern, lovely Delhi.

Jaipur-Nov.5

Jaipur is like a city that blushes. All pink.

I find it a very pretty town, set like an oasis in the arid Rajasthan Desert.

Took an elephant "taxi" up to the Amber Palace. A fortress set high on a hill.

And it is not made of amber.

Beautiful tie and dyes, enamelled jewelry.

Everywhere in India, I am waited on hand and foot.

In some places, unexpected luxury.

In others, spartan fare. But all so worthwhile.

So much to see.

See India. It's another world.

For information please contact The Government of India Tourist Office, N.Y., 19 E. 49th St.; Chicago, 201 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 685 Market St. Also Canada; Mexico.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ________

My Travel Agent is ____________________

Art objects courtesy of SONA
The boutique of India.

He has 30 seconds to get out alive. Du Pont gave him the 30 seconds.

As you're thanking the firemen who saved your house, they may be thanking the clothes that saved their skin.

Coats, coveralls, shirts, pants, socks, gloves, even underwear made of "Nomex"® high-temperature-resistant nylon fiber from Du Pont.

When a fireman gets trapped in a burning building or in a forest fire, he knows his seconds may be numbered. But if he's wearing "Nomex", it may give him the margin he needs to get out alive.

It isn't just that "Nomex" resists burning. It's that "Nomex" actually protects the body from flame and heat.

And because it's cloth, garments made of "Nomex" let firemen work as easily as if they were wearing ordinary clothes.

You could probably think of a lot of places where the kind of fire protection "Nomex" gives would be valuable. In aircraft and the cockpits of

race cars. In chemical plants and oil refineries. "Nomex" is being used in every one of them.

Protecting the people who protect you is something Du Pont is particularly concerned about.

So we get involved in things like a warning device for fire-alarm boxes that points an accusing finger at people who turn in false alarms... false alarms that kill several hundred firemen every year.

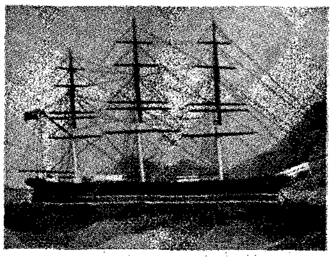
And even in providing safer explosives for the men who knock down threatening avalanches. Which makes the risky job of protecting highways and power lines and ski slopes just a bit less risky.

There's a world of things we're doing something about.

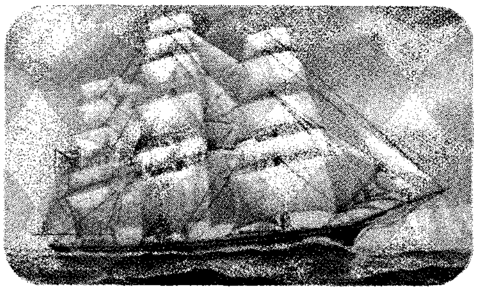
DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT OFF

Cutty Sark.
The only one of its kind.

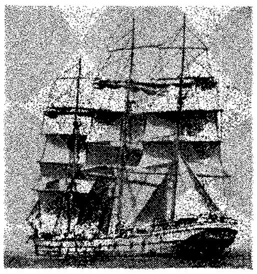
In the clipper era, magnificent tall ships sailed herculean races from China and Australia. The stakes: Fortunes and reputations. Only the fastest clippers challenged *Cutty Sark.* Here are three. None have survived. Only *Cutty* remains in permanent berth in England. Today, as a century ago, *Cutty Sark* is unique.



Thermopylae, fastest of the tea clippers for years. But in 1872, after the most famous and controversial clipper race of all time, *Cutty Sark* was declared winner of "the blue ribband of the Pacific."



Ariel, one of the sleekest, most beautiful clippers ever built. In 1872, she left Shanghai a day before *Cutty Sark. Cutty* beat her home by a week.



Derwent, constant rival of *Cutty Sark's* in the days of the Australia trade. In 1888, *Derwent* departed Sydney over two weeks ahead of *Cutty Sark. Cutty* was home first by three days.

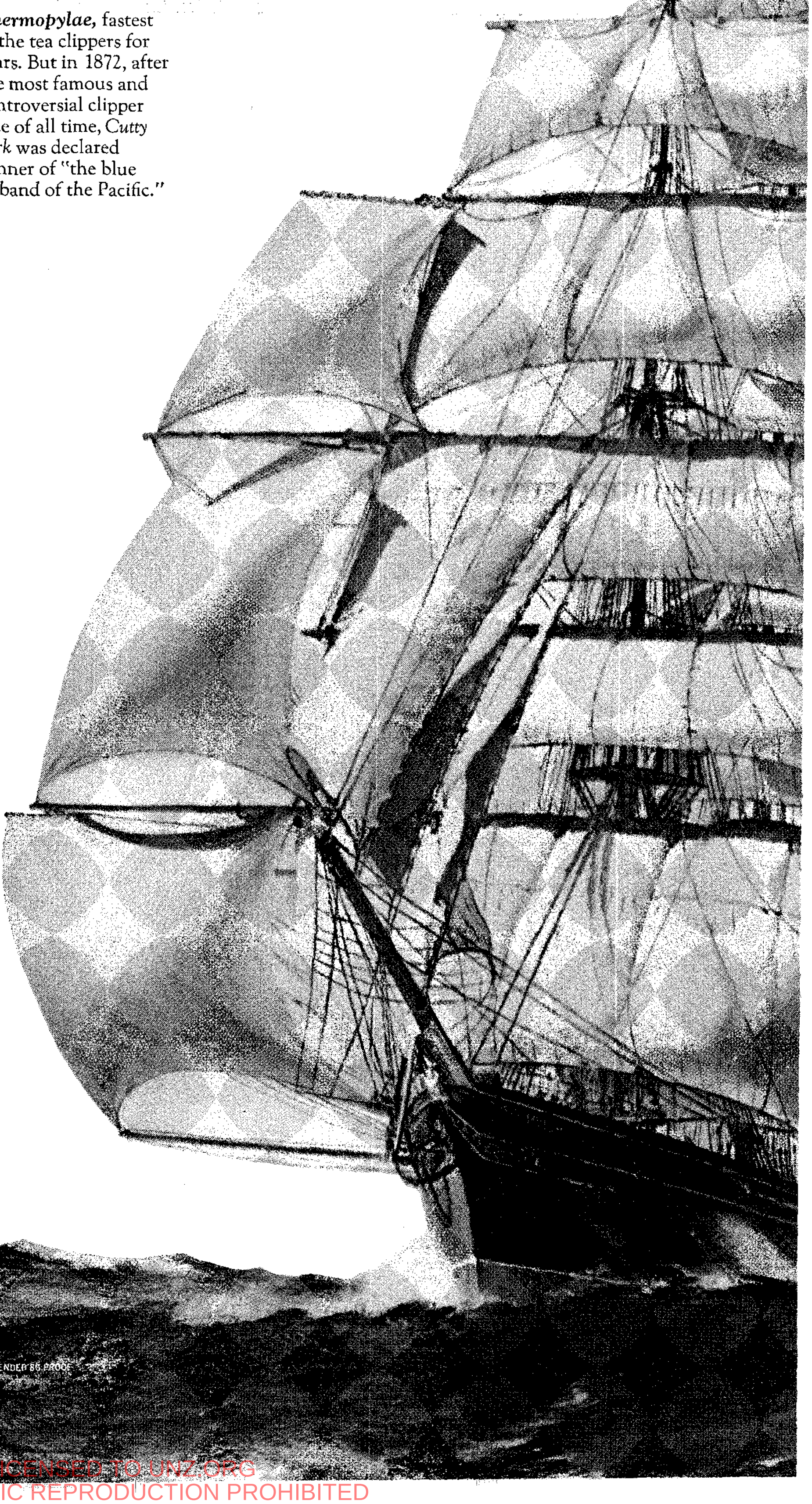
Illustrations and text from "The Log of the Cutty Sark" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers.

CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

***Cutty Sark's* century-old reputation** is honored by the Scots whisky that took her name. For generations, Cutty Sark has blended only Scotland's best whiskies to create the exceptional Cutty Sark taste... and the character only Cutty Sark can offer.

Cutty Sark.
It stands alone.
You'll know why.

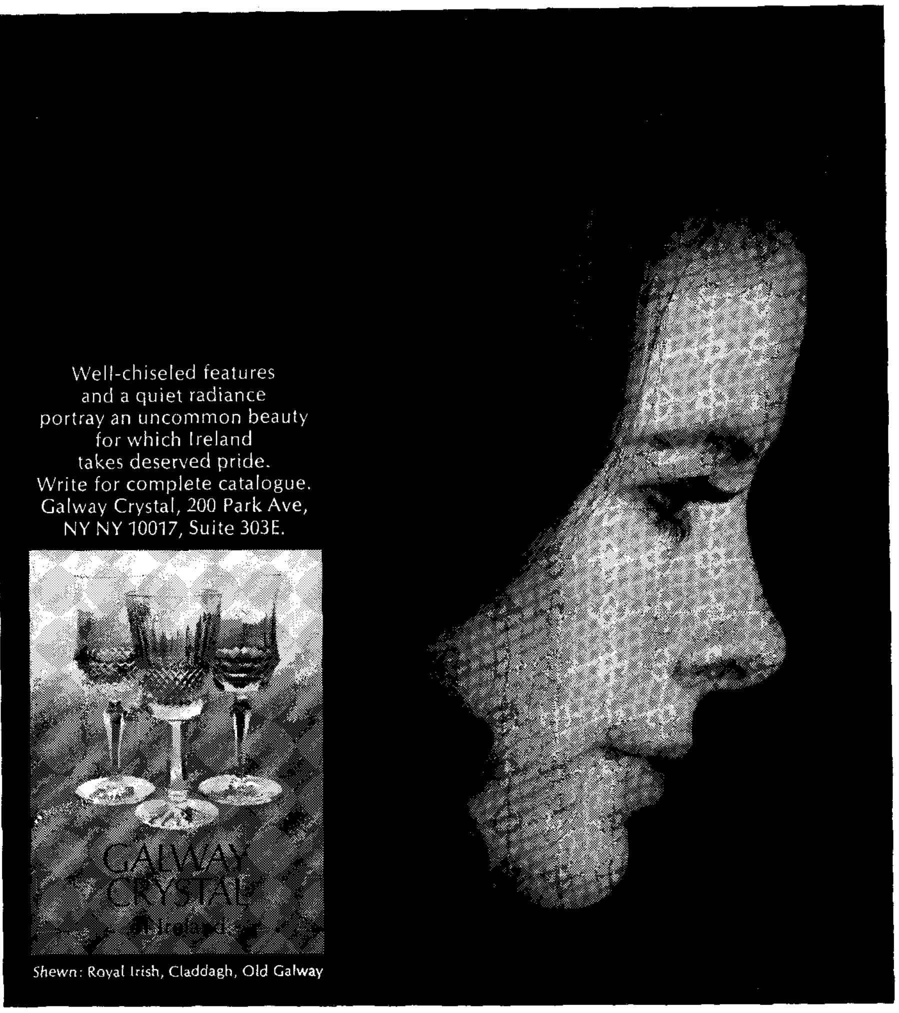
For exact replica of antique 3-pint "Liverpool" *Cutty Sark* pitcher, above, send check or money order for $4.95 to: Cutty Sark Pitcher, P. O. Box 56, New York, N.Y. 10046. Offer void where prohibited.



THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF spoken and written language, it would be rash to assert that he alone has developed language. Consider the ants, Yerkes told his readers; they communicate with each other, though they don't talk. Ants have a language.

Yerkes was familiar with the writings of R. L. Garner on speech among primates—two books, published in 1896 and 1900. Garner had very little scientific training, but he had a hobby. He spent a lot of time close to primate cages in various American zoos, listening to and writing down the phonetic equivalents of the noises made by the inhabitants. At first, much of this activity depended on the good will of zoo authorities and keepers, but after he published his first work interested readers urged him to seek out primates in the wild and compile more such data, and he went to West Africa, where he built a cage, lived in it, and observed and listened to primate life. In Africa, Garner paid particular attention to chimpanzees, recording a chimp vocabulary of what he claimed to be twenty-five or thirty words. Then he set about teaching an infant chimpanzee, Moses, to talk our language. He claimed that after some time the animal made significant progress with four human words: "mama," "*feu*" (French for "fire"), the German "*wie*," and the Nkami word for "mother," which Garner spelled "*nkgwe*." (I know nothing about Nkami, but if Moses managed to utter "*nkgwe*" he was an outstanding primate.) Garner described his teaching method, and the description is worth repeating, because it has served as a model for at least two later experimenters. Every day, he took Moses on his lap and coaxed the little ape to imitate sounds, repeating the four words again and again. For a long time, the chimp watched the man's face during this exercise but did not react. At last, after many lessons and much reinforcement, Moses began "dimly" to see what was required of him. Trying to say "mama," he worked his lips soundlessly. He managed "*feu*" better, though it came out sounding more like "veu," and he had trouble with the initial "*w*" in "*wie*."

On April 13, 1916, Garner's feat with Moses was brought back to mind in a paper read by a physician, Dr. William H. Furness III, to a meeting in Philadelphia of the American Philosophical Society. Dr. Furness explained that he had spent some time in Borneo, had there come in contact with orangutans, and had asked himself, "If deaf, dumb, and blind children have been taught by beings they could not see to use language they could not hear,


Well-chiseled features
and a quiet radiance
portray an uncommon beauty
for which Ireland
takes deserved pride.
Write for complete catalogue.
Galway Crystal, 200 Park Ave,
NY NY 10017, Suite 303E.

Shewn: Royal Irish, Claddagh, Old Galway

A lot of people think Dragon Bay is kid stuff.

Usually they're parents...because
Dragon Bay was designed for families.
In fact, the cost for a family of six is the same as it is
for a honeymoon couple. Children are "on the house"
...and so are the babysitters.
You have your own private cottage with a personal
housekeeper on the most beautiful hideaway
cove in Jamaica. Kids can play tennis
or golf, fish, skindive or waterski.
And you can loaf on the beach
with a rum punch.

Come to Dragon Bay
this summer. It might even
make you feel young again.

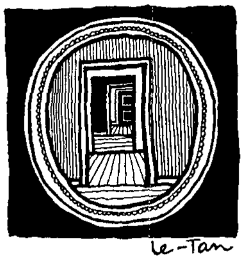
Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica.
For information on low summer rates at our tropical sandbox, write Bogert Tailer,
Dragon Bay, (Box S), 30 Broad St., N.Y., phone (212) 269-5010, or call your travel agent.

Ask the golf course super-intendents at Makaha, Greenbrier, and Firestone, which reel mower they use.

JACOBSEN®
A member Company of Allegheny Ludlum Industries

would one not be justified in an earnest endeavor to teach the higher apes, with faculties and senses alert and with traditional powers of imitation, to do the same to a limited degree?" But though he had made that earnest endeavor, as he now reported, and was still trying, he couldn't say that he was greatly encouraged. He had acquired two chimpanzees and two orangutans, and spent up to six hours a day for weeks at a stretch working on the problem, but that, he said, was not a hundredth part of the time needed to teach them "articulate speech." Neither orang nor chimp, he said, used its lips or tongue in making its natural emotional cries. Dr. Furness reported, with only a touch of exasperation, "In the case of the orangutan, it took at least six months of daily training to teach her to say 'Papa.' " Think of it: at least *six months*. He said he had selected this word "not only because it has a very primitive sound but also because it combined two elements of vocalization to which orangutans and chimpanzees are . . . unaccustomed, namely: the use of lips and an expired vowel sound." He had repeated the sounds for minutes at a time while manually closing and opening the ape's lips in imitation of his own. Sometimes he arranged a mirror to reflect teacher and pupil, so the pupil could see what her lips were supposed to be doing. Suddenly, even if not suddenly enough to suit Dr. Furness, it happened. "One day of her own accord, out of lesson time, she said 'Papa' quite distinctly and repeated it on command." Afterward, she never forgot it, and there came a time when she recognized it as Dr. Furness's name. When she was asked, "Where is Papa?" she would point to him or pat him on the shoulder. (I recognized this description. Orangs do pat their friends on the shoulder, as if in affection or approval.) One summer day, Dr. Furness carried his prize pupil into a swimming pool. "She was alarmed at first," he said, "but when the water came up to her legs she was panic-stricken; she clung with her arms about my neck, kissed me again and again and kept saying, 'Papa! Papa! Papa!' Of course, I went no further after that pathetic appeal."

The next word that Dr. Furness taught her, possibly because he understood the mechanism of the human mouth in producing it, was "cup." With a spatula pressed lightly on the center of the tongue, he pushed her tongue back in her throat to enable her to make the sound "ka." When she had taken a full breath, he put his finger over her nostrils to make her breathe out through the mouth. "The spatula was quickly withdrawn and inevitably she made the sound 'ka,' " said the Doctor. After several days' practice, the orang would draw her tongue back without his having to put the spatula in her mouth, but she wouldn't say "ka" unless the Doctor put his finger over her nose, as he had previously done—until she found that her own finger would do as well. After that, her finger on her nose, she said "ka" whenever her papa asked her to, and from there, Dr. Furness said, it was easy to teach her to say "cup." He simply closed her lips as she came to the end of "ka." She knew what this word meant from the start. Once, when she was ill, she leaned out of her hammock and said, "Cup, cup, cup." Sure enough, when she was given a drink she proved very thirsty. Dr. Furness was teaching her the diphthong "th" when suddenly she died.

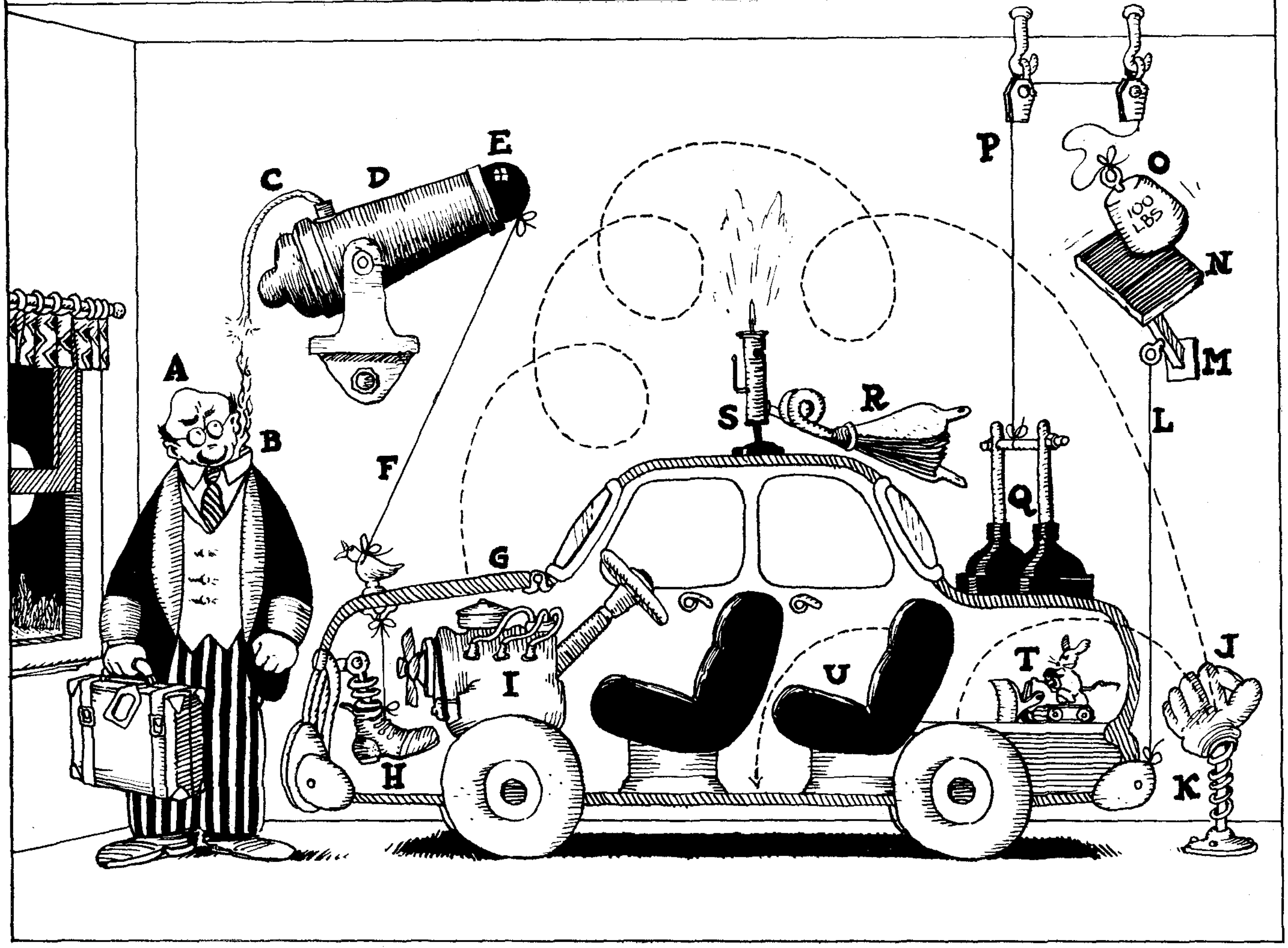


In the end, however, Dr. Furness was gloomy about the chances of educating chimpanzees and orangutans any further. He said he had perceived only the faintest rays of evidence that they were capable of reasoning—that is, making an inference from certain premises—"unless association of ideas, which in point of fact is merely learning by experience, is reasoning." He concluded that an ape's brain is as incapable of reasoning in human fashion as a dog's paw is incapable of holding a pen. "Their highest notch of mentality after four or five years of training is hardly comparable to that of a human child of a year and a half," he said.

YERKES read Furness's report carefully, as he had read Garner's books and similar literature, and in 1923, spurred on by such examples, he decided to try a few experiments of his own in teaching an ape to talk. He had recently acquired the pair of young chimpanzees, Chim and Panzee, of whom he was to make a comparative study, and he resolved that the study would include attempts to teach Chim to talk. (Panzee was sickly and uncoöperative.) Out of his experiences came the book "Chimpanzee Intelligence and Its Vocal Expressions" (1925), written in collaboration with Mrs. Blanche W. Learned. Among the conclusions expressed in the book is the statement that chimpanzees have slight, if any, tendency to imitate

© Rube Goldberg, King Features Syndicate. © VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

How To Make A Sedan Bigger Inside Without Making It Bigger Outside



WHEN MAN (**A**) DISCOVERS THE LACK OF TRUNK SPACE IN HIS NEW SEDAN, HE GETS HOT UNDER THE COLLAR AND SPARKS (**B**) IGNITE FUSE (**C**) SETTING OFF CANNON (**D**) WHICH SHOOTS OUT CANNONBALL (**E**) CAUSING STRING (**F**) TO OPEN FRONT HOOD (**G**) THUS RELEASING FOOTBALL SHOE (**H**) WHICH BOOTS OUT ENGINE (**I**) AND THEREBY CREATES A TRUNK IN FRONT.

ENGINE (**I**) FLIES END OVER END OVER CAR INTO BASEBALL GLOVE (**J**) AND REBOUND OF SPRING (**K**) CAUSES GLOVE (**J**) TO TOSS ENGINE (**I**) BACK INTO CAR ABOVE REAR DRIVE WHEELS WHERE ADDED WEIGHT CAUSES STRING (**L**) TO PULL BRACE (**M**) FROM BENEATH SHELF (**N**) DROPPING WEIGHT (**O**) WHICH IN TURN CAUSES WIRE (**P**) TO PULL UP GIANT SUCTION CUPS (**Q**) THEREBY RAISING THE REAR ROOFLINE, SQUARING IT OFF, AND CREATING ADDITIONAL SPACE.

AS REAR ROOFLINE RISES, IT STRIKES BELLOWS (**R**) AND PRESSURE OF AIR BLOWS WHISTLE (**S**). TRAINED CIRCUS MOUSE (**T**), IN TRUNK, HEARING WHISTLE THINKS LUNCH IS OVER AND BULLDOZES HIS WAY TOWARDS FRONT OF CAR. DURING THE PROCESS, HE FLATTENS REAR SEAT (**U**) AND THEREBY GIVES MAN A'S SEDAN OVER TWICE THE CARRYING SPACE OF ANY OTHER SEDAN.

SHOULD YOU FACE THE SAME PROBLEM, BUT FIND A SHORTAGE OF CIRCUS MICE TRAINED IN THE OPERATION OF BULLDOZERS, ALL IS NOT LOST.

THERE ALREADY EXISTS A SEDAN WITH A FRONT TRUNK, SQUARE BACK, FOLD-DOWN REAR SEAT, AND OVER TWICE THE CARRYING SPACE OF ANY OTHER SEDAN. (ODDLY ENOUGH, IT'S CALLED THE VOLKSWAGEN SQUAREBACK SEDAN.)

SIMPLY SEE CAR DEALER (**VW**).

For over 500 years, Danish kings have been named either Frederik or Christian. For over 100 years, fine Danish furs have been named Birger Christensen. When you've got a good thing going, stick with it.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Doesn't everyone move up?

Hopefully! But sometimes that means a transfer. That's where Previews Executive Homesearch can help. Schools, commuting time, resale value? We'll worry about that. You stick to your job and turn the house-hunting over to us. We'll find the house and community for your style of living. A highly personalized service dedicated to your needs. Backed by 37 years of integrity, experience and a nation-wide network of Realtors. Best of all, the guidance is free to you and your company. Get the facts. Call collect.

Previews inc.
EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™

49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Phone (212) PLaza 8-2630
Boston • Washington, D.C. • Palm Beach
Chicago • Denver • Los Angeles
San Francisco • Paris

sounds, though his animals imitated many of his acts. "Four methods of speech instruction have been tried," Yerkes wrote after a period of eight months, "and each in turn abandoned because of lack of positive results." First, his attendants helped him rig up a chute leading from a hole in the observation-room wall down to a table in the room. From time to time, the experimenter outside went to the hole and said "bă, bă" very clearly and impressively, at the same time shoving pieces of banana down the chute to the eager little Chim. This was done once or twice a day for two weeks, and during that time Chim never once tried to say "bă, bă" in reply. He didn't try to say anything. Brightly interested at first, he soon lost his verve and showed interest only in the banana bits. Yerkes abandoned the chute. Next, he tried a box from which pieces of banana could be released by a spring, hanging the box on a wall where Chim could see it. Each time Chim came up to examine it, the experimenter said, again distinctly and emphatically, "cō, cō" (in the hope that the animal could imitate this sound more easily) and released a piece of banana. Once in a while, the experimenter himself grabbed the banana and ate it, to keep the chimp stirred up and keen. "Occasionally this procedure induced certain lip movements seemingly in imitation of those of the experimenter," Yerkes wrote, and once in a great while, possibly by accident, Chim made a sound. It seemed to the observer that he was really trying to utter some syllable but his attempts came to nothing. That was all, though, and after a few weeks the box, like the chute, was laid aside. Two other efforts were equally inconclusive, though Mrs. Learned did make a valuable record of the chimpanzees' sounds, in musical notation, and a diary recording when the different sounds were uttered. Both animals made what she called "the food sound" when they saw their meals approaching and sometimes while they were eating, as if they were commenting approvingly. "Gahk" was the root word for food, she thought, but she admitted that it had variants: "ngahk, ghak, khak, gak," and many more—even "gah," as in "gah ah ah gah gah ack ack ack ack." She also noted that a chimpanzee is capable of vocalizing on two pitches simultaneously, usually at moments of excitement or fear.

IN 1927, Winthrop N. Kellogg, associate professor of psychology at Indiana University, decided to try to humanize a chimpanzee for scientific

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Who's Who know What's What.

The Sheraton-Carlton, that's what. Among our regular guests are diplomats, cabinet secretaries, governors, senators, socialites, big business wheels. And many others who value a hotel that offers a rare blend of gracious elegance, meticulous service and convenience to all of Washington. You can be a Who's Who too. Stay at the Sheraton-Carlton. For reservations, call toll-free any time
800-325-3535

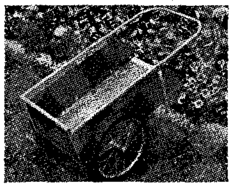
Sheraton-Carlton Hotel
16th & K STS., N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Like most Out Island resorts, we're right on the water.
End of similarity.

Most beautiful beach in the Bahamas. Our own fleet of sail and power boats. Gourmet restaurant. Fresh water swimming pool. Tennis. Brand new air-conditioned rooms. Best bonefishing, reef exploring, and scuba diving anywhere. (Yes, *anywhere*.) See your travel agent or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks. Or write or phone us direct: P.O. Box 534, Miami, Fla. 33148. (305) 633-1961.

out island inn
GEORGE TOWN, GREAT EXUMA, BAHAMAS

FREE Catalog

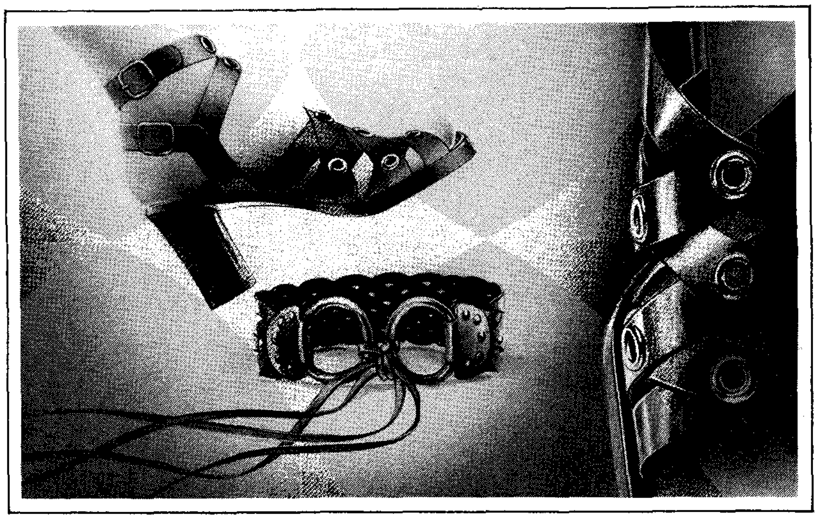


Our Vermont-Made Wheelbarrow-Carts are so perfectly balanced on two big wheels, so easy to roll, you guide them with just one hand even with heavy loads! No Backstrain! No Struggle! No Load fall out! Several models include one for indoor-outdoor use and build-it-yourself kits. Handsome, rugged, handcrafted. Perfect (gift) for any him, her, family, or business. For FREE CATALOG by first class mail, write now to Garden Way Research, Dept. 5034 Charlotte, Vermont 05445.

purposes. He thought the experiment might shed new light on the classic environment-heredity controversy. Recalling stories about "the wild boy of Aveyron" in France at the turn of the nineteenth century (the basis for François Truffaut's film "The Wild Child") and about two wolf children in twentieth-century India—all of whom were taken into homes, where attempts to adapt them to civilization failed—he wondered if environment might not yet prove to be the more powerful force in a similar situation, carefully controlled and observed. Since Kellogg could not deliberately turn a human baby over to the care of animals in order to observe their effect on its development, he proposed using an infant chimpanzee instead, in a reversal of the experiment: Would an animal brought up as a human become "human" in behavior? His plan seems full of holes now, but the idea was interesting.

It soon became clear that infant chimpanzees were not to be found under every gooseberry bush. The Professor was still looking for one when Mrs. Kellogg gave birth to a son, Donald, on August 31, 1930. What followed is recounted in a book written by the Kelloggs, "The Ape and the Child" (1933). Donald's birth did not appear to his father to be an obstacle. The chimpanzee was to be brought up absolutely like a human child in every respect, and what could be more natural than an elder brother in the family? At last, in the summer of 1931, thanks to the help of Robert Yerkes, the Kelloggs took home a female chimpanzee who was released on special loan from the station at Orange Park. Her name was Gua, and she was two and a half months younger than her foster brother. Gua became in every way possible a typical middle-class American baby. She had her own cot and high chair, she wore clothing, and she followed a strict, full routine. So did Donald. She and the boy were together almost every minute of the waking day. The Kelloggs kept parallel records of their development. They were careful to maintain detachment as far as they could, and the tone of the records sometimes becomes almost ludicrously impersonal.

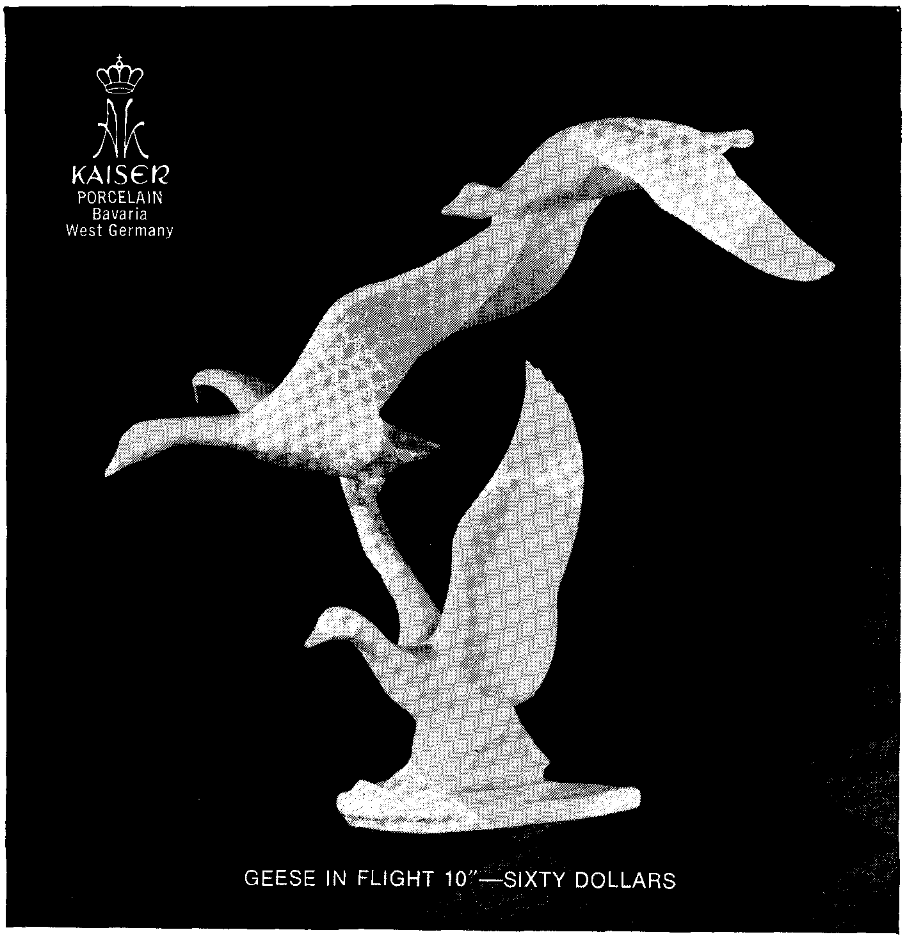
During the course of the experiment, which lasted nine months, child and chimp played together with such fascinated interest that often one of them couldn't be induced to eat, because the other was on the floor playing and the other one being fed wanted to join in. Some games they seemed to know without being taught, like peekaboo and



nailheads on leather

SPARTE - $ 36 - belt 3003 - $ 27 - brown or porto epicalf - For all information and color-charts, telephone 541-8440 or write for catalog - Charge accounts accepted.

CHARLES JOURDAN SALON
700 Fifth Avenue, New-York, N.Y. 10019



KAISER
PORCELAIN
Bavaria
West Germany

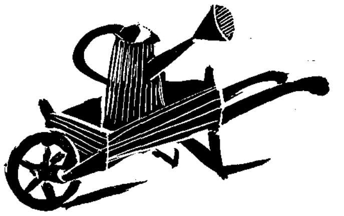
GEESE IN FLIGHT 10"—SIXTY DOLLARS

For the complete Kaiser color brochure, kindly remit 25c to
EBELING & REUSS CO., Dept. NY, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

tag. But Gua enjoyed some pastimes that didn't interest Donald, as when she adorned herself with a blanket or an article of clothing and dragged it around behind her like a train, or made an extempore stole or shawl out of trailing moss or some other plant. He imitated her better than she imitated him. The Kelloggs described the situation as being like that of a two-child family, with Gua—though in fact she was the younger—the more mature and agile, and playing the role of the elder child. It was Gua who found out how to remove cushions from the sofa, put them on the floor, and jump on them. Donald merely followed suit. When he had been walking for some time, he saw Gua drop to the all-fours position, as she occasionally did; immediately he did it, too. In fact, his talent for imitation finally went too far for his parents' peace of mind.

All this time, Gua made no more effort than Chim had done to enlarge her vocabulary; she seemed to rely on what the Kelloggs called a rudimentary, nonvocal form of communication—a language of action by means of which she succeeded extremely well in letting the Kelloggs know what she wanted and what she didn't want.

Gua may have felt that with such powers of self-expression she didn't need speech, but the Kelloggs found it hard to be lighthearted about it. The embarrassing fact was that Donald wasn't learning to talk, either. At the age of eleven and a half months, he had given no cause for alarm: he had three words—"Gya" for Gua, "din-din" for dinner, or food, and "daddy"—and, according to the books, three words was just about right for his age. But after that he made no progress, or almost none. Things happened, all right; he added three more words to his vocabulary, but with each addition he seemed to forget an old one, so three remained the upper limit. He *could* outdo Gua in sheer vocalization, if that was any comfort; he babbled as if he were practicing speech—cooing, or singing meaningless syllables—whereas Gua never tried to use her lips, tongue, teeth, or mouth cavity to produce similar sounds. For several months, Professor Kellogg tried to teach Gua to say "papa," using methods similar to those used by Furness with his orangutan, but the effort was a failure.



The Kelloggs decided to give up. Gua, silent to the last, left the Kellogg household on March 28, 1932, at the age of sixteen and a half months. The Kelloggs do not tell us what happened to Donald; presumably he made new friends and caught up on his vocabulary.

NEARLY twenty years went by before the world heard of another experiment in humanizing a chimpanzee. This was recorded by Cathy Hayes in the 1951 book "The Ape in Our House." Whereas the Kellogg report was carefully detached, Mrs. Hayes made no attempt to conceal her emotions. She left pure science to her husband, a research psychologist at the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology—same place, new name—at Orange Park, and, for her part, was perfectly willing to take the personal viewpoint. The Hayeses started their experiment with an idea somewhat similar to that of the Kelloggs. They wanted to watch a chimpanzee growing up in a human world to see how it might adapt, but they placed more emphasis on the possibility of teaching such an animal to talk. The new experiment differed from the Kelloggs' in that the Hayeses had no child of their own. When Viki was five months old, Mrs. Hayes tried to teach her to "speak" for her food. For five weeks, both parents worked at this task, and at last Viki did say something, described by Mrs. Hayes as "a rasping, tortured 'ahhhhh.'" From then on, she would make this sound whenever they told her to speak. Mrs. Hayes concluded tentatively that "the ape, for all its manlike vocal apparatus, lacks the neural organization necessary for voluntary speech." However, now that she had mastered the asking sound of "ahhhhh," she used it in many other "asking" situations besides those connected with food: she used it when she wanted to be taken up in the morning, to be taken off the potty (chimpanzees can be toilet-trained), to be given something out of reach, or to be given a particular toy.

Having got this far, the Hayeses thought it time to give Viki some words, and, like Garner, they started with "mama." Holding Viki on his lap, Hayes placed his thumb on her upper lip, his other fingers cradling her chin, so that he could open and close her lips. Holding a piece of food or a cup of milk in the other hand and circling it above her head, he told her to speak, and as she made the "ahhhhh" sound he pressed her lips together

Gentlemen's Clothing by CORBIN, LTD

Available at these, and other, *fine* stores.

State	City	Store
ALABAMA	Montgomery	Alex Rice
CALIFORNIA	Anaheim	Phelps-Meager
	Glendale	Crews & Co.
	Lakewood	Phelps-Meager
	Long Beach	Kenady's
	Los Angeles	Crews & Co. Phelps-Meager
	Newport Beach	Phelps-Meager
	Pasadena	Phelps-Meager
	Sherman Oaks	Phelps-Meager
	West Covina	Phelps-Meager
CONNECTICUT	New London	Fedric
	Old Saybrook	Fedric
DISTRICT of COLUMBIA		Georgetown University Shop Woodward & Lothrop
FLORIDA	Delray Beach	Mark, Fore & Strike
	Naples	Mark, Fore & Strike
	Palm Beach	Mark, Fore & Strike
	Sarasota	Mark, Fore & Strike
GEORGIA	Albany	Johnston's Men's Shop The Stag Shop
	Atlanta	Muse's Traditional Shop Parks-Chambers, Inc.
	Rome	J. Bailey's, Inc.
	Savannah	John B. Rourke, Inc. Lesser's Mens Quality Shop
INDIANA	Bloomington	Oxford Shop
	Fort Wayne	Heiders, Ltd.
	Muncie	Steck's
KENTUCKY	Ashland	Mark Matthews
	Louisville	Schupp & Snyder
	Madisonville	The Stag Shop
	Mayfield	Tosh Shop
	Murray	Buckingham-Ray
LOUISIANA	Lafayette	Wormser's Mans Store
MICHIGAN	Grand Rapids	The Bagpiper
	Grosse Pointe	E. J. Hickey
	Muskegon	The Village Square
MISSOURI	Columbia	Puckett's 'of course'
	St. Louis	Harvey, Ltd.
NEW JERSEY	Deal	Off the Cuff Inc.
NORTH CAROLINA	Concord	Hoover's Mens Store
	High Point	Collier Ellis
OHIO	Cincinnati	Shillito's
	Cleveland	The Captain's Quarters "HE" Peer Gordon, Ltd.
	Springfield	The Harvard
	Toledo	Neil's of Ottawa Hills
PENNSYLVANIA	Easton	O'Shea's
	Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne Co.
SOUTH CAROLINA	Charleston	Max's Men's Store
	Columbia	Berry's on Main
	Easley	Barron's, Ltd.
	Greenville	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
TENNESSEE	Chattanooga	The Gentry, Ltd.
	Knoxville	The Hansom House Spencer's
TEXAS	Waco	Ruffin's
VIRGINIA	Roanoke	John Norman
WEST VIRGINIA	Charleston	Latimer's, Ltd.
WISCONSIN	Lake Geneva	Witherspoons'

"A blazer doesn't have to be blue. Or shapeless. Or have brass buttons. It doesn't even have to stop at a jacket."

HOWARD CORBIN

Corbin Ltd., 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10019

Gentleman's Clothing
LTD

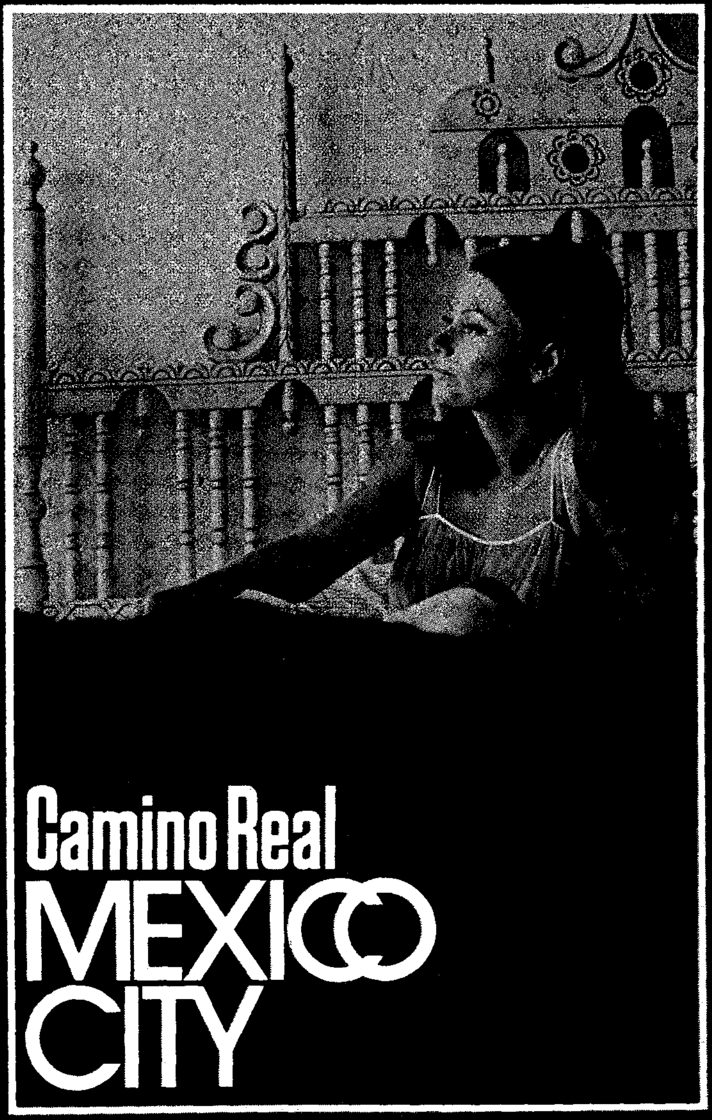
Life can be beautiful.

Come to where you have all the pleasures of a resort within your hotel. And the whirl of one of the world's most exciting cities without.

Where your spacious room is a joy to behold. Four swimming pools invite you. Lush gardens. Ten exciting restaurants, night spots, and bars await your pleasure. Fabulous *Fouquet's de Paris.* A coffee shop that never closes.

Come to where people care about you. And life is beautiful. Camino Real in Mexico City.

For instant Hoteletron reservations, call the Western International Hotels number listed in your Yellow Pages, or your travel agent.



WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS de MEXICO

Mariano Escobedo 700, Mexico 5, D.F.

twice. The sound came out as "ma, ma." Viki soon got the idea, and didn't speak until his fingers were in position against her lips; then, looking up at him, she strained her lips forward against his hand and said "mama," saying it fiercely and with a thrust of the head when she was hungry. After a few days, Dr. Hayes noticed her lips moving under his fingers, forming the word by themselves. Finally, Viki said "mama" without help. The lesson had been learned in two weeks. Thereafter, the chimpanzee said, or whispered, "mama" for anyone willing to reward her for doing so.

At eighteen months, when an average child uses about ten words, Viki was still stuck with "mama," and it was clear that she didn't always understand what was said to her. Her foster parents set out to teach her to imitate actions, with the intention of moving on from there to the imitation of sounds. As Viki neared her second birthday, she added a second word to her vocabulary—"papa." When she was a little over two, she picked up another word—the perhaps by now predictable "cup," which she began proudly, and thirstily, repeating a hundred or so times a day. Six months after Viki's second birthday, the Hayeses decided to take her on a motor tour, stopping on the way to seek advice at various speech clinics, psychology departments, and institutes for retarded children. The trip was a great success as far as Viki was concerned, but the experts from whom the Hayeses had hoped so much turned out to be more puzzled than helpful. When all their opinions were added up, the conclusion seemed to be that what the Hayeses had was a chimpanzee, not a child.

As it happened, Viki died shortly after Mrs. Hayes' book was published. By that time, she had learned, or was on the way to learning, the fourth word in her vocabulary, "up." Later, the Hayeses were divorced. A friend has since commented, "We used to think Viki was driving them apart—ruining the marriage, you know—but it looks now as though the chimpanzee kept them together."

FOR more than a decade, nothing further in the field of chimpanzee communication was recorded. It was as if all the experts had grown disenchanted with the subject. Suddenly, in the past few years, there has been a small flurry, with several new experiments written up and reported at much the same time. The most recent news of the sort, which appeared in the late summer of 1970, concerns a seven-

GIVE MOM A TRAVEL HANGUP FOR ONLY $15.00

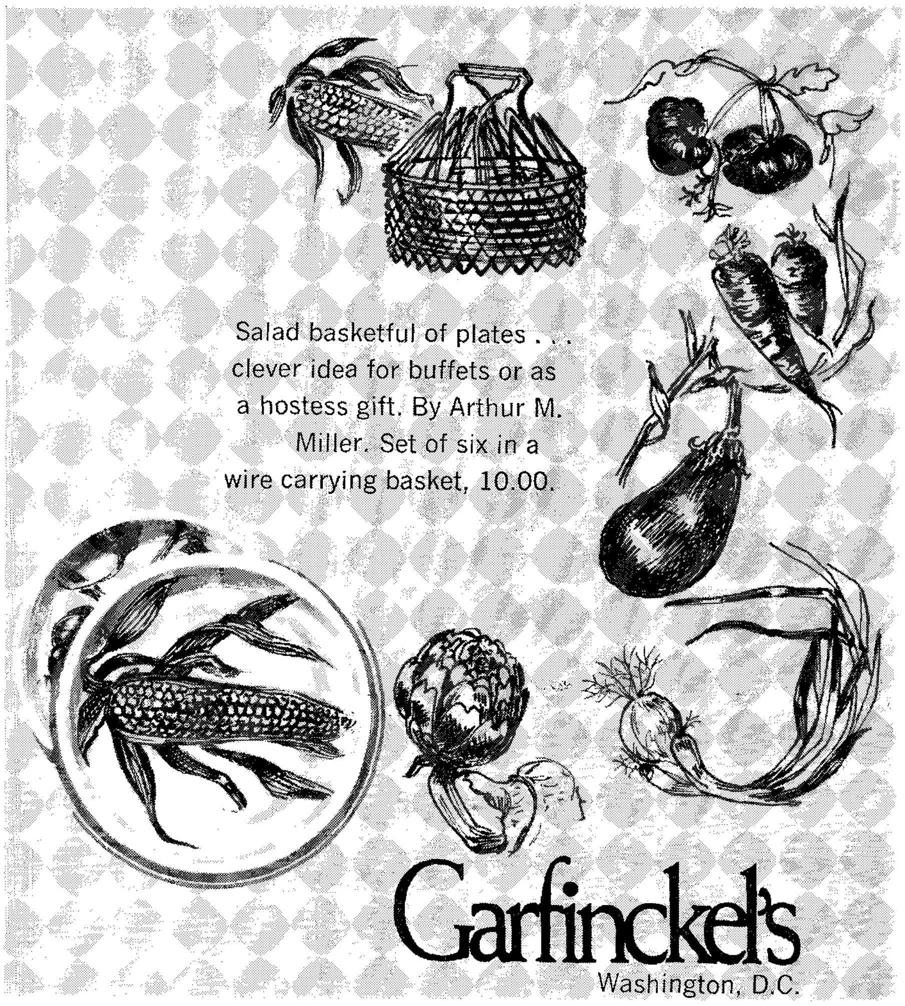
A many-pocketed case, complete with all her travel musts. Hangs up (19" x 14"), zips to a tidy carryall (8" x 14").

Waterproof lining and pockets contain: shower cap, washcloth, tissues, 2 folding hangers, hand mirror, comb, sewing kit, toothbrush with holder, soap dish, plastic powder jar, 2 bottles with atomizer and cap tops, hairbrush, hairnet, clothes line and 3 multi-purpose clip hangers. Your choice of stripes, floral, geometric pattern.

Crouch & Fitzgerald

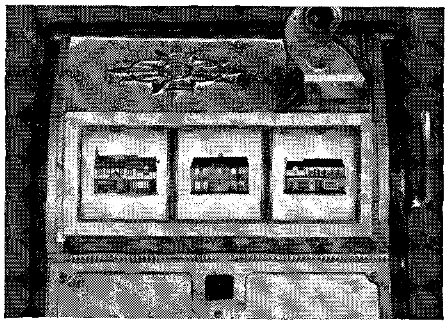
FINE LUGGAGE SINCE 1839. AGENCY FOR LV LOUIS VUITTON.
400 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Orders gift wrapped. Free delivery within UPZ, N.Y.C. Outside UPZ add $1.00 postage. Add 6% sales tax for N.Y.C. delivery. Elsewhere, add tax applicable. American Express, Diners Club, Carte Blanche and BankAmericard honored.



Salad basketful of plates . . . clever idea for buffets or as a hostess gift. By Arthur M. Miller. Set of six in a wire carrying basket, 10.00.

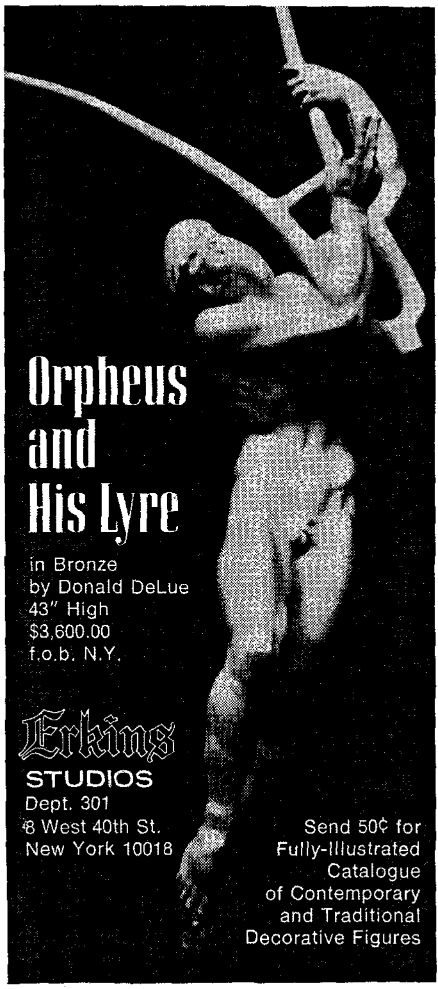
Garfinckel's
Washington, D.C.



We specialize in taking the risk out of relocating.

At Homerica we have helped over 65,000 relocating families settle into communities and homes that best fit their particular mode of living. Finding a new home 3,000 miles away can be just as easy as selecting one in your own home town . . . if you do it the Homerica way. We know over 6,700 key communities intimately and we can tell you all you need to know to help you pinpoint those that are just right for you. We'll screen them for homes that best fit your particular requirements. And afterwards we'll arrange for you to inspect each one, limiting your problems to selection only. A selection that is sure to be a happy one, not a nervous ill-informed one.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY, INC.
Write Dept. R424
100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 689-7111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111



Orpheus and His Lyre

in Bronze
by Donald DeLue
43" High
$3,600.00
f.o.b. N.Y.

Erkins
STUDIOS
Dept. 301
8 West 40th St.
New York 10018

Send 50¢ for Fully-Illustrated Catalogue of Contemporary and Traditional Decorative Figures

year-old chimp named Sarah who since 1968 has been trained in Santa Barbara by David Premack, a psychologist. Sarah can express words, even simple ideas, with the aid of symbols—cutout shapes of different colors, such as a blue triangle that stands for "apple" and a red square that means "banana." The cutouts are mounted on steel and can be stuck to a magnetic board. When Sarah showed that she understood which shape was which, Premack taught her to use a symbol for the preposition "on." By this means, she was able to say "Apple goes on dish." She was then started on verbs. Her tutor is confident that she not only remembers the symbols properly but has grasped their extended meaning; she knows what redness means, recognizing that it is a color and also realizing—and stating—that a persimmon, like an apple, is red.

Those scientists—if there were any, which is doubtful—who still hoped to teach some super-Viki to talk with voice and tongue, like a human being, were probably discouraged for good by the work of Dr. Philip Lieberman, a professor of linguistics and electrical engineering at the University of Connecticut, in Storrs, who is also on the research staff of the Haskins Laboratories of New Haven, which specialize in the fascinatingly varied studies of marine ecology, microbiology, and speech research. Dr. Lieberman's combination of subjects may seem ill-matched until one remembers that there are many areas in which electronics and linguistics are closely allied. He is particularly interested in the difficulties that retarded children encounter in speaking. I have had several conversations with him, and in the first he told me he got onto the question of talking—or, rather, nontalking—chimpanzees through observing victims of Down's syndrome, who are more commonly known as Mongoloids. "It was the shape of their lower jaws," he said. "The lower jaw and the base of the skull in Down's-syndrome patients are often very similar to those of a newborn infant."

But this is anticipating the complicated connections that brought him to consider chimps like Viki. During 1968 and 1969, Dr. Lieberman, with a number of colleagues, published several papers. One was entitled "Vocal Tract Limitations on the Vowel Repertoires of Rhesus Monkey and Other Nonhuman Primates," and another "Newborn Infant Cry and Nonhuman-Primate Vocalizations." In essence, these papers said that apes and monkeys cannot talk because their vocal tracts are

TRIC-TRAC

Louis XV Games Table From Our Collection of Unusual Furniture

For Your Leisure Hours

Elegant Tric-Trac table that warmly accents any room in your home . . . whether it's English, French or any decor. Meticulously crafted in mellow, antiqued fruitwood (acajou), with the look of an inherited antique. 4 drawers. Reversible top . . . inlaid with rosewood and satinwood for chess on one side . . . and green felt for cards or writing on the other. Table well contains inlaid backgammon surface. A perfect table for bridge. Measures 24" x 34". $450

Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $25 crating charge beyond delivery area.

A visit to Lloyds is an exciting adventure in shopping. Here, in the best "first stop" in town, you'll find an extensive and unusual collection of antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and fine estate pieces. Browse to your heart's content with your own good taste to guide you. You'll be delighted.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

Marlborough GRAPHICS

Our own original, limited and signed editions by such leading European and American artists as Gottlieb, Hepworth, Kitaj, Kokoschka, Lipchitz, Moore, Motherwell, Nicholson, Pollock, Pomodoro, Rivers and Sutherland. Many others. From $70 to $7000.

For illustrated catalogue—$2 (Incl. Postage)—address:

Marlborough Graphics Inc
41 East 57th Street New York 10022
PL 2-5353

Visit the Marlborough Graphics Gallery on the fifth floor.

RANCHO ENCANTADO

stay at
the most luxurious Guest Ranch Resort
in New Mexico U.S.A.

. . . Indians-Pueblos, *Scrumptious* food, cocktails. A very different place!

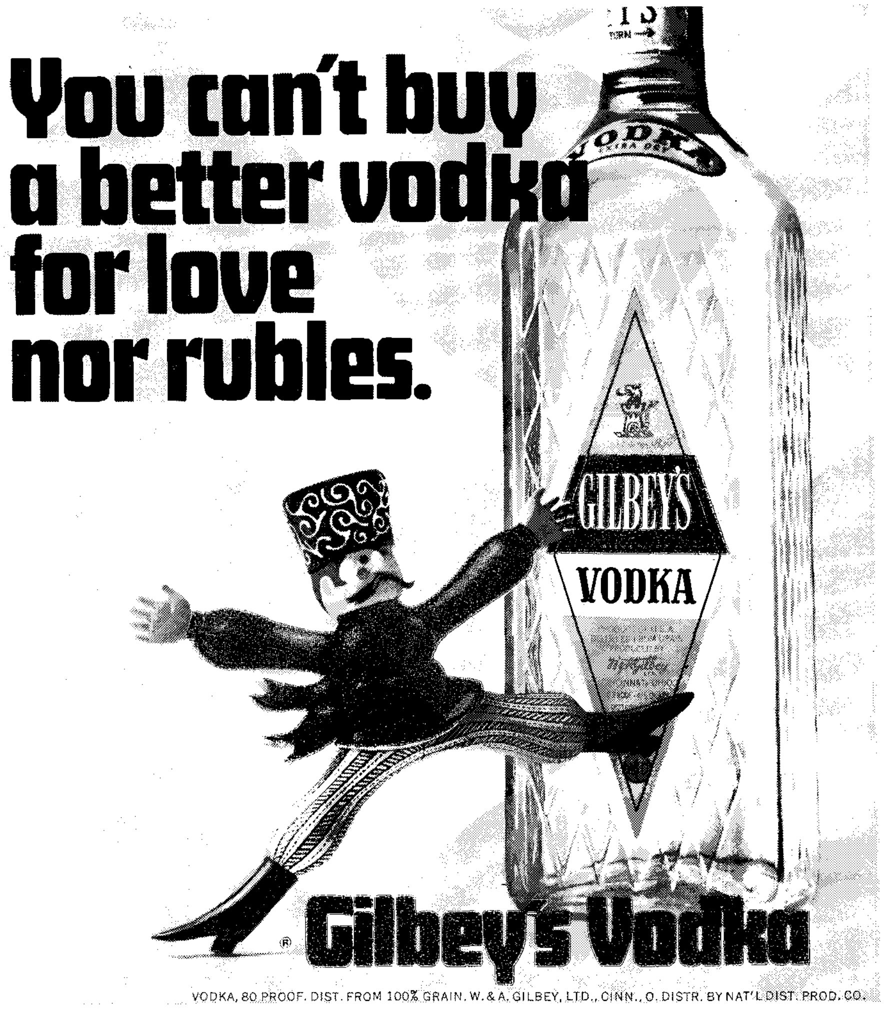
Rancho Encantado, Rte 4, Box 57c
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
Phone 505-982-3537

not made for speech. A chimpanzee's vocal apparatus, says Dr. Lieberman, is similar in important respects to that of a neonate, or newborn human being. At birth, a human infant's vocal apparatus is arranged in a slightly different way from what it will be later on, in that the larynx, which is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe, and is sometimes called the voice box, because it contains the vocal cords, is higher than it will be when the baby grows older. At that stage, it is set high into the pharynx, that part of the alimentary canal which connects the mouth with the gullet. The pharynx is the place into which the nostrils, the gullet, or esophagus, and the trachea all open. It is Dr. Lieberman's theory that the high position of the larynx in the pharynx of the newborn makes it impossible for him to form and utter words. Very much the same arrangement of infantile vocal apparatus is found in newborn subhuman primates, but there is this difference: as the subhuman primate grows older, the relation between pharynx and larynx does not change.

In "Vocal Tract Limitations," the Lieberman team dealt with the vowel repertoire of a rhesus, whose vowel pronunciations they reproduced by means of a digital computer programmed to act as an artificial talking machine. They found that the monkey's vowels, compared with those of a human being mature enough to talk, indicate that the acoustic "vowel space" of a rhesus monkey is quite restricted, and that the limitation is due to the lack of an adequate pharyngeal region. In conclusion, the report said, "These animals thus lack the output mechanism that is necessary for the production of human speech. Man's speech-output mechanism is apparently species specific." This, in simpler terms, means that man is the only animal that can talk.

In the autumn of 1970, Dr. Lieberman telephoned me from Storrs to say that his research into speech in the primate world had taken a giant step, thanks to his having made the acquaintance of Dr. Edmund S. Crelin, professor of anatomy at the Yale University School of Medicine, and that if I would like to meet him and Dr. Crelin there he would explain further. I did, and found them in Dr. Crelin's office in Yale's Sterling Hall of Medicine.

Dr. Lieberman said, "I'm just back from Europe, where I spent the summer looking at fossil hominid skulls. What I saw all fits in awfully well with what we were discussing the last time, and Dr. Crelin agrees. It was amazing that he and I should have met


You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.
GILBEY'S
VODKA
Gilbey's Vodka
VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W.&A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

north
♠ Q 10 7 5
♥ ——
♦ J
♣ Q 5 4

west
♠ ——
♥ 9 7
♦ Q 9 6
♣ A 8 7

You are East and Declarer.
Contract: 4 Spades. So far you've only won 3 tricks.
South now leads the 10 of clubs.
You have to win 7 of the next 8 tricks. Can you do it?

east
♠ A K 9 8 6
♥ ——
♦ 4
♣ J 9

south
♠ ——
♥ J 10 8 5
♦ 10 8 3
♣ 10

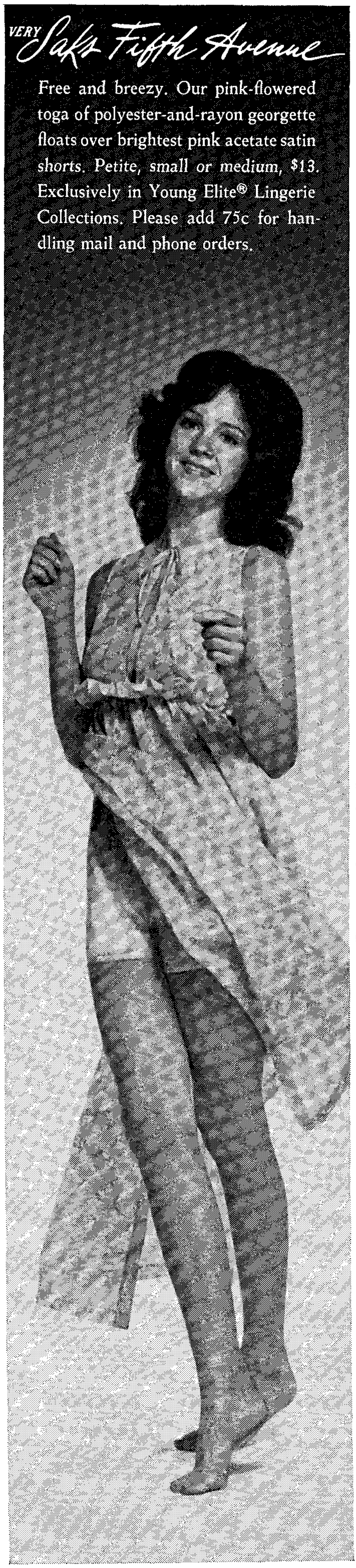
It seems impossible, but Giorgio Belladonna of the Italian Blue team was sitting in the "hot" East chair and managed to win those 7 tricks and make his contract. With PRO BRIDGE, the instruction-game that makes "pros" out of amateurs, you are literally put in Giorgio's seat, and that of Robert Hamman, Oswald Jacoby, and many other champion players. You have your chance to second guess them, emulate them, and—most important—to discover their "pro" techniques and adapt them to your game.

PRO BRIDGE has four decks of color-coded plastic-coated cards and a complete trick-by-trick course in tournament hands, played by the masters. It "pats you on the back" when you're right; if you make a mistake you're shown the right path. Your game is bound to improve at least one trick per hand—and wouldn't that make all the difference? Best surprise of all is the price: no need to pay $30 for a professional bridge course. PRO BRIDGE is that, and is just $9.95. Don't you owe it to yourself (and your partner) to make this small investment?

☐ I'm tired of being a duffer. Send me PRO BRIDGE. My check for $10.95 ($9.95 plus $1 for post. & ins. is enc.). (Calif. res. add tax.) Return in 2 weeks if not pleased.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____________________ Zip ____________________

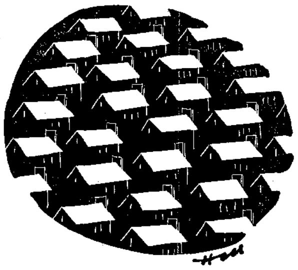
584 Washington Street, San Francisco, Calif 94111
haverhill's
NY0424



Free and breezy. Our pink-flowered toga of polyester-and-rayon georgette floats over brightest pink acetate satin shorts. Petite, small or medium, $13. Exclusively in Young Elite® Lingerie Collections. Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders.

when we did, just when each of us had learned something that could help out the other. To begin with, he's recently published this book." He handed me a large, handsome blue volume with the title "Anatomy of the Newborn." "It's exactly what I needed," he said happily.

Dr. Crelin modestly said, "I happened to be the first to do such a book, that's all. Anatomists needed something like this, but they didn't realize it. All these years, people had been treating the newborn like a miniature adult, and it isn't, by any means. All you have to do is look. See here." He indicated a drawing of a baby's skeleton. "See that head? See the proportions of the limbs? Nothing like an adult, is it?"



I admitted that the skeleton had some strange features—long arms, short legs, and a very big head, with scarcely any lower jaw.

"The skull is what interests us," Dr. Lieberman put in. "It ought to remind you of something. Are you familiar with Neanderthal man?"

"Well, not really," I said.

"Never mind," said Dr. Crelin. "We'll introduce you to him in a minute." He assumed the manner of a lecturer. "As you probably know, the human fetus goes through evolutionary stages. For a while, we have gills and flippers and a tail, and so on. You know the old saying, 'Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny.' It's never been said better." Perhaps not, but later I found a translation that I think is easier to understand: "The development of the individual repeats that of the species." Dr. Crelin went on, "Anyway, we go through all these evolutionary stages, and some of them haven't been completed by the time we're born. That's why the neonate skull looks distorted. It hasn't finished evolving. And that's why a newborn human being resembles a subhuman primate in some respects."

Dr. Lieberman took up the story here. "In a newborn, the position of the larynx in relation to the pharynx is such that they can function independently of each other," he said, making a sketch to show me. "That's why a baby can swallow and breathe at the same time. You or I couldn't do that. If by mistake we got a bit of food lodged in the pharynx, we would probably choke to death. Now let's look at Dr. Crelin's skulls."

We all moved into the laboratory, to a table where some casts were arranged. "I'll tell you in advance that Neanderthal man couldn't talk," Dr. Lieberman continued. "And the reason we know it is that he was like the newborn today—he didn't have the right equipment."

Dr. Crelin said, "We use the term 'Neanderthal' for a number of types of man in the last glacial period. As you can see here, there's a wide selection, but this fellow—La Chapelle man—is typical. Some anthropologists look on Neanderthal as a direct ancestor of ours. I'm not so sure. You've probably heard it said that Neanderthal man is so much like us that if he got on a subway train nobody would take a second look at him. Well, I can tell you, if he got on *my* train, *I'd* notice him."

We stood looking at the array of skulls. Dr. Crelin pointed out several small ones. "Here's our newborn," he said. "Here's a young chimp. Here's the Taung baby—the skull of a young Australopithecus. Look at all the differences. Anthropologists have always classified these things by the frontal skull—you know, beetling brows and all that—but I think it's not as significant as what we're onto, which is the nasopharynx." He turned the newborn infant's skull upside down to illustrate. "Here. See that hollow? It's not as deep as it will be in an older human being, but it's as deep as a chimpanzee's head will ever show it. That's why I have my doubts about La Chapelle man. Here we have a fully grown adult, but look at what he's like." He turned the skull over. "Just like the newborn."

"In fact, La Chapelle man is just a big baby," said Dr. Lieberman.

Dr. Crelin said, "That's why I have my doubts about this fellow." He put the Neanderthal skull back on the table and patted it. "I don't think he's one of our direct ancestors. I think he went off on a tangent, and evolution went on somewhere else."

"Neither newborn nor Neanderthal has a chin," said Dr. Lieberman. "And just look at this mandible."

"Couldn't Neanderthal make any noise at all?" I asked.

It was the right question, evidently. Dr. Lieberman handed me a paper he had recently written with Dr. Crelin called "On the Speech of Neanderthal Man." As I looked through it, I came upon this passage:

> In order to reconstruct the supralaryngeal vocal tract of Neanderthal, it was essential to locate the larynx proper-

We hate to give up a single day on which to enjoy Teacher's Highland Cream.

After all, some of Teacher's finest hours have been on Friday and Saturday.

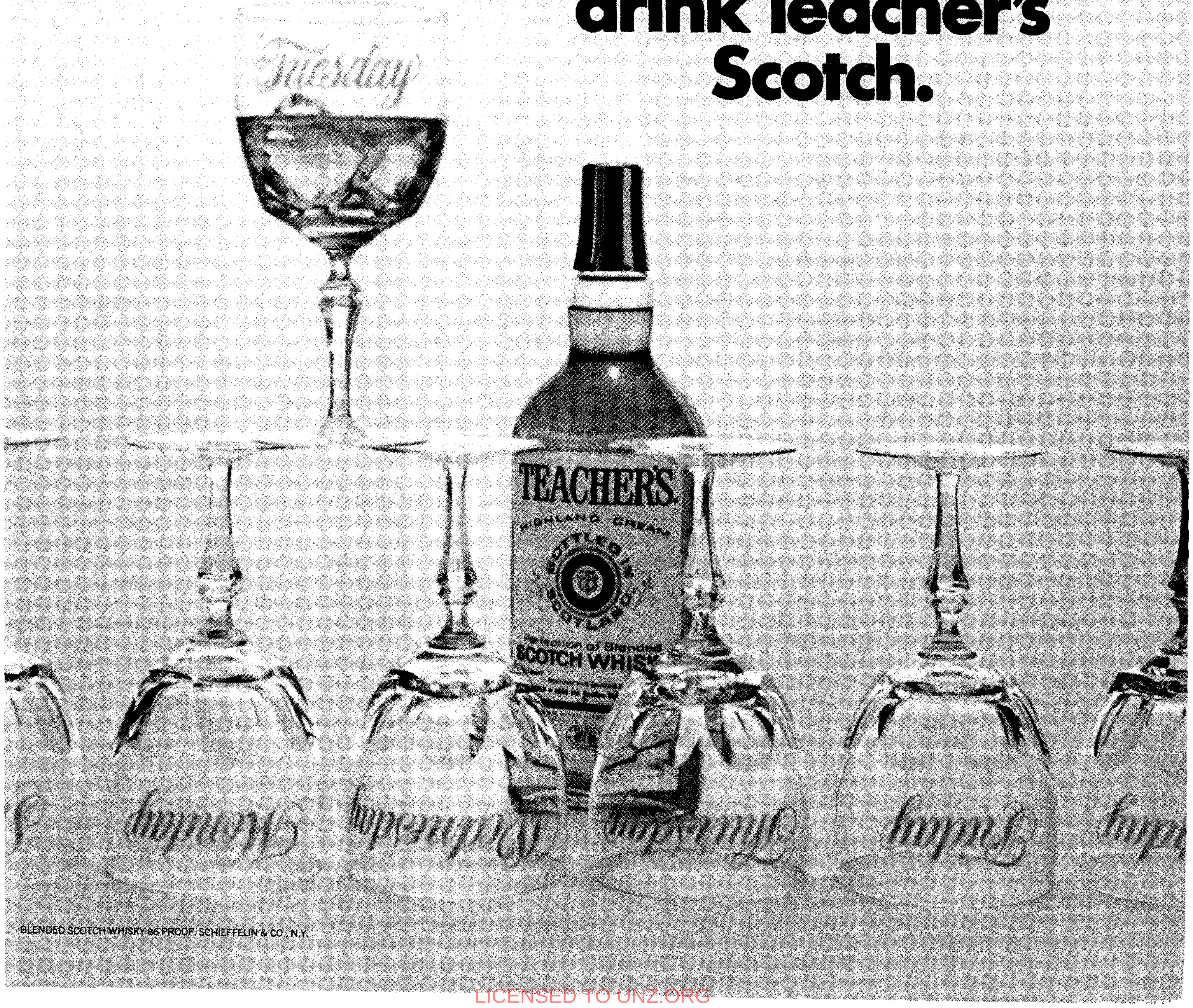
But in our zeal to call attention to the uniquely mellow flavour of this classic Scotch, we hit upon Tuesday as the official day to savour Teacher's.

Meaning that all other days are out.

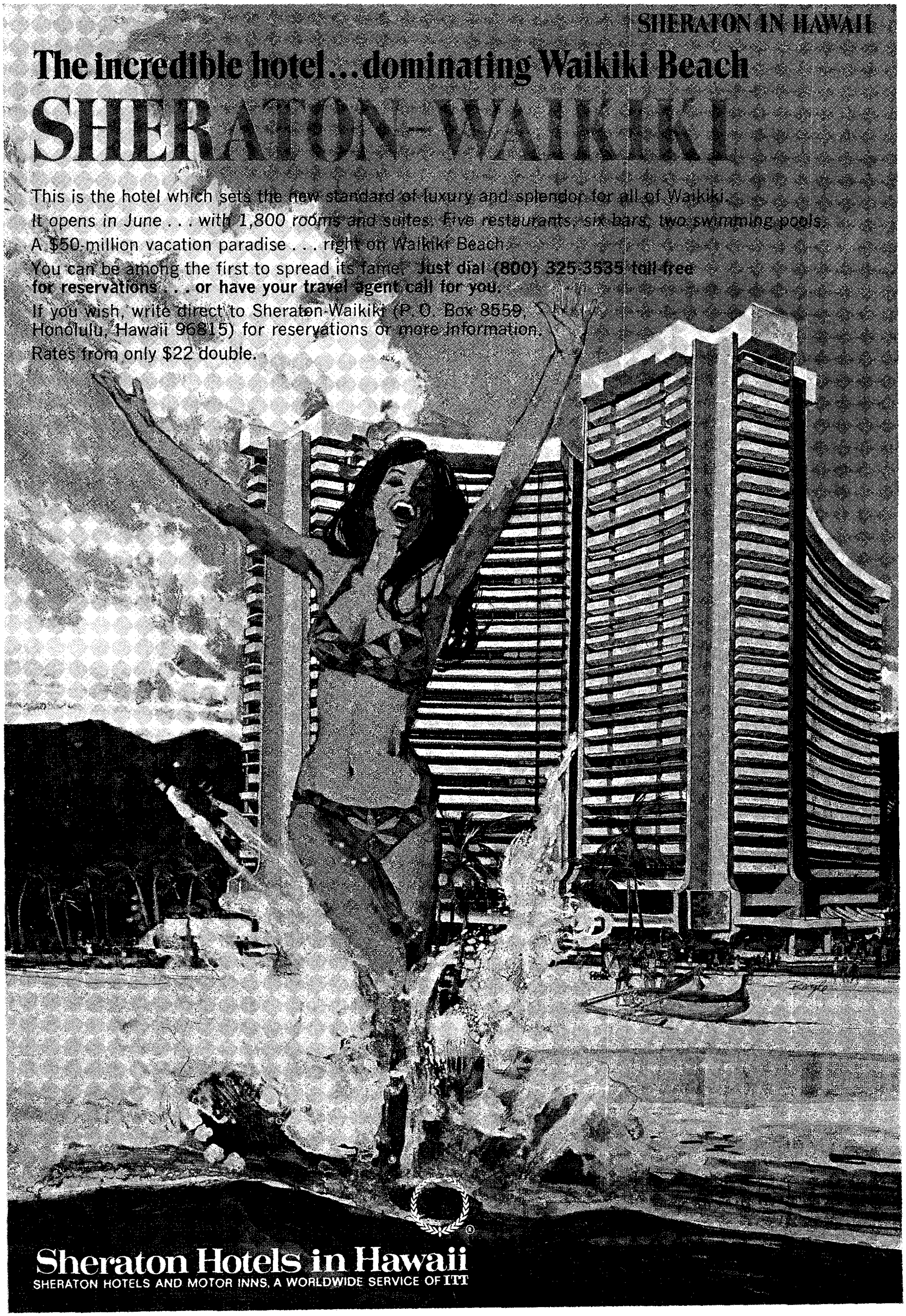
If you are driven by sheer desperation to disregard this directive, please don't let us know.

It will be far better for both of us.

Tuesday, and only Tuesday, is the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.


Tuesday
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKY
Monday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.



SHERATON IN HAWAII

The incredible hotel...dominating Waikiki Beach

SHERATON-WAIKIKI

This is the hotel which sets the new standard of luxury and splendor for all of Waikiki.
It opens *in June* . . . with 1,800 rooms and suites. Five restaurants, six bars, two swimming pools.
A $50-million vacation paradise . . . right on Waikiki Beach.
You can be among the first to spread its fame. **Just dial (800) 325-3535 toll-free for reservations . . . or have your travel agent call for you.**
If you wish, write direct to Sheraton-Waikiki (P. O. Box 8559, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815) for reservations or more information.
Rates from only $22 double.

Sheraton Hotels in Hawaii
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

> ly. Because of the many similarities of the base of the skull and the mandible between Newborn and Neanderthal, coupled with the known detailed anatomy of Newborn, of adult Man, and of apes, it was possible to do this with a high degree of confidence. . . .
>
> Once the position of the larynx in Neanderthal was determined, it was a rather straightforward process to reconstruct his tongue and pharyngeal musculature.

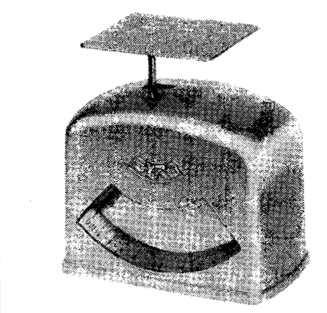
I stopped reading right there. "Do you mean you've *constructed* a talking Neanderthal man?" I asked Dr. Lieberman.

"Why, of course," he said. "We had enough data. With computers and all, it was simple. He made noises, all right, but they're unformulated, like a baby's cries—or, rather, like this." He suddenly made a noise something like a bark: "Ugg! Egh! Ough!" It was quite a loud noise. The outside door of the laboratory opened and a female student peered in, looking frightened.

"All right," Dr. Crelin said to the girl. "I'll be free in about a quarter of an hour. Come back then."

The door swung shut. "Of *course* we know how Neanderthal sounded," said Dr. Lieberman. "If you like, I'll send you a tape of it."

AT the end of the chapter on "Anthropoid Speech and Its Significance" in a book entitled "Almost Human," published in 1925, Robert Yerkes says, "I am inclined to conclude from the various evidences that the great apes have plenty to talk about, but no gift for the use of sounds to represent individual, as contrasted with racial, feelings or ideas. Perhaps they can be taught to use their fingers, somewhat as does the deaf-and-dumb person, and thus helped to acquire a simple, nonvocal, 'sign language.' " I remembered that passage while I was reading an article in the October 25, 1968, issue of *Science*. The article was written by Winthrop N. Kellogg, once the papa of Gua, now professor emeritus of psychology at Florida State, and bore the title "Communication and Language in the Home-Raised Chimpanzee." Professor Kellogg summarized the literature accumulated to date on the speech, or nonspeech, of apes and then came to the point of his article, which was that two people in Reno—Professor R. Allen Gardner and his wife, Beatrice T. Gardner, both of the University of Nevada—were trying out the idea expressed in that paragraph of Yerkes'. For various reasons, the experiment was being kept fairly private, but the Gardners had



superbly accurate
POSTAGE and DIET SCALE from SWITZERLAND!

Occupies less than 3"x 5" of desk space!

Every home and office desk—every kitchen counter needs one!

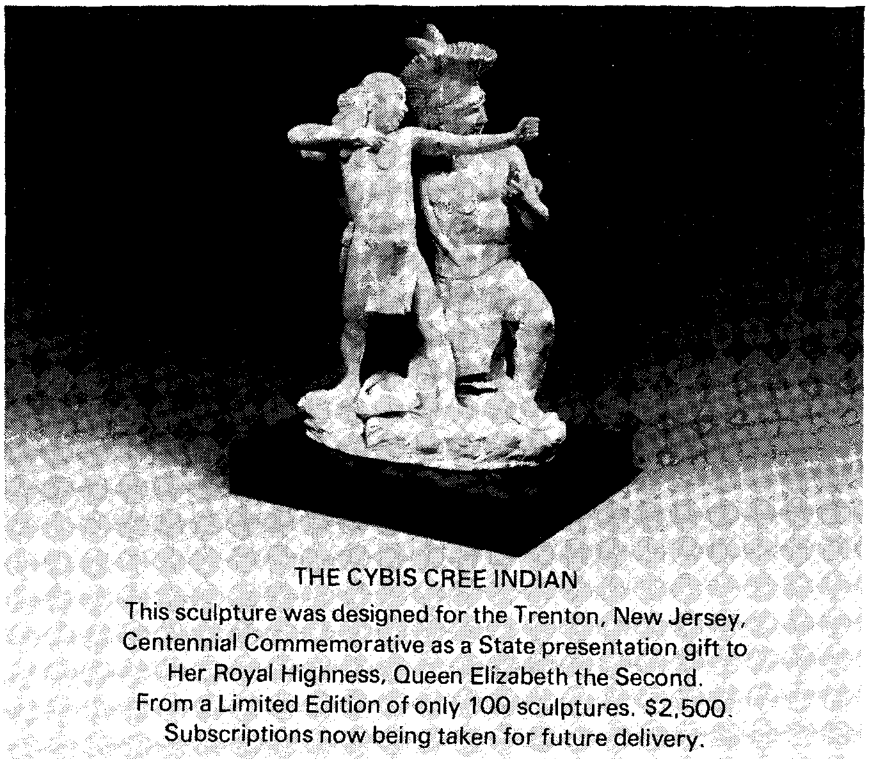
For absolute accuracy in weighing letters, small packages—and for checking diet measurements.

The SYRO LE-9

Here's a superbly accurate BALANCE scale made in Zurich, Switzerland with the same care and precision that the Swiss put into making their world-famous timepieces! Scales anywhere near as accurate (or good looking) as this one cost more than twice as much. Weighs up to 9 ozs. *No springs* — will *stay* in adjustment!

With postage costs going up another 30% this year, this scale will save you its cost in no time, and it's just great for measuring small food portions for dieters. Not available anywhere else in the U.S. Comes beautifully, safely boxed. Makes a perfect personal or business gift. Full refund at any time if not delighted. $15.00 each; two for $29.00; three for $42.00. Postpaid, special handling to arrive almost as fast as First Class Mail. **Please order today from:**

GARDEN WAY RESEARCH, Dept. S-5044, Charlotte. Vt. 05445

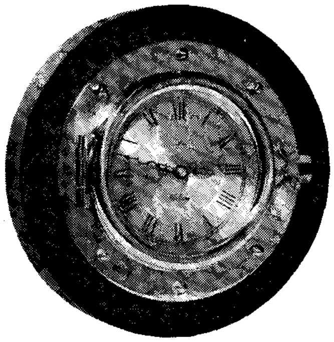


THE CYBIS CREE INDIAN
This sculpture was designed for the Trenton, New Jersey, Centennial Commemorative as a State presentation gift to Her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth the Second.
From a Limited Edition of only 100 sculptures. $2,500.
Subscriptions now being taken for future delivery.

Mail and Phone Inquiries Invited: (215) 564-6200
Bailey Banks & Biddle
World Renowned Jewelers Since 1832
Chestnut & 16th Streets • Philadelphia
Also Pittsburgh • Reading • McLean, Va. • Atlanta
Charlotte • Louisville • Milwaukee

Chelsea Clock's Islander has a battery-operated tuning fork movement that's accurate to better than half a second per day. And it operates on a single "C" battery for over a year. The case is solid brass, surrounded with genuine cowhide in pebbled black or antiqued brown. Diameter: 11½". Dial: 6". About $275 at finer jewelry and department stores. Or just write to us today at 282 Everett Avenue, Chelsea, Mass. 02150.

Chelsea Clock Co.
A subsidiary of Automation Industries



The Islander by Chelsea

Spring now, for
Outer Cape Weekends

Relax at Wequassett Inn, Cape Cod's home for gracious, leisure living. Enjoy boating and tennis, or golf on superb courses nearby. Or simply sip 'n' sun by the pool in restful seaside surroundings. So, come on Friday, stay 'till Sunday, and unwind! Off season rates.

Write or phone for more information
Wequassett Inn
Route 28 E. Harwich, Mass. 02645
Tel.: 617 - 432-1740
European Plan available

Hand-monogrammed kerchief, conceals hair in rollers, protects from wind & sun. Sheer cotton with white hem and 3 letter monogram. 24"x24". Navy, red, copen blue, light blue, yellow, black, beige, white, turquoise, jungle green, pink, orange, rose. Underline initial of last name. $4.95 ppd. Send 25¢ for brochure.
VILLARI HANDKERCHIEF CO.
Y424, 30 West 54 St., N.Y. N.Y. 10019

confided in fellow-psychologists, including Kellogg.

In June, 1966, the Gardners acquired a wild-born female chimpanzee about ten months old named Washoe, who lived in a trailer in their yard and whose existence was governed, at least theoretically, by hard-and-fast rules. She spent all her waking hours in the company of one or more human beings, who addressed her—and, in her presence, each other—not vocally but by means of the American Sign Language, the system of gestural communication used by the deaf in North America. Ordinary speech in Washoe's presence was taboo because it might confuse her.

By the late summer of 1967, the Gardners were able to record a number of the signs Washoe made. She beckoned, using either the wrist or the knuckles as a pivot, to say either "Give me" or "Come." When she wanted to be lifted—perhaps placed on someone's shoulders to reach an object—she said, without words, "Up," by pointing skyward with her index finger. A loud or strange sound caused her to touch her ear with the index finger, for "Listen!" To plead, as if saying "Please," she rubbed her chest with her open hand. For "Hurry!" she shook her open hand at the wrist—a fair approximation of the American Sign Language gesture, though a human being would keep his index and second fingers together and extended. (Washoe's hurry gesture was not unlike one that chimps in the wild make for the same purpose.) In sum: not bad for a two-year-old chimpanzee.

Through mutual friends, I got in touch with the Gardners, with the idea of rushing out to Nevada to see Washoe. However, it was explained to me that the Gardners felt that her powers of concentration on her project were best nurtured in isolation. I bided my time, and was very pleased when I heard, in early 1969, that the Gardners were coming to Bethesda, Maryland, to give a lecture on the subject of Washoe and her sign language. Because they felt that the chimpanzee herself must not be subjected to the stresses of travel and public appearances, she would remain behind in Reno, but they were bringing films to illustrate their lecture. I went to Bethesda. The hall there was very full of people one might expect to show interest in an ape proficient in sign language—psychologists and linguists mostly. Beard incidence was remarkably high, anyway.

Professor Gardner is a sturdy, youngish man, and his wife is a good-

No two figures are alike!

The woman who demands perfection chooses the Delineator, which is exactly fitted to her individual needs, and provides both comfort and beauty. Available in a wide variety of sizes, styles, materials and colors. From $29.50. One year guarantee. We welcome consultations.

We Are Now Located in Our Own Building at:

41 West 57th St.
(7th Floor)
(Bet. 5th & 6th)
New York, N. Y.
PL 5-6250

J. Berlé
© DELINEATOR

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN
The New
TRIANON SUITE
at The Carlyle

An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH STREET

JAMAICA AT ITS VERY BEST

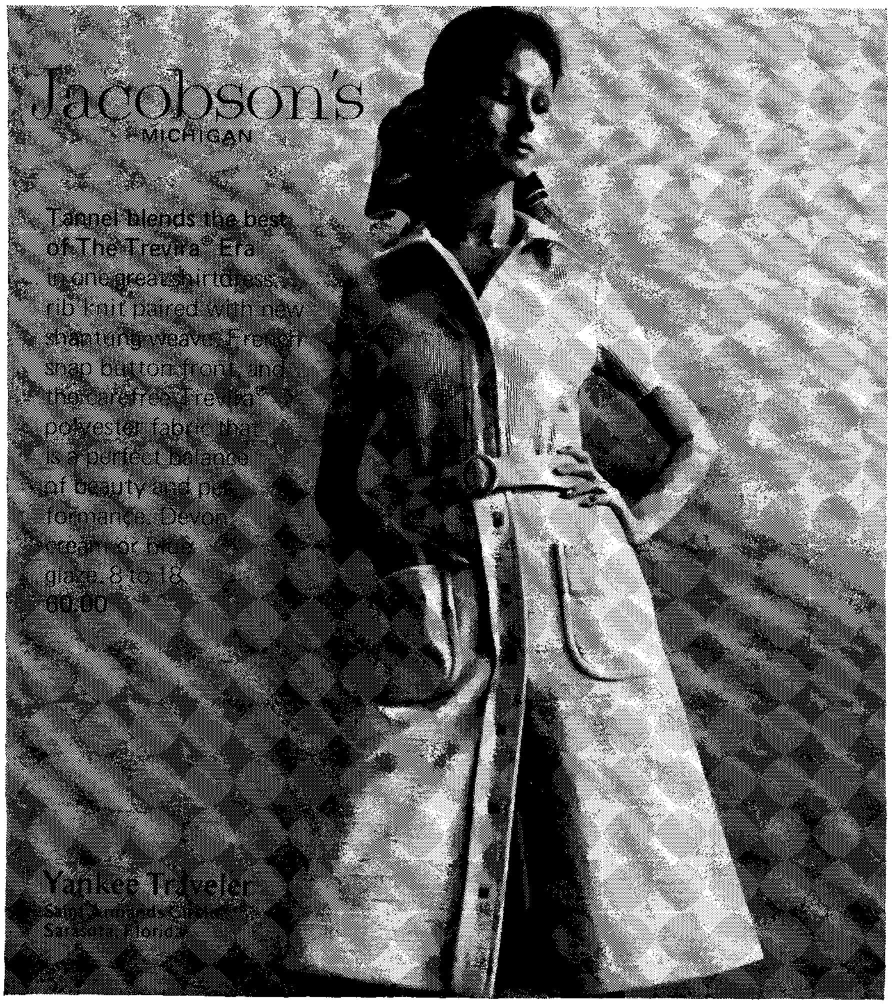
- luxurious club atmosphere
- 2 golden beaches
- all rooms private balconies overlooking the sea
- terrace dining; dancing nightly
- superb cuisine
- golf, tennis, sailing, fishing, all water sports

Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
Plantation Inn
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. (212) 586-4800.

18th CENTURY
URNS AND LAMPS
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022

looking woman with dark hair. She delivered what I might call a prologue—some introductory remarks on what the American Sign Language is and why it is being used. Washoe, she said, was about three and a half, which was still early childhood for a chimpanzee. For thirty-two months, Washoe had been exposed only to the American Sign Language as a means of communication, and by now she was using more than seventy gestures, though the films we were going to see, having been made earlier, showed her using only about thirty. Mrs. Gardner cautioned us to be alert and watch the film closely, because Washoe sometimes talked very fast, producing an effect something like that of a child speaking a foreign language rather quickly. Washoe spoke ASL in her own way, we were told, because it was not always easy for her to make the absolutely correct gesture. However, one learned to understand what she was saying. I gathered that it was as if she were talking with an accent that one must automatically discount.

At a signal from Mrs. Gardner, the lights went out and the film went on. In the dark, her voice continued. We saw a small chimpanzee in singlet and diaper standing outside a back door and looking into the camera. One of her hands was held out pleadingly on an almost straight arm. "Washoe saying 'Come' to a friend," said Mrs. Gardner. A tall youth came into the picture and took the ape's hand, after which she turned and held out her other arm in the same gesture. " 'You come, too,' to another friend," Mrs. Gardner interpreted. In the picture, Mrs. Gardner appeared and took Washoe's other hand, and the trio walked away. Then we saw the chimpanzee sitting on a couch and being playfully hit with a pillow by some invisible actor. Washoe laughed and rolled with the punches. The pillow hit her again, softly, and then nothing happened for a few moments, whereupon she doubled up her hands and pushed her fists together over her head two or three times. "That's baby talk for 'More, more,' " said the interpreter. "The proper gesture is in front of the chest, but Washoe always does it over her head." In the next scene, an assistant, Susan Nichols, was giving Washoe a piggyback ride, and Washoe was making big swoops down through the air with her right hand. "Washoese for 'Go,' " Mrs. Gardner explained. "Now Susan asks, 'Go where?' " In the picture, Susan joined her hands at the wrist and spread them out fanwise in a horizontal plane. The fingertips



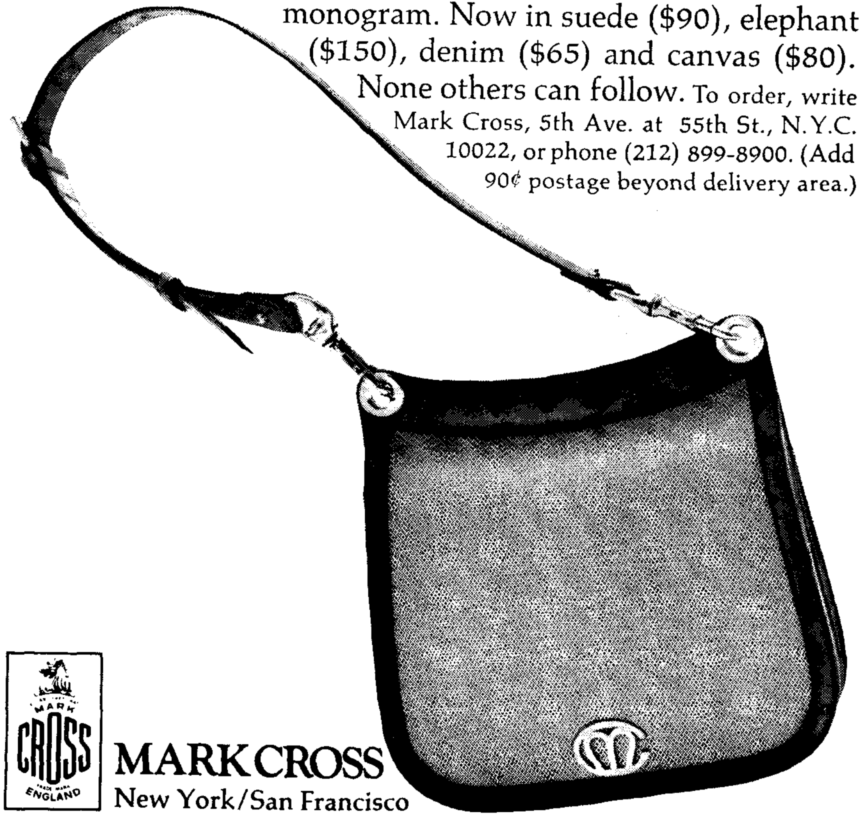
Jacobson's
MICHIGAN

Tannel blends the best of The Trevira® Era in one great shirtdress: rib knit paired with new shantung weave, French snap button front, and the carefree Trevira® polyester fabric that is a perfect balance of beauty and performance. Devon cream or blue glaze. 8 to 18
60.00

Yankee Traveler
Saint Armands Circle
Sarasota, Florida

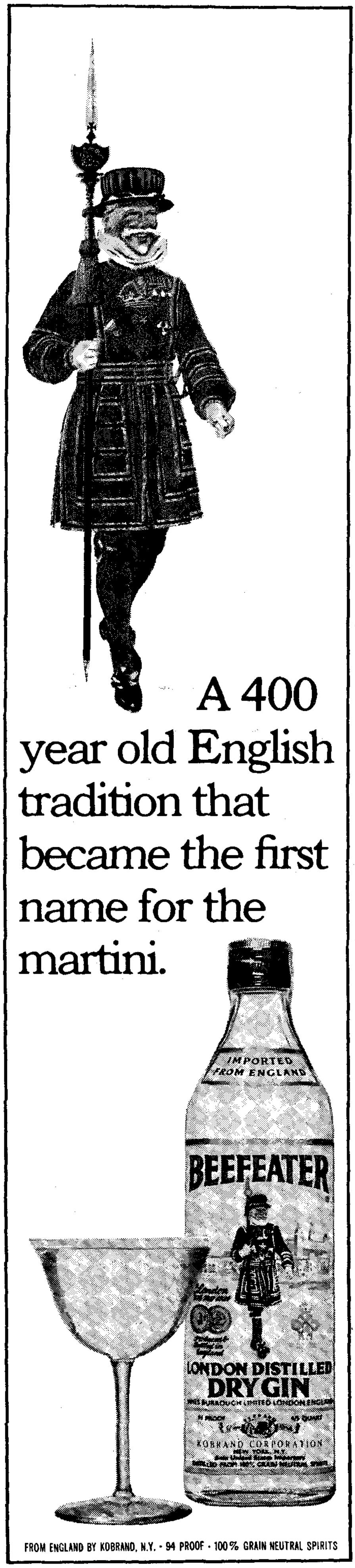
The Ultimate Shoulder Bag.

This is it. The ultimate Mark Cross design with MC monogram. Now in suede ($90), elephant ($150), denim ($65) and canvas ($80). None others can follow. To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. 10022, or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 90¢ postage beyond delivery area.)



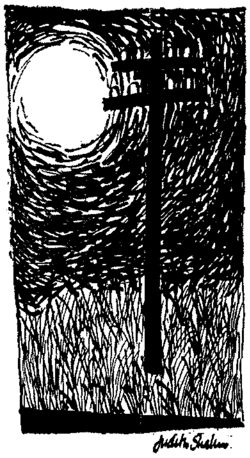
MARK CROSS ENGLAND

MARK CROSS
New York/San Francisco
Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Troy, Mich./Bal Harbour, Fla./Houston


A 400 year old English tradition that became the first name for the martini.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION
FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

of Washoe's two hands came together and separated. "She is saying 'Out there,'" Mrs. Gardner explained. "Now you see her running to a closed door. See, she's shaking her hand at the wrist and then making the opening sign. In other words, 'Quick, open.' As you see, she's quite intelligible."

On the screen, Washoe hugged herself, demonstrating love for a human companion. She begged—"Please. Please." Sitting near a large carpetbag, from which Mrs. Gardner brought out one object after another, Washoe told what each one was: hat, dog, pants, baby (doll), shirt, shoes, brush, comb. It was true—she did talk fast. Brushing her teeth, lips drawn back, was "toothbrush." For "banana," she peeled an imaginary one. (I felt a sudden wave of regret that Robert Yerkes would never see Washoe say "banana.") She even constructed sentences, like "You me go to flowers." She indicated herself by brushing forward at both ears with her hands flat. "That's her ASL name," Mrs. Gardner interpolated. "W Big Ears. Now you see her climbing a tree. Look carefully—she has just seen a bird, and is telling us about it." Washoe, hanging by one hand from high up in the tree, was signalling "bird" to the watchers beneath, the fingers rapidly closing and opening. Again on the ground, she looked at pictures of objects in a book and translated them into her form of words. "She used to try to pick the things up, especially the fruit, but she knows better now," said Mrs. Gardner. "There, if you watch, you can see what she's saying—bib, hat, pants, clothes, cat, dog." For "cat," Washoe inscribed imaginary whiskers on her own face, and for "dog" she patted her skinny little thighs.



At this point, Professor Gardner asked the audience if it would like more films or a question period, and the majority chose questions, so we missed the last reels. The lights went on, and Professor Gardner mounted the dais. There wasn't much to add, he said—the pictures told the story. However, he did add a good deal. He said that we should not assume from the film that Washoe always went through her paces so promptly, one after another. Interruption was a constant pattern. "It was hard enough getting her to sit in one place long enough for one or two words," he said. "As a result, we often weren't able to film something especially interesting, as when she would say 'Listen to dog' suddenly, on her own." One very soon lost any feeling of awe while working with Washoe, he said. At first, the Gardners had worried about how they could induce Washoe to transfer an idea from one situation to another. "But it didn't matter," Professor Gardner continued. "Washoe always transferred on her own. For instance, she is seldom near real dogs or cats, yet it's no problem for her to recognize toys or pictures of dogs and cats. In the same way, she has hardly ever been close to a real baby, but she knows about babies. In her vocabulary, 'doll' and 'baby' are the same thing." He told us that they had once taken the film to a high school for deaf children, where "the children read Washoe perfectly." One day in the lab, he was carrying the chimpanzee piggyback when they met a colleague carrying his small deaf child. Washoe saw the child and said "Baby!" At the same moment, the child said "Monkey!"

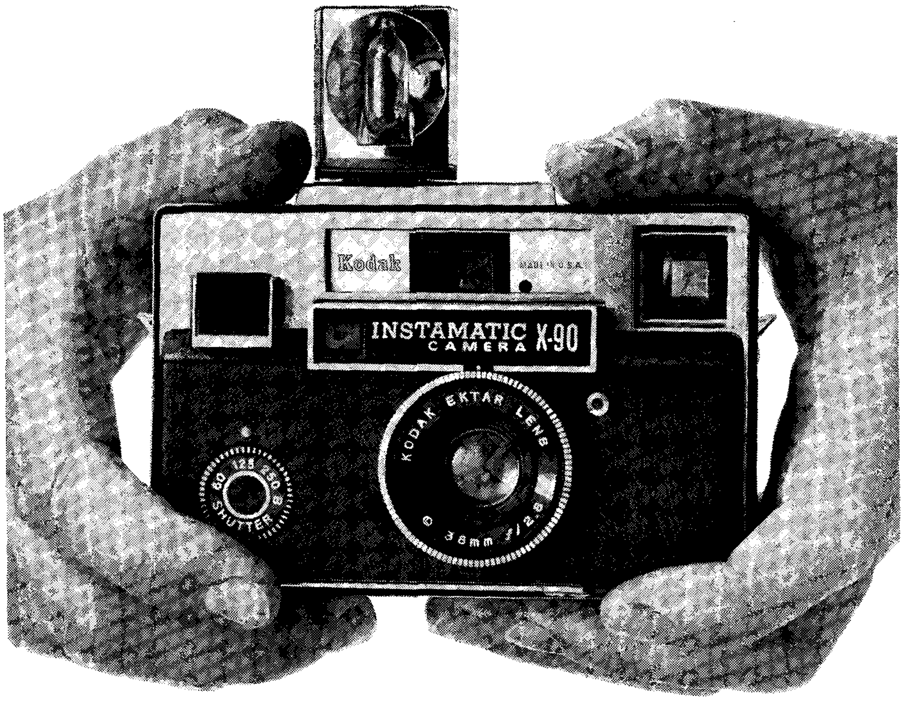
Concept formation sometimes made Washoe hard to handle, Professor Gardner said. Take keys, for instance. (At this point, as may be imagined, I sat up and listened harder than ever.) Washoe learned to use keys in padlocks, and she seemed to have mastered this technique for all time. After she demonstrated that she understood it, all padlocks and their corresponding keys had to be kept away from her, because when she did get her hands on a key again she knew exactly what to do with it. She would try all the keys she could get hold of on all the locks she could reach. Now, asked Professor Gardner, why should Washoe be able to apply a gesture to all classes? Simply because she is able to, he answered himself. Most animals do transfer. Why, then, do *we* think it difficult, when it is so easy for them? "Psychology is the relation of behavior to experience," he said. "You can't be a psychologist unless you're a behaviorist of some kind." The audience looked thoughtful, and some of its members, it seemed to me, looked as though they didn't agree, but he went on. Many of the statements or sentiments expressed by Washoe in sign language indicated that she found no difficulty in putting thoughts together. She had said of the refrigerator "Open food drink," and not, as her human companions did, "Open cold box," but her version was just as much of a combination. One of her longer sentences was "Please give me more hurry." Often she said "Please open hurry" and "Give drink please." She said "Go in" and "Go out," and once, when she wanted to go over to a raspberry bush, "Go sweet." She said "Roger come tickle" and "You me go out please."

"At first, all this was very exciting," Professor Gardner admitted, but he said that later he began thinking, "Is it really so staggering? Obviously it opened new horizons in more than one way, but when you saw it happen it began to lose its mystery. You think, Why not?" I sat trying not to find it staggering. I failed.

Professor Gardner continued, "A sharp distinction between semantics and syntax isn't easy for the psychologist to make, probably because the distinction is *not* sharp. Perhaps there actually is no line between them. There may be a kind of merging instead." I saw what he meant, or thought I did. Logic and language are interdependent. But the Professor had gone on. It seemed clear, he said, that gestures were the best way we had to communicate with chimpanzees, and he would be astounded if chimpanzees in the wild didn't use a gestural language. Certainly Washoe is always looking for new gestures or words, Professor Gardner continued, and sometimes she even invented one, as she did in the case of "bib," of which he told this story. The Gardners don't claim to be absolutely proficient in American Sign Language, and sometimes they make up a gesture for Washoe when they can't track it down in the book. In this way, they invented for "bib" a rubbing, or wiping, motion of the hand over nose and mouth. But one day Washoe asked for her bib with a new gesture, using her index fingers to trace lines from behind her neck down to meet on her chest, in a kind of outline drawing of a bib. This was interesting, but the Gardners, after talking it over, decided not to accept Washoe's version. After all, the Professor explained, the object of the experiment was to teach her a language, not to learn one from her. Later, they discovered that Washoe's "bib" sign was a lot closer to ASL usage.

Professor Gardner talked about hieroglyphics, which, he reminded us, are just pictures, though it is necessary to find the key before we can read them. Communication by gestures between human being and chimpanzee is much the same kind of thing. It might be

IT EVEN FEELS AUTOMATIC.



THE MOST AUTOMATIC AUTOMATIC.

Take hold of the new Kodak Instamatic® X-90 camera. Right off, it gives you a good feeling. Solid, dependable, smooth. It even feels automatic. And so it is. It does practically everything for you automatically.

Drop in the film cartridge—a spring motor automatically advances the film to frame #1, and to the next frame after each picture. Aim at a subject—the electric eye automatically computes and sets the exposure. Flash exposure is set automatically as you focus. Signals in the viewfinder light up automatically when you need to use flash, or when you need to change the magicube (the new flash that doesn't need flash batteries).

See the new most automatic automatic at your photo dealer's. Better still, handle it a bit, and get the feel of it. With fast f/2.8 Kodak Ektar lens, less than $145. Price subject to change without notice.

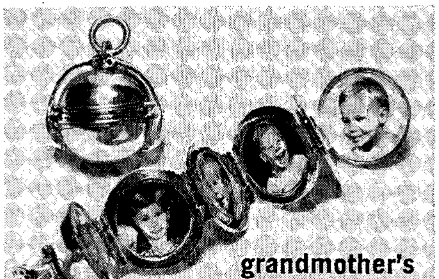
KODAK MAKES YOUR PICTURES COUNT.

Kodak

Coddle a friend

Our smooth white porcelain egg coddlers from England are friendly gifts, decorated with polite little flowers just for S.F.A. Pair of one-egg coddlers, $9. Two-egg size, each $6. Guest and Gift Shop. Please add 75c on mail and phone orders.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

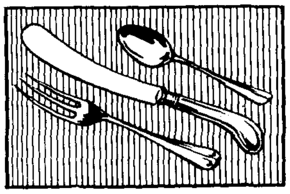


grandmother's charm

Sterling 1" sphere from Mexico holds 6 pictures.
10.50 ppd.

THE PHOENIX
793 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
1514 Wisconsin Ave., Wash., D. C.

"Queen Anne"
ENGLISH SILVER



Wyler
EST. 1890
713 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10021

asked why nobody had ever before tried to talk with chimpanzees by signs, he said, and he added that he thought it might be because so many people identify language with speech.

About Washoe's future Professor Gardner had only a few general things to say. It would be nice if she had some similarly educated chimpanzees to talk with. Suppose someday she has babies—will she be able to teach them her new language? Possibly. Even probably. She does push, even now, when her human friends don't seem to understand what she is saying. Deaf children who have seen the film say she is better at talking than the Gardners give her credit for being. And, of course, she is imitative, like chimpanzees generally, and, like all young children, she takes her imitations very seriously. "She sews, washes dishes, weeds in the garden—it's most impressive," Professor Gardner assured us.

The lecture was at an end, and the meeting was declared open for questions. These came by the swarm. One man asked if Washoe ever talks in her sleep, and Professor Gardner said, "We don't know. We don't watch her then. We're so thankful when she goes to sleep that we feel we should let sleeping chimps lie." Does she signal approval and negation? Yes, he said. In fact, she has shaken her head for "No." Another questioner wanted to know if she actually asks for signs, and he said, "We wish she would. She doesn't yet, but she is accelerating, and we have hopes."

When I left the hall, it was still thronged with psychologists, in groups, vocalizing and vocalizing.

BEFORE I saw, heard, and read so much about primates in colonies and in the laboratory, I took it for granted that I would be able to tidy up the subject and put it away when I had written about it, as one does after reviewing a book or passing an examination. One puts the review or the examination paper into an envelope, delivers it to the proper recipient, and turns to some new study. Well, I was wrong. I have not finished with monkeys and apes, and I will never finish with them. An awareness of primates is going to accompany me for the rest of my life. During the time I have spent on the subject, I have acquired more understanding of my own species.

Not that we are so much alike, except here and there—in details such as fleshy tissue, teeth, and resistance to this virus or susceptibility to that infection. I must keep it in mind that we aren't all alike. To people with a talent for generalization—who believe, for

Greater future income can be the goal of a $5,000 portfolio placed under management now

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. O54.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management . *Incorporated 1936*

Tonight

. . . take your cocktails casually (in our oak paneled lounge). And your food seriously, with today's liveliest, literate conversation.

Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
Late Supper: 9:30 on.

THE Algonquin
"landmark of the literate"

59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre and Dinner Guests (to 9:30 p.m.) enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:45 p.m.-2 a.m.)

Bonnie Oaks Resort

Beautiful Lodge and Cottages
On Lake Morey's Shores
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Open To October 13
Your Hosts, The Avery Family
Reservations: Tel. 802-333-4302
For Folder Write Box 14

If the line's too long at The Silent Woman, try The Quorum in Denver!

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

example, that war can be thoroughly understood through studies of the behavior of animals or fish defending their own territory—it is tempting to see subhuman primates as models for such human institutions as marriage, family, and government. The trouble with this concept is that among primates there are as many systems of family, mating, and dominance as there are primate species. Which must we accept as the shining example of domestic peace and happiness—the promiscuous chimpanzee, the easygoing gorilla, or the monogamous gibbon? Which is the better mother—the stern pig-tailed macaque or the permissive stump-tail? Japanese macaque fathers help to look after their babies, and marmoset parents take turns carrying theirs; chimp fathers seem to feel no responsibility whatever for theirs. In selecting a leader, would you prefer a bossy, overbearing type, like the baboon—a totalitarian, if ever there was one—or a gentle father figure, like the gorilla? Questions like these are not easy for human primates to answer. Indeed, they are impossible to answer, as far as I can see, and I can see a lot farther now than I could before I began observing primates. In all directions, horizons have receded. The glib summary no longer comes readily to my lips. I am sure of only one thing—that the proper study of mankind is more than man.

—EMILY HAHN

(This is the second of two articles on primates.)

•

Christopher Plummer, who plays the Duke of Ellington in "Waterloo," is still suffering from a sprained back which he suffered while they were filming in the Soviet. It didn't happen during the hectic battle scenes but from playing tennis during a break in the film.—*The News.*

He should have stuck to his piano.

•

A new steeple atop the Calvary Baptist Church in Florence makes the recently renovated structure among the three highest man-made buildings in the city. —*Photograph caption in the Charleston (S. C.) News & Courier.*

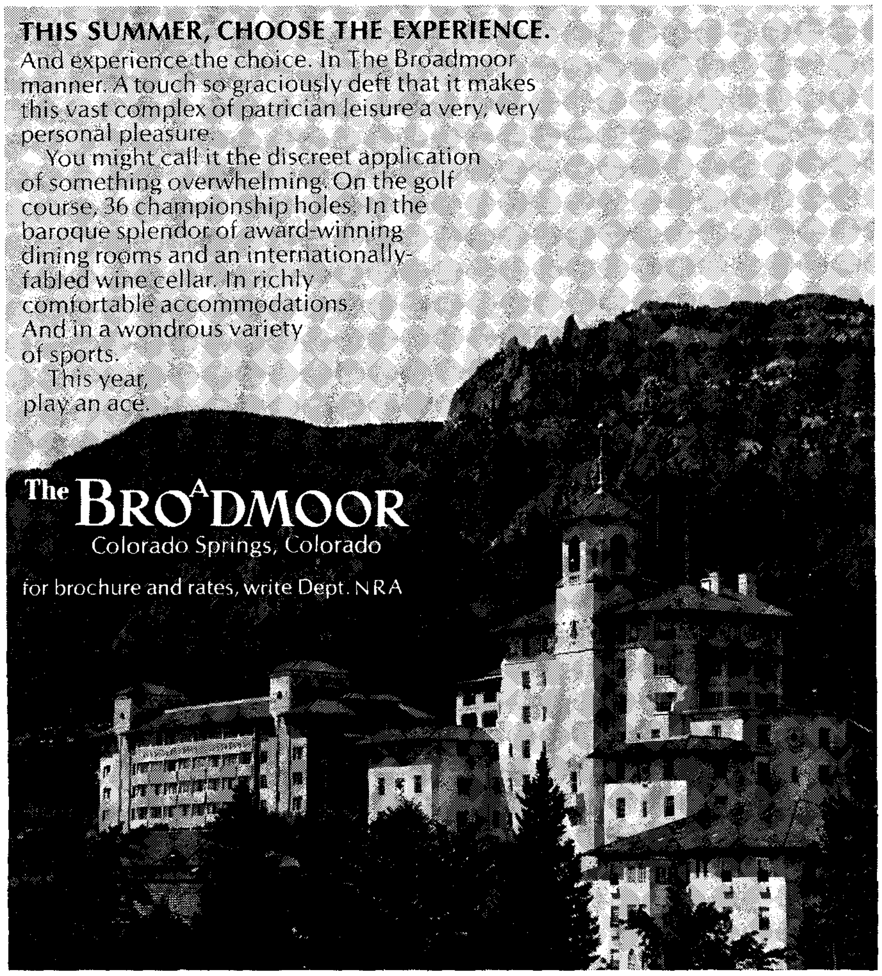
Would we be prying if we asked about the higher ones?

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From Thoreau's "Walden"*]

The startings and arrivals of the cars are now the epochs in the village day. They go and come with such regularity and precision, and their whistle can be heard so far, that the farmers set their clocks by them, and thus one well-conducted institution regulates a whole country.



THIS SUMMER, CHOOSE THE EXPERIENCE.
And experience the choice. In The Broadmoor manner. A touch so graciously deft that it makes this vast complex of patrician leisure a very, very personal pleasure.
You might call it the discreet application of something overwhelming. On the golf course, 36 championship holes. In the baroque splendor of award-winning dining rooms and an internationally-fabled wine cellar. In richly comfortable accommodations. And in a wondrous variety of sports.
This year, play an ace.

The BROADMOOR
Colorado Springs, Colorado
for brochure and rates, write Dept. NRA

Dive-ettes
the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better... by specialists. Eye-catching classic... stretch nylon gathered-waist tank suit. Selection of solid colors, trimmed with white. 8 to 16 preteen, about $10.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

At Lord & Taylor, New York; Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, Buffalo; Hecht Co., Baltimore; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus; Foley's, Houston; and all their branches; and other selected fine stores or write Dive-ettes, Inc., 112 West 34 Street, New York 10001

We shape your shoe the way God shaped your foot.

Man was made with a little hollow at the ball of his foot.

So our shoe was made with a little "bump" that fits right in there.

That little "bump" is what makes the Wright Arch Preserver Shoe different from any other shoe you've ever tried on.

It's what makes you feel so good when you wear it.

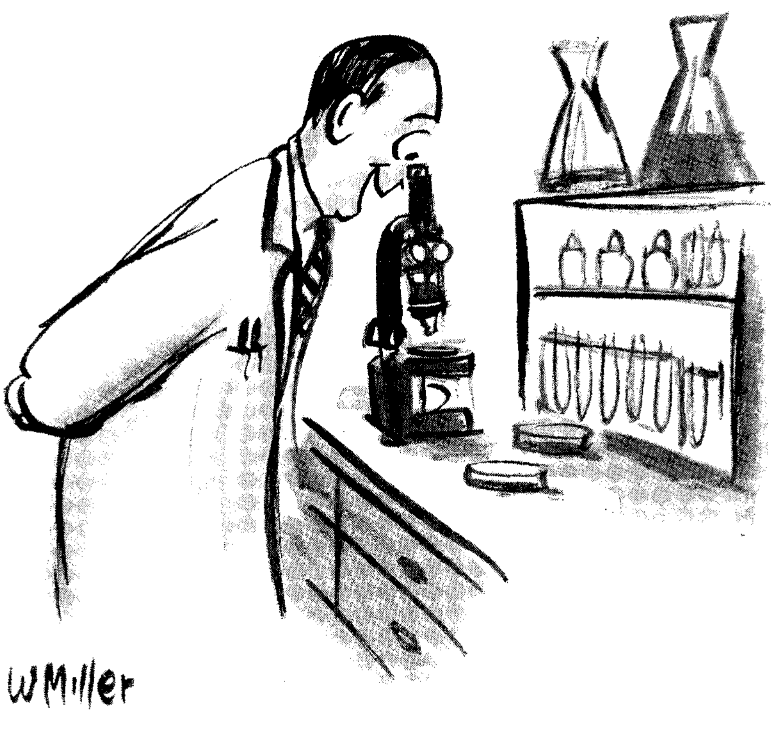
Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes

Style No. 320. E.T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. 02370

THE THEATRE

EXEMPLARY EXCELLENCE

IF you are scheduled to undergo an emergency appendectomy this week, perhaps you had better proceed with your plans; otherwise, I think you should make every effort to attend one or another of the last few performances being given here, at the little blond shiplike Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, by the French company known as Le Tréteau de Paris. The company's engagement is severely limited because, as its name indicates, it is perambulatory and evanescent by nature, being ready to throw some planks on sawhorses in the guise of a stage in any community in the country. (Led by Jean de Rigault, who founded the group thirteen years ago, it will be stopping off, after New York, in Washington, Los Angeles, and Berkeley.) The play that Le Tréteau is currently giving, under the direction of Claude Régy, is "L'Amante Anglaise," by Marguerite Duras, and the cast consists of three superlatively gifted actors at the very top of their bent—Madeleine Renaud, Claude Dauphin, and Michael Lonsdale, an Englishman who speaks French with a far better accent than Henry V's. These three created their roles in the first production of the play by the Théâtre National Populaire, at La Salle Gémier, in Paris, in 1968. The play was given earlier this season, in an English translation entitled "A Place Without Doors," by Arvin Brown's Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, and was subsequently brought to New York, where it pleased some and mystified many. One may be sure that this is precisely the effect that Miss Duras is content to achieve. She is a mischievous manipulator of the small change of common speech; not for a moment are we encouraged to assume that the face value of the words she offers us is their true value.



"Good morning. My, how you've grown!"

We have no reason to be surprised, then, that the title of the play turns out to be a pun. "L'Amante Anglaise" refers not to an English mistress but to a plant—*la menthe anglaise*—that Claire Lannes, the murderous heroine of the play, cultivates in her garden and that she habitually misspells the name of. Since she is not said to misspell any other words, we may conclude, following Freud, that a pun, and especially a pun based on an unintentional misspelling, is a revelation of genuine emotion, and that Mme. Lannes is to be trusted when she tells of her love for her garden and of her lack of love for anything else. She had a lover once, but no more; for many years now she has lived in the same house with her husband and a female cousin, a deaf-mute who has declined into the position of servant. It would be too much to say of them that they have lived in a state of truce, for that would imply a previous condition of war, and there has been none—there has been only a total revulsion from ordinary human contacts, and when Mme. Lannes murders her cousin it is not in a fit of rage or envy, or even irritation with her cooking and dusting. This is the puzzle that the play is concerned with, or pretends to be concerned with: Why has this dim, undemanding, icy woman killed a harmless fellow-being?

"L'Amante Anglaise" takes the form of an inquiry conducted by an interrogator who is neither a judge nor a prosecutor nor a priest nor a psychoanalyst but something of all these, and something of us in the audience as well, which is to say a snoop, eager to worry a choice morsel of gossip out of a person who preserves, against heavy odds, the right to confess to a crime without revealing the motives that lie behind it. Michael Lonsdale plays the interrogator with consummate grace, shifting from mood to mood as his persistence fails and his sympathy with the murderess increases. Madeleine Renaud as Mme. Lannes performs the always difficult feat of seeming to conceal strong feelings without arousing in us the least doubt that they exist and may in the next instant break out and shake her to pieces. She really *is* an enigma, and she lets us see that her story would have been a fascinating one if it had been the author's intention to recount it. The husband is played by Claude Dauphin, and what a tour de force of middle-class mediocrity this exceptional actor makes of his role! He is, after all, much less interesting than his wife, and in part he is less interesting because he has failed to commit murder. At the end of his long interrogation, he becomes convinced that his wife had intended, in her heart, to murder him instead of her cousin. His self-respect as a husband requires him to believe this; as time passes, he will take increasing satisfaction in contemplating the narrowness of his escape. He will forget that the escape is in his mind and not hers; if she thinks of anything, it is of English mint and the fragrance it releases when it is crushed.

"70, GIRLS, 70" deserves some sort of booby prize for having the worst possible idea on which to base a musical comedy—to wit: bring together a dozen or so

THIS IS AYRES'

The soft look of love, natural cotton smocked and trimmed with lace. 5 to 13. 46.00 Write Indianapolis, 46204. Add 75¢ handling chg. In Indiana, 2% sales tax. L.S. Ayres + co.

Indianapolis Lafayette Ft. Wayne Louisville

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

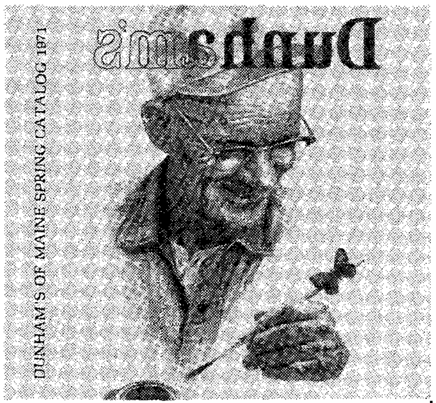
The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661



DUNHAM'S OF MAINE SPRING CATALOG 1971

WRITE FOR CATALOG
The Hathaway shirt on page 6 is one of the many items featured in this catalog.
WATERVILLE, MAINE 04901

miserable old folk living in seedy dishevelment in a fleabag of a hotel on the upper West Side and then devise some implausible means by which they become, for a moment, jolly and prosperous. But not even for a moment young again, alas!—and I can tell you it was no sight for sore eyes when the curtain went up at the Broadhurst and I beheld what appeared to be a gruesome reunion of senior citizens in St. Petersburg: chirrupy old ones, with dyed hair and sinewy bowed legs, whose coyly girlish and boyish airs mocked by imitation the freshness of their long-vanished youth. The ignominy and humiliation of age are not to be mitigated by affecting to believe that we can all stay young forever by acting young; it is a measure of the tastelessness of "70, Girls, 70" that the question asked in the title of the song "Do We?," sung by a pleasant couple of advanced years, refers to whether they are still having sexual intercourse and, if so, how often. The only substantial virtue in the show is Mildred Natwick, who is much too young—as well as much too nice—to be asked to carry such a burden. I felt sorry for her and for Lillian Hayman, who sings with far more gusto than she must feel.

A REVIVAL of a Paul Green-Kurt Weill anti-war musical of 1936, called "Johnny Johnson," gave a single performance at the Edison Theatre, and it was enough. Ralph Williams sang the title role with charm and feeling. He is sure to be back on Broadway soon, in a show that I hope will run for a year. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Candide-the-Pooh

"CANDIDE," in the South Hall of the Public, is yet another classic turned into a game—in this instance, into a sophomoric romp by a troupe from Chicago called the Organic Theater Company. To take a literary masterpiece and hoke it up until you end with something less dramatic or funny than the original seems to be the order of the 1970-71 season, and I wish the practice would stop, though I doubt it will. The supply of raw material is infinite, the writers are dead, the books are in the public domain, and the chances of litigation are nonexistent. As for this production, satire is entirely missing from it—despite all its allusions to present-day concerns—having been replaced by self-congratulation. The rather amateurish performers appear

Association with the Whitney Harris Financial Opportunities Group entitles you to:

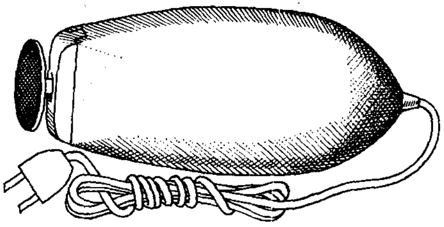
- **Borrow up to $10,000 within 24 hours**
- **Discreet and confidential handling**
- **Flexible repayment schedules and full prepayment privileges.**

Transactions are by personal mail and nationwide.

For particulars write:
Mr. D. R. Bullough
773 First Security Building
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
or call collect: 801-322-0473

Whitney Harris Financial Opportunities Group
Established and capitalized by
ITT
International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation

CALLOUS ERASER



Smooth away every bit of rough skin gently and quickly. Have better-looking feet. Safe, soothing, comforting. Gentle enough for elbows. **$5.** Extra refills, **$1.** At 23 Hoffritz stores. Mail: add 50¢ postage and handling. Area sales tax. Credit cards. $1 for catalog of 1,278 items.

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N-8, N.Y.C. 10003

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings ... blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

Le Périgord
Cuisine Francaise
405 E. 52nd St.
Res. PL 5-6244
on Park at 63rd St.
Res. 752-0050
ONLY 3 STAR FRENCH RESTAURANT
WITH PRIVATE DINING ROOM. PARTIES TO 80

in clown makeup in a commedia-dell'-arte setting; they send balloons sailing over the audience, they offer us popcorn out of noisy paper bags, and they get in touch with us in any number of other ways. Many of their comic routines are second-hand, being derived from burlesque and vaudeville (or, more likely, third-hand, being derived from movies or television shows about burlesque and vaudeville), and whimsey and literally dirty tricks abound. Nevertheless, it is hard to stay indignant at young people who are so full of themselves, and from time to time they do manage to pull it off, but even then their impudence—an invaluable quality wherever it appears—is no match for Voltaire's. Watching the show, I remembered that about eight or nine years ago there was a vogue among teen-agers for Winnie-the-Pooh and Christopher Robin, and it occurred to me that these Organics are the children of a vulgarized A. A. Milne rather than of F. M. Arouet.

A RECENT musical exercise called "Six," at the Cricket, didn't quite make a show, but it certainly made a showcase for half a dozen young performers who were as attractive and skillful as any you are likely to see in town, and it would have made both show and showcase if Charles Strouse's philosophical ideas about life, love, birth, and death, among other nouns, had been a tenth as fresh as his theatrical ideas and his agreeable score. Mr. Strouse, the composer of "Bye Bye Birdie," "Applause," and a handful of hit movies, wrote the book and lyrics, along with the music, for "Six," and he almost sank the operation in abstract thought. So showcase it was—for that compelling actor and singer Gilbert Price (isn't it about time somebody wrote a part worthy of his strength and talent?), for another good singer named Hal Watters, and for Gail Nelson, Alvin Ing, Johanna Albrecht, and Lee Beery. Peter Coe was responsible for the stylish, admirable direction, and Richard Nelson's setting—a matter of L-shaped blocks that the actors pushed around as one number succeeded another—seemed quite effective to me. —EDITH OLIVER

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Baltimore Sun*]

Channel 45, Baltimore's new UHF television station, will feature two sinkings of the Titanic and Vice President Spiro T. Agnew during its first broadcast week April 12 to 18.

Stay at a quiet place right in the middle of things...
A Knott Hotel
On two continents, in three countries, seven cities, Knott Hotels have become the preferred resting place for the world-weary traveler.
Outstanding service, tasteful decor, comfortable accommodations and gourmet cuisine are our trademarks.
On your next trip, choose a Knott Hotel.
A quiet place in a busy city.

NEW YORK, for instance THE WESTBURY HOTEL
MADISON AVENUE AT 69TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

One of the last strongholds of gracious living and dining on the East Side. Steps away from exclusive shops and art galleries. Beautiful decorated rooms. Excellent service.

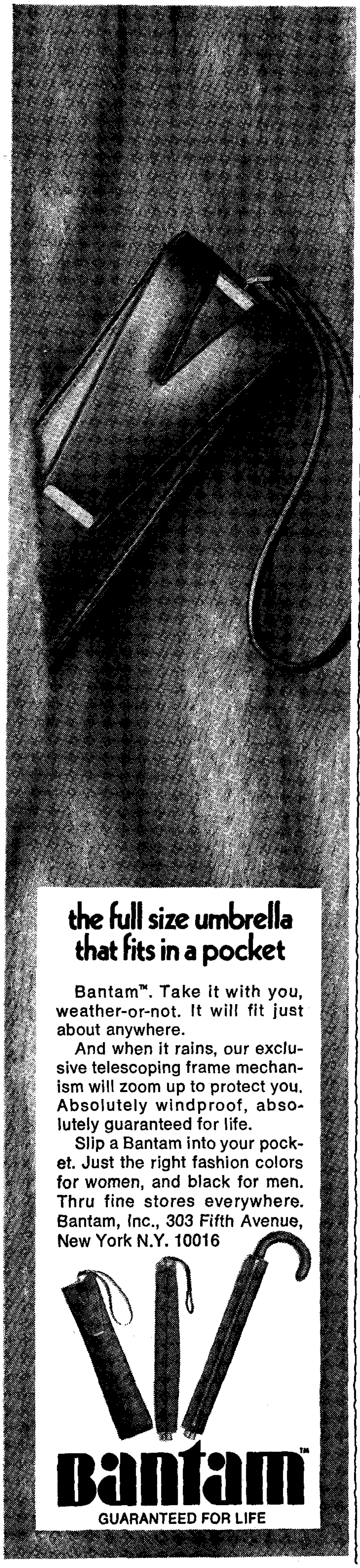
For toll-free reservations from anywhere in the Continental U.S. (Except Fla.) call 800-327-3384. In Florida, 800-221-2653.

For a brochure describing all our fine hotels, write Dept. N, Knott Hotels Corporation, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

People who go places know where to stay.

The Meadow Rose Collection
the elegant one...
in perfect taste . . . in any setting.
Flawlessly crafted.
At fine stores everywhere.
Meadowcraft
BIRMINGHAM ORNAMENTAL IRON COMPANY,
P.O. BOX 1911, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA 35201

SHOWROOM LOCATIONS: Chicago—Merchandise Mart; Dallas—Home Furnishings Mart; High Point-Southern Furniture Exposition Building; New York-The Decorative Arts Center; San Francisco—The Ice House


the full size umbrella that fits in a pocket

Bantam™. Take it with you, weather-or-not. It will fit just about anywhere.

And when it rains, our exclusive telescoping frame mechanism will zoom up to protect you. Absolutely windproof, absolutely guaranteed for life.

Slip a Bantam into your pocket. Just the right fashion colors for women, and black for men. Thru fine stores everywhere. Bantam, Inc., 303 Fifth Avenue, New York N.Y. 10016

Bantam™

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

THE RACE TRACK

Star Dust

LAST weekend, the Wood Memorial Stakes knocked a bit off the primacy of this year's Kentucky Derby. Though there will probably be more runners at Churchill Downs on May Day than there were at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon, none will have a more notable record than those who ran in the Wood, in which Good Behaving, winner of the Swift Stakes and the Gotham, beat Eastern Fleet, winner of the Florida Derby, by a length, and Executioner, winner of the Flamingo Stakes, was third, a short neck away. Jim French, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, was a close fourth. Nor is the Run for the Roses likely to be more enthralling, because Good Behaving was last for the first half of the mile and a furlong and then came up like a whirlwind. By the way, he's not in the Derby; his owner didn't nominate him for it.

Nine ran in the Wood, and Calumet Farm's Bold and Able was first around the clubhouse turn. He led well into the backstretch, but Executioner and Calumet's other entry, Eastern Fleet, overhauled him and went on, head and head, their riders' whips flying, into the straight, and I wondered who would crack first. Then Good Behaving, who had settled into his stride, came sailing along, as he did in the Gotham, and it was plain who would get all the money. Ring up another stakes race for Johnny Campo, who trains him. Incidentally, I was amazed at how well Jim French, whom Campo also trains, looked in the paddock after all he's done—half a dozen races in Florida, then to the Big A for the Bay Shore, back to Gulfstream for the Florida Derby, out to Santa Anita, and from there to Aqueduct. Next stop, the Kentucky Derby.

INSTEAD of watching the workouts for the Wood, I looked in on Hoist the Flag at Belmont Park one morning last week, and I'm pleased to report that his recovery is progressing favorably. Thanks to a Fiberglas cast that encases his right hind leg up to the hock, he not only can stand on all four feet but walks around in his stall with no more than a slight limp. He can also lie down and get up without too much effort. Dr. Mark Gerard, his veterinarian, visits him daily, and X-rays of the fracture are taken every two days to check on how it is healing and to see whether the cast has slipped. It will be a month, however, before the danger of infection passes. Hoist the Flag spends most of his time looking out over the door of his stall and munching hay from a rack nearby. I've a notion that he is pretty bored with it all, and now and then he nods—a sign that he has pains. But, as Sidney Watters, Jr., his trainer, puts it, "he does everything right." You can get no higher praise from a horseman.

FROM all accounts, Off-Track Betting is bouncing along merrily on the trots at Roosevelt Raceway. I suppose you've heard it is going to take bets on the Kentucky Derby. The Louisville racetrack management has threatened court action, charging "illegal appropriation of property and unfair competition." Colonel Martingale wonders if Churchill Downs, Inc., intends to take the same step against the boys in Las Vegas. Bookies in the principal cities, including this one, would be harder to serve with court orders. Besides, that would completely clog the wheels of justice in Kentucky, which move slowly anyhow. (If memory serves, the case of who won the 1968 Derby is still *sub judice.*) O.-T.B. plans to begin taking bets on the Derby three days before the race, and on an exacta, too, and expects to handle at least half a million dollars. Wrong Horse Harry submits that it takes so long to buy a ticket now that the sale should start immediately. . . . Ho-hum. Another five-million-dollar day at Aqueduct: 51,103 cash customers bet $5,814,490 last weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

A noted dental researcher predicted today that dentists soon would be able to replace teeth as easily as they extracted them. . . .

"The big problems at this stage are the difficulty in matching root size and tissue rejection, which is also common to organ transplants," said Siskin.

The two issues, expansion and a fourth jetport, are connected in that expansion of JFK would provide more time to select an appropriate site for the fourth jetport.—*The Post.*

How about somewhere between the incisors and the bicuspids?

(Advertisement)

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1970
food fashions family furnishings

Until They Found the Shelter, Their Home Was Danang's Streets

By GLORIA EMERSON
Special to The New York Times

DANANG, South Vietnam—He is a very different boy, even in this country where not many children lead safe, childlike lives. Vo Van Be is too small, too solemn, too silent for a boy of 11—although he does not really know if that is his exact age.

One of 24 youngsters who live in a bare, decaying, dirty house in this city, Vo Van Be very much likes his new home. He shines shoes, as do the other boys, to earn money. They all have tiny wooden boxes that hold bits of polish, part of a rag and a brush.

"He has a lot on his mind; most of the other kids have only themselves to worry about, but he has two sisters to support," Richard Hughes, a 27-year-old American, said of Vo Van Be. Mr. Hughes, whose home is in Pittsburgh, was an actor in the Boston Theater Company. He came to Vietnam as a journalist in 1968; two weeks later he was deeply involved in running a home in Saigon for "wandering children"—as the Vietnamese call these homeless youngsters.

If Vo Van Be seems to be a child listening always to voices no one else hears, the two small sisters seem even more removed.

A Child Beyond Surprise

The youngest, whose name is Bong, is 5, perhaps 6. She does not cry or often break her silence. Nothing seems to surprise her now; she only stares ahead.

Her older sister, Bi, has a swollen face and watery eyes that seem to hurt her in the sun.

They are by themselves during the day when their brother and the other boys go out to look for customers. Sometimes Bong plays a little with the big blue comb that all the boys seem to use. There is nothing else for shoeshine boys. The little girls should not be in the house that is at the end of an alley on a well-to-do middle-class street, but Vo Van Be has nowhere else to take them.

He cannot read or write. The young Vietnamese student, Vo Cong Tai, who lives with the children, tries to reach the illiterate. But there are not enough pencils, and nothing at all to write on.

Vo Van Be cannot answer questions about his past. The words do not come. Three years ago, his village in Quang Tin Province was bombed by American planes.

"Most died," Vo Van Be says. His parents did, but he does not mention this. He and his sisters took a bus to Danang where, for three years, they lived in the outdoor market, sleeping on the streets. Other shoeshine boys told him about the house and led the trio to it.

It is hard to understand why Bong does not have a clean shirt and why Bi cannot have the rash on her body treated. The answer: no money.

Dick Hughes, who is responsible for raising the $2,500 a month for the four homes he runs, speaks quietly of his daily, monthly, yearly chase for funds.

"In the United States, people don't care anymore. They want to forget about Vietnam and kids like these," he said. "If you ask them for help, so many people say, 'We're spending our money for things at home.' "

Busy With His Projects

An American philanthropist said, sorry, he could not help the shoeshine boys because his projects were arms control and birth control. A Congressman, touring Vietnam, promised to help, but nothing has happened.

Three American women, whose husbands are the highest-ranking members of the United States Mission here, dropped in at the boys' hostel at 195 Pham Ngu Lao in Saigon, and made the appropriate comments about Mr. Hughes's splendid work. But the ladies said they were busy themselves helping Vietnamese refugees from Cambodia and did not commit themselves.

"They did send us a television set—maybe the last thing in the world we need," Mr. Hughes said, with a grin.

A general has chipped in $50, but the huge American community has mostly remained aloof. Mr. Hughes does not like to hold out his hand to them, either.

The financial situation in the last two and a half years has usually been desperate. Mr. Hughes needs each month about $2,500 to run the Danang hostel and the three in Saigon, where a total of about 130 youngsters live. On one occasion, the actor even cashed in his return ticket to the United States to meet bills.

There are more than 44 voluntary agencies in Vietnam.

"They don't even begin to dent the problem in this country." Mr. Hughes said. "The voluntary agencies are tied down by regulations and restrictions. They don't want to go out on a limb, so they only support a successful project. They write letters to me like, 'Send us a letter from your president or board of directors.' That's a joke."

The Saigon companies of Esso and Shell—two of the world's leading oil companies – have contributed about $100 each. The most generous and spontaneous help has come from the Foremost Dairies of Vietnam, whose manager is Stanley Pantell.

"In Saigon he had the electricity redone, the toilets fixed for us. Twice he's given us grants and even money out of his own pocket when I was really up against it," Mr. Hughes said.

A few American friends, some of them with voluntary agencies, have helped him face the crushing problems of giving youngsters a feeling of being wanted, of not needing to steal. In Danang, there is 25-year-old James Trullinger of Syosset, N. Y., who is the American deputy adviser to the Mayor of Danang, and largely concerned with social welfare.

The boys, who are from age 6 to 18, must only follow one strict rule in the hostel here: no smoking. Many of them, sometimes at age 9 and 10, like to light up a cigarette to show that they are tough and worldly. Few demands are made on the boys. Mr. Hughes does not want them to feel they are being "rehabilitated."

There are squads for doing the simplest chores: cleaning the latrine, sweeping the floors, washing the dishes, but any Vietnamese housewife would groan at the results.

The boys here own so little that it hardly matters. The one piece of furniture where they can put things consists of two relics from the scrapyard. The other piece of furniture is a long
re they eat, with two benches

thing—the basic premise
must learn to care about
the American said.
he hardest of all things to
m. Some of the shoeshine boys in Danang and Saigon have been pimps and pickpockets. They have been in jail as vagrants, and they are often persecuted by the police.

Vo Van Be, a Vietnamese boy, about 11, has supported sisters, Vo Van Bong, left, and Vo Van Bi, since their parents were killed three years ago. They now live in home run by American, Richard Hughes.

"One of the boys, Nguyen Loi, was stopped twice during the last two weeks by policemen here who wanted money," Mr. Trullinger said, "A policeman said to Nguyen Loi, 'Hey, stop right here. Give me 50 piasters so I can go to the movies.' "

But Nguyen Loi refused to come across, Mr. Trullinger said, and the boy was taken to the police station.

"His hands were held behind his back, and he was hit in the mouth with a gun," said Mr. Trullinger, who complained to the Mayor. It is not certain what the Mayor can do.

Some of the children have been hurt by the war beyond repair. Such as little Vo Van Be and his two sisters, or 17-year-old Nguyen Van Tri, who lost his right leg and half of his left leg when a Viet Cong mine exploded.

Some children ran away from brutal parents and refuse to go back to them.

There are others who have forgotten who they are, what they suffered: A tiny boy with a wide grin and long spindly legs has been christened Moritz by a Vietnamese housemaster for he does not know what his real name is. He is a Montagnard from the central highlands of Vietnam. No one else in the hostel here can find out anything more.

Phuong Van Nhan, 8 is a tormented child whose parents both had seizures of insanity. He ran away. When he talks, he cannot stop rubbing the table with one hand. Sometimes he weeps and cries out at night.

There are older boys who are heroin and morphine addicts; boys with polio who can crawl, but not walk, bright boys and slow ones; boys who have been professional thieves; boys who fight with knives, and boys who will, as Mr. Hughes puts it, never become "Horatio Algers." Mr. Hughes does not lecture or preach. He shares what they have, and he is always there.

"Once a boy trusts you, all else will follow: school, discipline, work, dignity, and the difficult search back into themselves, as to how they can compensate for what they have lost and how they can possibly even be happy," he said.

Luxury Is Not Necessary

He does not think it would be better for the boys if they suddenly found themselves in luxurious surroundings.

"If the boys stick with you, out of love, when there are few clothes, few conveniences and facilities, and little money, the project is sound," he said. "Then the trust will last through the better, more affluent times."

The problems never stop: There are illnesses that must be treated, unbelievable red tape before a boy is issued papers and can be sent to a school to learn a trade; the struggle with landlords who want to raise rents, and the effort to give the youngsters a feeling of "family."

"After all, no matter how successful our hostels are, they will always be the second best thing," Mr. Hughes said. "Our sort of 'family' will have to suffice until some order is restored, until the boys can return to homes that are not shattered and at odds."

For two years, Richard Hughes has faced the crises almost alone. He knows when to interfere between quarrelling boys who have butcher knives, when to let a fistfight go on, how to gently caress a head and take time to hear a very dirty small boy tell him what happened that day.

Seven months ago, he hoped that he could pull out and let the Vietnamese take over, but it has not yet worked out. He does not really feel he can leave now. Years from now, he said, he still will not have stopped wondering how they are.

It has been worth it for him, and for them. Once writing home to his parents about the boys who have been looked on as waifs, criminals and outcasts, he wrote:

"I care very deeply for each last one of them. They are gallant and good. And I cannot fathom where all their love had gone before I came."

© 1970 by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.

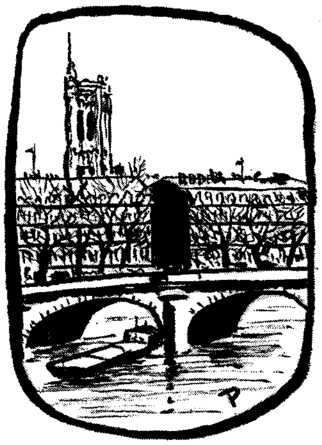
For the price of a carton of cigarettes, become a humanitarian.

Help Dick Hughes. The New York Times piece above tells how Dick Hughes has given his life to the street children of Saigon. Many have already helped Dick Hughes. But much more is needed. If you can spare the price of a carton of cigarettes, send it to Dick Hughes, JUSPAO Mailroom/Saigon, APO San Francisco, California 96243. If you'd like more information call 212-685-0517.

LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 13

GENERAL DE GAULLE's voluminous books of memoirs have always been extensively purchased by the French, though perhaps less compulsively read by them. The latest volume of "Mémoires d'Espoir," published last month under the title "L'Effort," unfortunately lacked the final, key chapter, planned to contain his personal judgments on the state of France, of Europe, and, indeed, of the world, his writing of this interesting document having been interrupted late last year by his unexpected, swift engagement with death. However, a new de Gaulle book has appeared within the past fortnight and has met with unprecedented popularity, probably because it was written not by de Gaulle but by his Gaullist literary colleague André Malraux, who has compiled in it the words and ideas of both men, so that it speaks for them in duo while speaking of them individually. It is titled by a quotation from Victor Hugo—"Les Chênes Qu'On Abat," to be translated in the English version as "Fallen Oaks." A semipolitical book, in form another memoir, it is like two mingled monologues, with connecting incidentals, on the efforts and intentions of these two dominant men, who tried to change their part of the world by giving it a new modern history in Gaullism. It is based on a recollective conversation that took place between the two during a luncheon and a long afternoon on December 11, 1969, in de Gaulle's country residence at Colombey. Housebound during a rare snowstorm, the two men talked together for four hours, in the course of which Malraux, who has over many years trained his remarkable memory to be used like a palimpsest, talked and listened and remembered, eventually writing it all down. Apparently, he had complained of the important unofficial conversations that have been lost to history through the forgetfulness of the talkers, and named Diderot, for instance, as having forgotten even what Catherine the Great had talked about with him, let alone anything she said. Malraux also had deplored that when there was a great historical talker present, like de Gaulle, there was only rarely a commensurate figure to take it all down—thus candidly choosing himself to be the perfect amanuensis. This was the casual genesis of this important book, already at the top of the spring best-sellers, and deservedly so. Their talk took place in de Gaulle's austere study, where, over the final months after his retirement, he read Shakespeare and Aeschylus; there he also played solitaire, on a card table already set out, Malraux noted, for family card games with his grandchildren on their coming visit.



The conversation began just the way one might think, with de Gaulle saying to Malraux, "What you and I wanted—and why not give it its true name?—was the grandeur of France." That is finished, he went on; France can still astonish the world, but later. She will negotiate everything—with the Americans, with the Germans, and even with the Russians. France rose up against her system of parliamentarianism, he said with satisfaction, but in the end she also chose what he called "the cancer," meaning the continued individualistic, disunited French political mixtures that were the causes of her perilous instability when he took over her destiny. Another of his complaints, which figured vitally in their talk, was the absence of any over-all plan for France's future—indeed, the absence of planning for survival for the whole world. "I do not think that the United States, despite its power, has any long-term political plan," he said. "Its desire, which one day it will satisfy, is to abandon Europe—you will see. Russia's plan is to gain time. France has no plan whatever. The French have no national ambition. They want to do nothing for France. Even the English have no national ambition anymore," de Gaulle said, as if in mentioning England he were citing the highest kind of international authority.

There are many references in the Colombey conversation to destiny and, naturally, to death. One sombre thought leading to another, Malraux suddenly asked, "*Mon Général*, why should we think that life must have some sense to it?"

De Gaulle countered, "What have the philosophers not said about that, ever since they started to think about it!"

To this Malraux replied, "Should not religion give the answer? If life must be considered to have sense, isn't that because only life can give us a sense of death? You know what Einstein said: 'What is most astonishing is that the world almost certainly has sense to it.'" Malraux went on, "If our civilization is not the first to deny the immortality of the soul, it is certainly the first for which the soul has no importance."

To this de Gaulle, knowing that Malraux described himself as agnostic, replied, "Why do you talk as if you had faith when you have none?" At this point in the book, Malraux interpolates that he thinks that in his way he has a kind of faith, whereas de Gaulle, a member of the Catholic Church, has none: "Whenever I talk to the General about faith—meaning his faith—he makes a vague gesture with his hand, as if chasing away gnats."

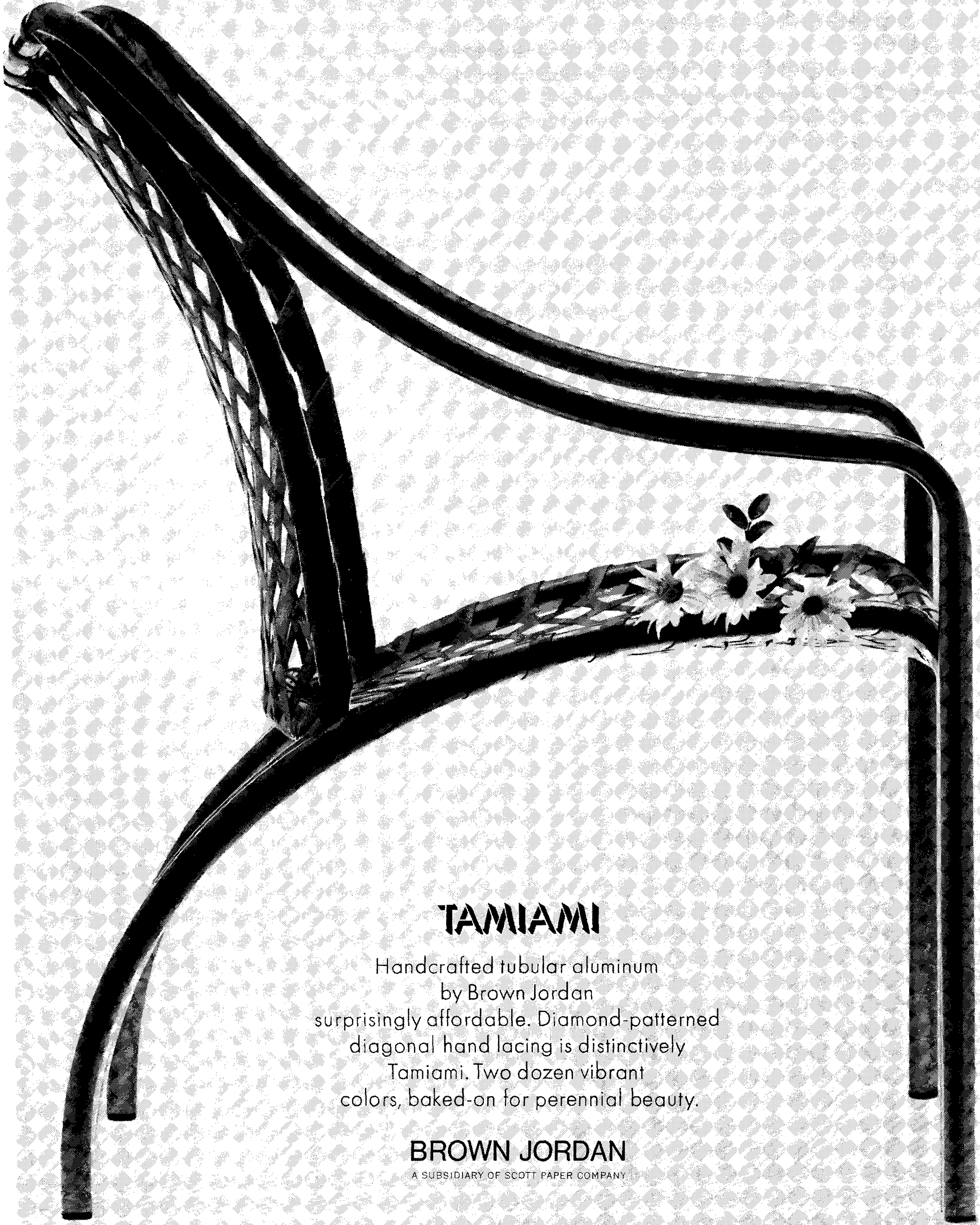
Later, de Gaulle said, with a certain greatness, in reference to his leadership, "I gave back to France what she had given to me." Then: "Stalin said only one serious thing to me, which I have already told you: 'In the end, only death wins.'

"It was you who imposed the word Gaullism, wasn't it?" the General suddenly inquired of Malraux. "What did you mean by it in the beginning?"

"During the Resistance, I meant something like political passion in the service of France, as opposed to France in the service of the passions of the political right or left," Malraux replied. "Also, for most of those who followed you, it meant a sentiment. Your ideology didn't seem to me to be of capital importance. The importance lay elsewhere. During the war, of course, it lay in the national will; afterward—and above all after 1958—it lay in the feeling that your motives, good or bad, were certainly not those of the politicians."

"When I saw the politicians all together for the first time," de Gaulle declared, "I felt, without any possible error, their hostility toward everything. They did not believe in my rule, but they understood that I represented the state. It was the same thing: to them, the state is the Devil, because if it exists, politicians no longer exist. They lose what they cling to above all, which is not their money but their vanity. They all abominate the state."

"You didn't make the politicians' life easy," Malraux reminded him. "They promised gifts, you promised



TAMIAMI

Handcrafted tubular aluminum
by Brown Jordan
surprisingly affordable. Diamond-patterned
diagonal hand lacing is distinctively
Tamiami. Two dozen vibrant
colors, baked-on for perennial beauty.

BROWN JORDAN
A SUBSIDIARY OF SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

You'll find Brown Jordan fine aluminum furniture at leading stores and through interior designers. For a full-color brochure and your nearest dealers, write Brown Jordan, El Monte, California 91734.

sacrifices. The fact remains that the French are anti-monarchist and also anti-politician. You made the French a rare gift of enabling them to choose what was best in themselves. The Communists did the same. Not the others. Your France was never a rational domain. It was like the Crusades. Why did we follow you? You said that in the end we might be the victors; we thought that we would first be dead. The Gaullists of the left really hoped that sooner or later, in the social realm, they would obtain what they no longer expected from the Communists or from the Socialists, though that is not the reason they followed you—in 1940 social justice might as well have been on the moon. What prevented Gaullism from becoming mere nationalism was its weakness; your force consisted in your having nothing. Communism is the proletariat, but it is also a will for justice that is not merely Marxist. Gaullism was France, but also something more. One of the reasons, *mon Général*, that I have been regarded as a sort of symbolic Gaullist is that I never ran for elective office. You were alone on June 18th, and you are alone today. Perhaps that was the way it had to be."

"Each time I have been right, I have had everyone against me," said the General, and not for the first time during the conversation.

"France has been ravaged by its myths," Malraux said.

"I was a myth, too," the General replied.

"Of a different sort," Malraux declared, with finality.

There was a sense of almost confessional dramatic urgency in many moments of this conversation, since Malraux was convinced that he would never again see de Gaulle alive, or hear his voice, or follow the movement of his mind. And though de Gaulle, as always, even in his private conversations, mentioned names become great over the centuries, such as Napoleon (often), Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Clemenceau, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Baudelaire, Mao, and even Hitler, there were brighter moments, as when he mentioned Brigitte Bardot, recalling that she had attended a reception at the Élysée Palace wearing trousers and a frogged jacket; he told her she furnished the happy military touch, whereas he was only a civilian in civilian clothes. The name of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy also came up that day at Colombey. De Gaulle had seen her at her husband's funeral and had found her "a courageous woman, very well

TAKE A BARCLAY WEEKEND BREAK INSTEAD

Have a vacation that will make you, not break you. Any Friday, Saturday or Sunday night in a luxurious Barclay suite with hearty breakfast in bed. It will let a lot of sunshine in. And very little money out. $40.00 per couple per night.

Dial-free for reservations:
In Continental U.S.A. 800-221-2690
In New York State 800-522-6449
In New York City (local call) 340-2776

The Barclay
A REALTY HOTEL
Just off Park Avenue at 111 E. 48th Street

Exclusive, from Italy, 32-piece Calypso chess set. King 4¼" high. In wood, exquisitely hand-carved and painted. In wooden box. $275.00 postage included.

Duty, if any, payable on receipt.
Write for our illustrated Price List

"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"

C.&M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735 DEPT. N
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
You may charge to your American Express Card

CAPE COD VACATIONING
CHATHAM BARS INN
and Non-Housekeeping Cottages
A fine American Plan hotel of distinction on a 65-acre estate overlooking the ocean. Private beach, tennis, own golf course, cocktail lounge. Summer theatre, shops. fishing nearby. May 22 to October 13.
E. R. McMullen, Jr.,
Res. Mgr., P.O. Box 666 E, Tel 617-945-0096
Chatham, Mass. 02633

Where do you go to get in shape?

Florence Eiseman Swimwear.
Nan Duskin Philadelphia
Swanson's Kansas City

PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA
See your travel agent or our representative:
Leonard P. Brickett, One Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. 08540 Tel. (609) 924-5084 Cable: Lenbrick

LOCAL DRUG STORE IS *NOT* THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR PEN.
Fountain pens, Ballpoints, Fibre and Cartridge pens . . . world's finest. Marvelous selection of European made writing instruments. Mont Blanc, Lamy, Huber, and others. If handwriting is important to you, send us 25¢ for complete catalogue. You'll be very pleased!
J. D. BROWNE · Ghirardelli Square
900 North Point · San Francisco, Calif. 94109

ADVENTURE in CREATIVITY
". . . the summer experience was a total success."
—Rod Serling
Art • Music
Writing
Theater
Dance • Film
Summer residential program. Coed. Ages 14-19. June 28-Aug. 8
H. Y. Motley, Jr., CRANBROOK, Box 801, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

brought up." Malraux now reminded him that he had also (with extraordinary prophecy) said that she was "a born *vedette* [star], who will end on the yacht of an oil king."

The conversation also contained nonpolitical inquiries, such as Malraux's "Do you like Greek sculpture, *mon Général*?"

To this the answer was "The only sculpture that says something to me is that of the *Moyen Âge*. It is France itself. The rest is archeology."

In the Colombey conversation, the bleak, bitter, isolated views of de Gaulle stand out. He said, "I tried to arouse France against the end of the world. Did I fail? There is no doubt but that we are witnessing the end of Europe. Why should parliamentary democracy—which killed us, and which is not capable of assuring even the development of Belgium—be so sacred, when the task is to overcome Europe's enormous obstacles? People are obsessed by democracy, now that it no longer exists. Anti-Fascism takes care of everything. As you know, the European states will come to an understanding or Europe will be nothing. We are the last Europeans of Europe. The question no longer is whether France can make Europe; the need is to understand that France is threatened by death through the death of Europe. If you want to watch Europe die, look around you. It is a sight you don't see every day."

The conversation and its melodrama ended when the General came to the door of his house, held out his hand in farewell, and looked at the first evening stars. "They confirm for me the insignificance of things," he said.

Malraux's intuition had been right; he never saw de Gaulle again.

—GENÊT

•

The album Lennon has just put together, "John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band," is particularly interesting because all the songs are autobiographical and they also tell something about the writer.—*Houston Post.*

Almost too good to be true.

•

A GOOD SALESMAN is hard to find, that's why I'm in a bind. They say beggars can't be choosers, but I don't want born losers. If you're willing to work full time, you can share in my gold mine. Call 366-4331 to get more details. Mr. Lord will show you sales.—*Adv. in the Stamford Advocate.*

We're just loaded with charismas. May we help you in your business?

Make your lounging Laguna style

Slip into the popular Laguna Lounger and you will know what true relaxation is all about. Individually attached straps support your body weight at all points. It has two positions, one for resting, one for reading. An extra metal plate protects the runners and keeps them from wearing out. There are no moving parts, no screws or bolts. Everything is exactly as you see it, ready to take out of the carton and use. Available at Abercrombie & Fitch and great stores everywhere.

tropitone

Furniture Co. Incorporated P.O. Box 3197
Commerce Blvd.—N. Hwy. 301 • Sarasota, Florida 33578

Send 25c for complete line brochure

THIS YEAR GIVE MOM FINE LEATHER INSTEAD OF LACE...

$19.75

Our own exclusive . . . a capacious (but flat) handbag. Completely leather-lined. Inside zip pocket plus 2 side pockets. 10½" x 8" x 3". Your choice of lizard grain, saffian, supple calf, crushed or smooth patent. Black, white, bone, navy. (Red available in calf or lizard grain.)

Crouch & Fitzgerald

FINE LUGGAGE SINCE 1839. AGENCY FOR LV LOUIS VUITTON.
400 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Orders gift wrapped. Free delivery within UPZ, N.Y.C. Outside UPZ add $1.00 postage. Add 6% sales tax for N.Y.C. delivery. Elsewhere, add tax applicable. American Express, Diners Club, Carte Blanche and BankAmericard honored.

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Sugar Coating

PIERRE BOULEZ, who is to be the new musical director of the Philharmonic, and who many fear is going to confront its audience with large doses of twentieth-century music, presented this audience last Thursday night in Philharmonic Hall with a sugar-coated pill. His program with the orchestra was devoted entirely to works of the Austrian decadence, but at least three of the items represent that decadence in its early stages, when their composers had not yet slipped into systematic atonality. Two of the three are drenched in post-Wagnerian sentiment, which here and there, as in Webern's Passacaglia, Opus 1, approaches almost neurotic proportions. One could easily perceive, in listening to this work, that any further progress along the line that it represents would lead only to madness, and, indeed, perhaps it did, if you regard, as I do, the work of the later atonalists as in some ways representing the calm detachment and uncommunicativeness of certain types of psychosis. Music—at least Austrian music—was dying when the Passacaglia was written. Killed by Wagner? Maybe, although this explanation has always seemed simplistic to me in view of the subsequent great operas of Richard Strauss. Killed, rather, I think, by the idea that anything written in that era was obliged to progress along Wagnerian lines in the direction that Wagner had established. The second of the three works was Schoenberg's familiar "Verklärte Nacht," a composition of the same stripe—more poetic, less hysterical, the period's most often performed work. It is difficult for those who are acquainted (and who is not?) with Antony Tudor's ballet "Pillar of Fire," which uses this score, to eliminate the associations connected with the ballet from the music when listening to it in concert, and to realize that Schoenberg's own scenario, or program, is entirely different from the one Tudor used for ballet purposes. But whatever the associations, "Verklärte Nacht" is a moving and fascinating work. It was the third of these early works, however, that made the greatest impression. This was Alban Berg's "Seven Early Songs," which date from 1905 through 1908—a time when Berg was studying with Schoenberg but had not yet adopted his methods. These songs, to my mind, represent Berg at his greatest, and in them he shows himself to be a very great composer indeed. There is little of the post-Wagnerian chromatic ideology here. The influences are closer to Brahms, and the idiom is not really "progressive" but, on the contrary, is true to the conventions of the Austro-German lied, of which Berg shows himself to be perhaps the last master.

The beauty of these songs is as profound as any that one can find in music, and the Teutonic melancholy and the delicacy of feeling are hypnotic. Fortunately, the other night we had as soloist Heather Harper, an Irish soprano, who is one of the finest lieder singers of our time, and she penetrated the deepest emotional meanings of each song. Meanwhile, the accompaniment provided by Mr. Boulez and the orchestra was memorable for its clarity and sympathy.

The rest of the program did not impress me as much, though Mr. Boulez exerted himself just as hard in trying to bring it and his audience together. Berg's "Five Orchestral Songs After Picture Postcard Texts by Peter Altenberg," Opus 4, dates from the years just prior to the First World War, and is already over the hill into near atonality. As with everything Berg wrote, these "Altenberg Songs" are orchestrated with extraordinary imagination and skill. The third of them, "Über die Grenzen des All," contains one frightfully difficult leap for the singer, which Miss Harper managed with no trouble whatever. But the shadow of decadence and formalism is heavy over this work, and any real expression—despite Miss Harper's gallant efforts—escaped this listener. The remaining work was Berg's Three Orchestral Pieces, Opus 6. Echoes of Gustav Mahler appear here, and, as usual, the orchestration is extraordinary. But Berg's early eloquence has been lost, leaving a dry sort of rhetoric, almost empty of meaning. Mr. Boulez conducted everything with consummate musicianship, and, though I have taken the program apart in order to give my impressions of each item, it was as a whole one of the more interesting performances the Philharmonic has recently given.

FROM here to the so-called rock opera "Tommy," which is being presented by Les Grands Ballets Canadiens at the City Center (I witnessed it on Wednesday night), is a long step—a step from the sunset of a great musical civilization to a brash, new, and slightly raw youthful musical uprising. Yet "Tommy," a concoction by the British rock group called The Who, is undeniably music, and it cries out for just the sort of ballet treatment that the Ballets Canadiens give it. In some ways, it is more a theatre piece than a ballet, but theatre pieces have their place in the ballet world, and this one is at least touching in its effect. Tommy is a young boy who has lost his sight, speech, and hearing as an infant after seeing his father kill his mother's lover. Cut off from the world, he is persecuted by a cousin, molested by an evil uncle, tempted and spurned by an Acid Queen, and led by a friendly but shady Pin Ball Wizard to use his only remaining sense, touch, to become an expert at that game. All efforts to cure Tommy's traumatic condition fail until his mother one day smashes a mirror while trying to get through to him. Tommy is miraculously cured, and, in resuming his contact with society, becomes a sort of messiah, with his own religion, which seems to attract people by the thousand. But his disciples soon find his religious ideas too demanding, and turn against him. As a result, Tommy resumes his former psychosomatic isolation while the rock group chants, as the curtain descends, "See me; feel me; touch me; heal me."

This little fable of alienation, which undoubtedly speaks eloquently to today's youth, is given a lavish and imaginative production, with taped accompaniment taken from the Pop record, and filled out in some places, unless I am mistaken, by extra instrumental episodes. I found it highly effective. Alexandre Belin was Tommy, Leslie-May Downs the mother, William Josef the father, Hilda Morales the Acid Queen, Mannie Rowe the Pin Ball Wizard, and John Stanzel, looking somewhat like a bearded lady, the evil uncle.

"Tommy" is preceded by a curtain-raiser called "Hip and Straight," a rather innocent romp that sets out to contrast classical ballet with Mod dancing. It has a nice pas de deux by Erica Jayne and Richard Beaty and some pleasant Mod sequences by Hae Shik Kim and Mannie Rowe. To me, the accompaniment, by Les Percussions de Montréal, mostly in four-four time and sounding like primitive African music, was a bit noisy and monotonous.

LAST Friday night, a splendid production of "Un Ballo in Maschera" by the New York City Opera involved several changes of cast from the season's first performance. The principal newcomer was the South African soprano Joyce Barker, who was making her American début on this occasion in the role of Amelia. Miss Barker was obviously nervous, and did not get into her full stride until the middle of the second act. By that time, however, she was demonstrating that she is a dramatic soprano of consequence, with a huge voice (throttled back artistically for most of Amelia's role), some soaring high pianissimos, and a richly expressive quality of tone. She also proved herself to be a pretty good actress, by operatic standards. She is a large woman who handles herself well on the stage. I am not sure that Amelia is her ideal role. She has Wagnerian possibilities. Certainly we will hear her again before long, for she is a real discovery. The performance the other night, conducted by Charles Wilson (for the first time), had no end of spirit. Michele Molese, as Gustavus III, sang robustly and, though there was an occasional pinching in his high register, lyrically. Lili Chookasian was an ideal Ulrica—one who didn't seem to consider it obligatory to roar out her low notes. If the evening had a star, it was the dependable baritone Louis Quilico, familiar in the role of Renato, and extremely effective in it.

ON Monday evening last week, I attended a recital in Alice Tully Hall by the Japanese violinist Koji Toyoda, who is at present the principal concertmaster of the Berlin Radio Orchestra. Mr. Toyoda presented a musically taxing program, including Beethoven's Sonata No. 10 in G Major, Opus 96; Bach's almost unplayable unaccompanied Sonata No. 3, with its terrifying C-Major Fugue; Schubert's Sonata in A Major for Violin and Piano, Opus 162; and Stravinsky's Divertimento for Violin and Piano. The pianist was Martin Katz, and he performed admirably. Mr. Toyoda is the possessor of a brilliant and accurate left-hand technique and a cultivated though not always steady manner of bowing. The C-Major Fugue held no terrors for him technically. On the other hand, I found his playing a bit superficial when it came to deep understanding of musical style. A large audience containing many Japanese was in attendance.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Berger sees a number of reasons for continued sex after marriage, which he said is not infrequent.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Berger's no one's fool.

THE FRAGRANT WORLD OF ★ CASWELL-MASSEY

By demand of Women's Lib.

MANIDAMA

The Velvety Hand Cream!

Tried and true throughout Europe. Compounded of pure Italian lemon juice in a superior vanishing base.

2½ ounce tube $3.75

From the C-M. Cologne Collection

RED JASMIN

Featured on all American Airlines International flights.

AURA PATCHOULI

The original underground coup de Grass!

3 ounce $4.00, 8 ounce $8.75, 16 ounce $16.00
also available in TOILET WATER, 4 ounce $10.00

Swiss WOLO Cream Bath

A foaming gelée for shower or bath—based on wheat germ oil. Subtly scented with Rosemary.

18 baths $7.50, 65 baths $25.00

All major charge cards accepted. Kindly include charge number. Visit our historic pharmacy at 518 Lexington Ave. (48th St.) or send $1.00 for two issues of our unique catalog. Sorry, no C.O.D.

CASWELL-MASSEY CO. LTD. ★ EST. 1752

★ AMERICA'S OLDEST

★ NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014

Item #____ Size:____ Qty:____

Name:____

Address:____

City:____

State:____ Zip:____

NY4241

CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS ★ 320 W. 13th ST.

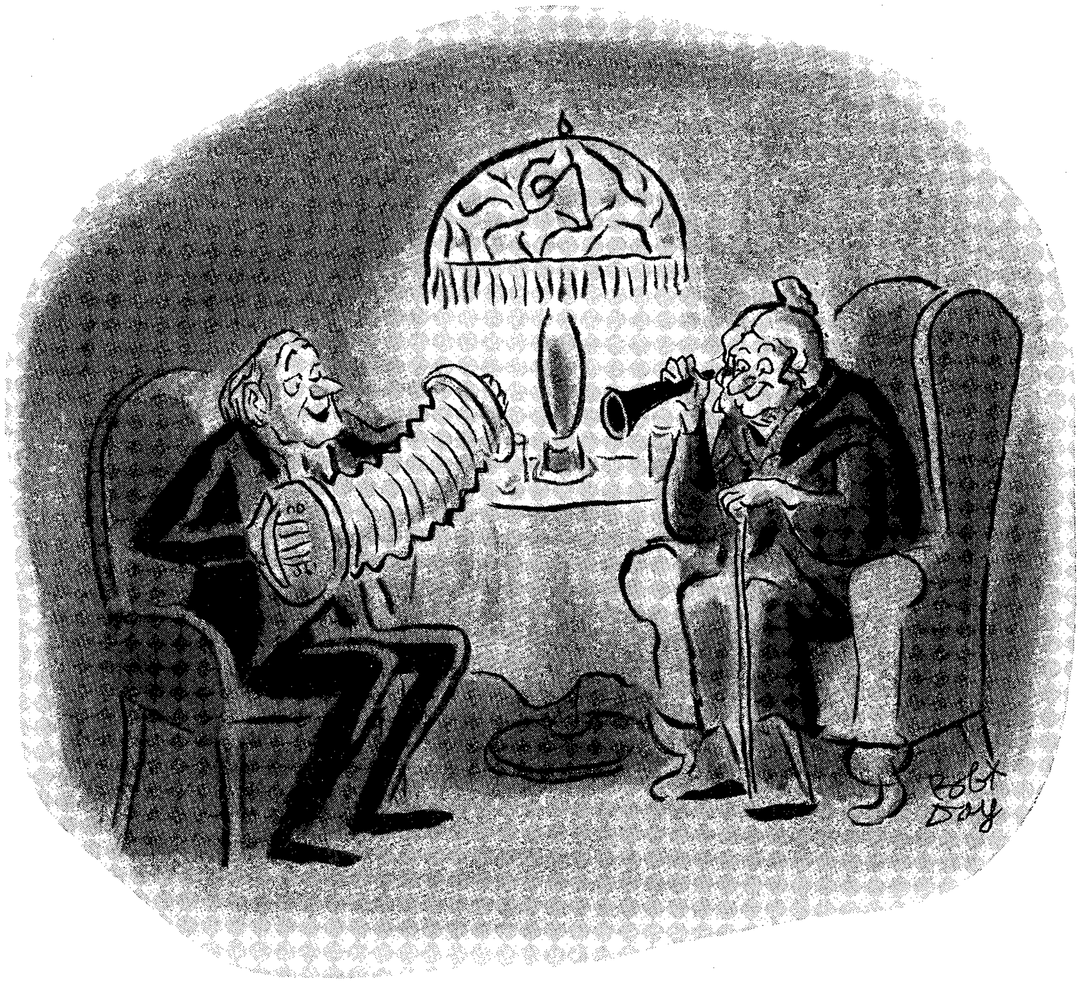
LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

SAIGON, APRIL 14

IT may be six or eight months before any final assessment can be made of Operation Lam Son 719, the South Vietnamese invasion of Laos, supported by vast American air power, which lasted from February 8th until March 25th and was followed by brief commando forays until early in April. Nevertheless, even though this operation has produced more heated debate than any other Indo-Chinese battle since the French fell into the trap of Dien Bien Phu in the spring of 1954, a few conclusions can be reached now. The invasion failed to achieve anything close to its maximum aims, for, though it caused the death of a great many South and North Vietnamese, it did little—contrary to American and South Vietnamese expectations—to speed the end of the fighting, either by forcing Hanoi to negotiate or by assuring the success of the still inconclusive Vietnamization program. It may, at most, have postponed some major offensives that the Communists had planned in South Vietnam over the next few months. On the other hand, at least one big attack—in Kontum Province, in the Central Highlands—has been pressed during the past fortnight, and there has been a noticeable increase of terrorism throughout the country. Costly as the Laotian invasion was to Hanoi, it apparently hardened the determination of the North Vietnamese to continue fighting throughout Indo-China. Moreover, it led to a reaffirmation of Chinese and Russian pledges of assistance. Finally, the operation was a political setback for President Nguyen Van Thieu, whose reëlection in October is now, for the first time, open to question.

The Americans, who are going all out to uphold Thieu and make their South Vietnamese allies feel "six feet tall" as the monthly rate of American troop withdrawals increases, have come up with the customary set of sanguinary statistics, this time claiming a nine-to-one "kill ratio" in favor of the Saigon forces. If that is believable—and even President Nixon, in his television interview of March 22nd, indicated that a five-to-one ratio might be more realistic—it could be due only to the preponderance of American bombers and artillery. There can be no doubt that if it had not been for this support the results would have been disastrous for the twenty-four thousand South Vietnamese who were fighting deep in unknown jungle territory against about thirty-five thousand North Vietnamese—a far more experienced force, which was fully determined to protect its lifeline to the South in the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex. The gruesome game of body counts has long been the bugaboo of correspondents in Vietnam, and in this case the confusion has been compounded by a flood of often contradictory statements and assessments emanating from Washington and Saigon. Indeed, never in the past ten years—not even during the chaotic months before the overthrow of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime, in 1963, or during the Communist Tet offensive at the beginning of 1968 and the May and August offensives that followed—have I witnessed such dissension as has taken place between the news media and the authorities, both American and South Vietnamese, over the invasion of Laos.

According to the latest official American figures, the losses of the South Vietnamese—who for the most part fought bravely and well but lacked a cohesive command—were about fifteen hundred dead, more than six hundred missing, and fifty-five hundred wounded; so far there have been no estimates of how many of the wounded have died or are likely to die. Unofficially, however, according to what South Vietnamese sources have told me, the number of men missing and presumed dead is actually between a thousand and fifteen hundred, and the number of wounded is at least seven thousand. Some of those listed as missing are still straggling back across the border, but the majority, it is said, either died of their wounds in Laos or surrendered or were captured by the North Vietnamese. In their flight from Laos, under extremely heavy North Vietnamese attacks, the South Vietnamese abandoned many of their wounded—something that



*"I'll see you in my dreams,
Hold you in my dreams. . . ."*

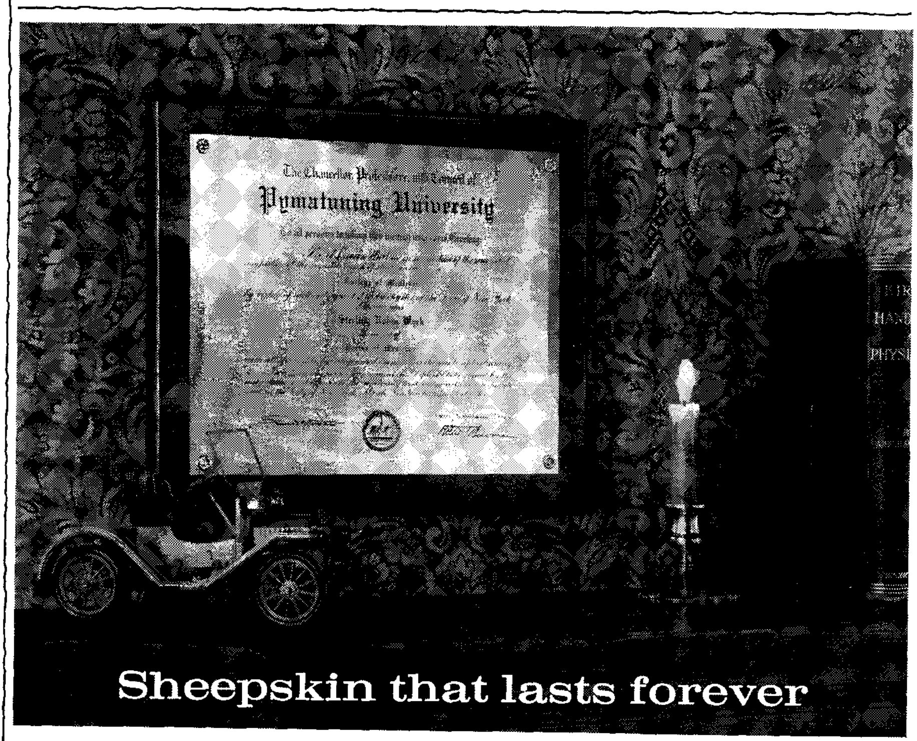
the government is reluctant to admit—and though American rescue helicopters did remarkable work under the most hazardous conditions, they couldn't bring out all the wounded. (A hundred and five helicopters were lost in the Laotian operation, and five hundred and fifty-six were damaged; a hundred and seventy-six Americans were killed during those weeks, on both sides of the border, and forty-two are missing.) Each Vietnamese unit commander reports on his own losses, so it is difficult to come up with comprehensive figures. The dependents of known dead get full pension awards, while those of the missing get payments for only four years, and the Minister of Veterans' Affairs, Pham Van Dong, said to me, "I won't know for months how much I have to pay to how many."

The North Vietnamese assuredly suffered heavier casualties, but whether these were as high as Allied authorities claimed can never be determined. It is admittedly difficult for troops engaged in bloody fighting or in flight to count the bodies of those killed by bombs, but if the given figure of thirteen thousand five hundred dead is correct, and if one assumes, as Allied military officials do, that twice as many North Vietnamese were wounded as were killed, then the total casualties come to about forty thousand, or more than the number of North Vietnamese that the same military officials say were fighting in the Laotian battle. There would seem to be more realism in the estimate that from a third to a half of the thirty-three North Vietnamese battalions engaged were rendered "combat ineffective," and that it will be no easy task for North Vietnam, which is suffering from a manpower shortage, to replace these losses. About a third of the North Vietnamese losses were specialists—technicians of one sort or another who directed the flow of traffic on the Trail—and those men will be the most difficult to replace. Nevertheless, the North Vietnamese quickly sent in between four thousand and eight thousand reinforcements to repair the damage done to the Trail, mostly by our B-52 bombers, and within a fortnight after the invasion ended, the movement of trucks south had been resumed at a more or less normal pace. (In comparison to the North Vietnamese battalion losses, at least five—and some say eight—of the twenty-two South Vietnamese battalions involved were hurt to the point of combat ineffectiveness, and it must be stressed that Saigon threw its best forces into Lam Son 719. It will take

Our Easy, Elegant Italian

Just the coat to count on when the rainy season's in swing . . . Ours alone in natural, dusty rose or dusty blue linen, 38 to 46, **$125.** Please add $1 for distant delivery. Men's Shop, Street Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS



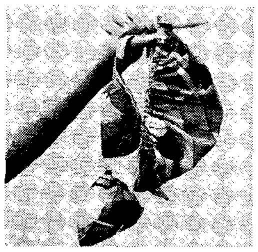
Sheepskin that lasts forever

Precisely reproduced on satin-finish stainless steel, a college diploma, a certificate, or any other document will virtually last forever. Lettering and illustrations are fused to the solid stainless steel . . . impervious to moisture, aging, and sunlight. A mere wipe with damp cloth maintains its elegant luster.

For more information, see your jeweler or stationer, or write direct

THE MASSILLON PLAQUE COMPANY 630 ERIE STREET, N.
MASSILLON, OHIO 44646

At Tower Isle, you can get by on next to nothing.



A beautiful, self-contained beach resort nestled in a cove by the sea is no place to stand on ceremony. It's a place for a morning's stroll on a magnificent, white beach. An afternoon of tennis on Jamaica's finest courts, or a swim in our fresh water pool. An evening dancing the Reggae and sipping a potion called Sink or Swim. It's a place for letting your hair down and your spirits up.

Jamaica's Tower Isle
Like no place else on earth.

Tower Isle P.O. Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
An Issa Hotel—Nick Brimo
Vice President & General Manager.
See your travel agent.
Represented Internationally
by Leonard Hicks.

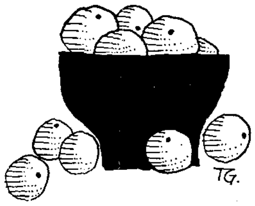
AMARETTO:
DI SARONNO
hauntingly delicious

AMARETTO
DI SARONNO

Discover the indescribable delight of this rare almond of apricot liqueur—imported from Italy.

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 56 proof.

between six months and a year to build these units back up to strength, and then they will certainly not be as well trained and "élite" as they were before.) The North Vietnamese apparently lost between three and four thousand trucks along the Trail; again, most of these losses were the result of bombing, and only about three hundred trucks were destroyed in the actual area of the ground invasion. The North Vietnamese also lost more than a hundred tanks. (The number of new Russian-built PT-76, T-54, and T-34 tanks that Hanoi used, sometimes right under the noses of the South Vietnamese, was one of the surprises of the campaign, and the lighter tanks of the South Vietnamese forces, many of which got bogged down, were no match for them.) In addition, Hanoi lost nearly seven thousand weapons, big and small, and nearly five hundred tons of heavy ammunition—artillery and mortar shells, and the like—but Saigon's claim of a total of a hundred and seventy-six thousand tons of North Vietnamese ammunition blown up, mostly by bombing, seems ridiculous, since the average monthly flow south in the past has been only about fourteen thousand tons. Furthermore, no major storage depots were taken—only some medium-sized way stations along the Trail. The French used to say that for every ton of ammunition captured the Communists had three more tons available nearby. No one knows how much the North Vietnamese have currently stashed away around the Bolovens Plateau, about a hundred miles below the invasion area and near the border point where Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam meet. However, the North Vietnamese and their Pathet Lao accomplices recently extended their control in that region, and they obviously have quite a lot of supplies cached there. Consequently, just how much time Hanoi lost and Saigon gained by the invasion can be determined only next fall, when matériel in the northern part of the Trail complex is due to arrive farther south, some of it destined for Cambodia and the rest for the central and southern parts of South Vietnam.



FOR anyone attempting to evaluate the Laotian operation, what has perhaps been most significant is the fact that the Communists have struck back quickly and violently in various parts of South Vietnam and in Cambodia, clearly demonstrating that they have enough men and arms to cause a lot of trouble—at least during the present dry season, which will last another month. And most observers believe they will continue their attacks across the now expanded Indo-China fronts throughout the coming rainy season, which will last until the end of October. The attacks in South Vietnam over the past two weeks have ranged from a successful assault on an American base in Quang Nam Province, in the north, in which thirty-three Americans were killed and seventy-six were wounded, to quick strikes at district towns and headquarters and at fortified artillery fire bases that are set up to provide strong points for Allied military operations in all battle zones. By far the most serious of these attacks has been the one in Kontum, in the Central Highlands. Although the Communists have lost about twenty-five hundred men in this province as a result of American bombing, they have been making a concerted effort to capture Fire Base 6 there; if they succeed, they will presumably try to advance southward to Pleiku and Quang Duc Provinces and eastward as far as possible toward Binh Dinh and other coastal areas where there has been a recent flurry of fighting. The Communists also seem determined to pin down South Vietnamese troops and inflict heavy casualties. That being so, it is significant that the equivalent of five South Vietnamese regiments is heavily engaged in Kontum, which in itself would seem to belie Saigon's claims that its casualties have been light. In mid-February, the Communists, having apparently anticipated a move westward into the border region below the Bolovens Plateau and adjacent to the Highlands, repulsed a South Vietnamese assault there and caused heavy casualties to two battalions. (No official announcement of this defeat has so far been made here.)

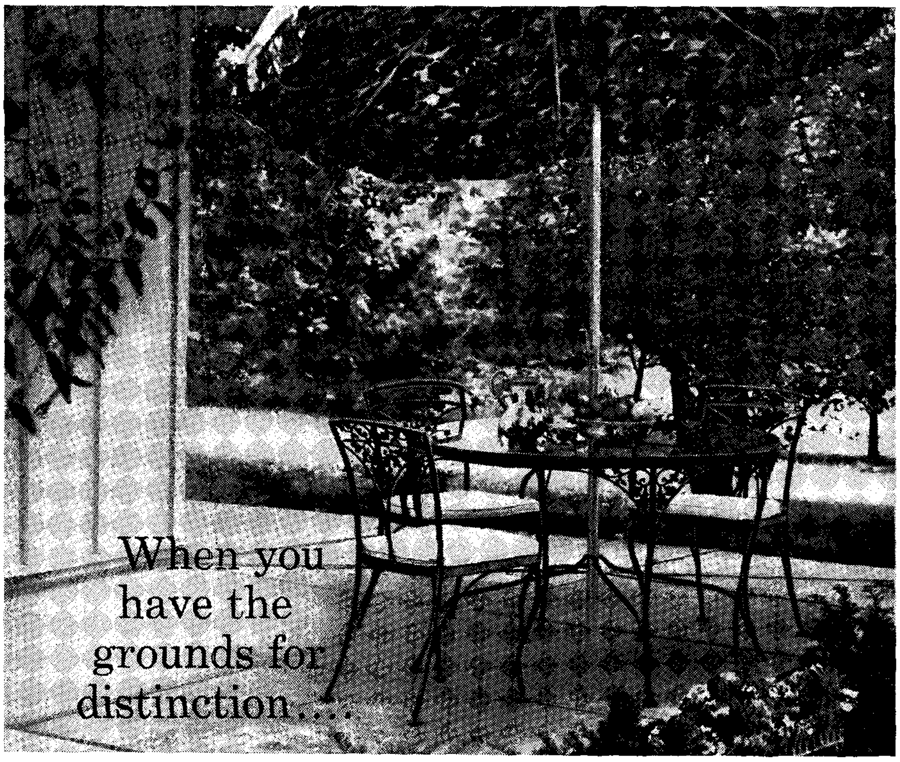
It has already become apparent that the North Vietnamese are taking advantage of the American troop withdrawals to strike at the thinly spread South Vietnamese. Were it not for American air power (and nobody knows how much of that will be maintained and for how long), the Saigon forces would be in serious trouble. The Communists are already taking advantage of the situation along Route 19, which runs eastward through Pleiku Province below Kontum to the coast. It seems that after American troops left, the South Korean troops assigned to that area refused to fill that gap, complaining that they hadn't been promised enough helicopters and armored vehicles. Sections of Highway 1, which runs along the coast, are also considered risky these days, and for similar reasons. The general pattern of attacks around the country—including several attacks in Saigon in the past few days—makes it clear that the Communists are trying to create as much fear as possible and to disrupt the government's pacification program just when it is supposed to be going into high gear. One of the worst incidents occurred at the district town of Duc Duc, in Quang Nam Province: The North Vietnamese raided a camp of refugee woodcutters from the mountains and killed a hundred and nine of them and twenty-three members of the territorial forces, losing fifty-nine men themselves. This seemed to be an act of pure vengefulness against the refugees, intended also to serve as a warning to others not to go over to the government side. Since January 1st, about thirty outposts have been attacked in the Delta alone, where it has been claimed that the Communists are "dwindling on the vine." Although the Communists have been severely pressed in their major base areas in the Delta—such as the U Minh forest, where they have recently taken heavy losses and where there have been more than two thousand defectors, mostly conscripted laborers—the phrase "dwindling on the vine" seems questionable. In Vinh Binh Province, for example, the Communists were able to mount carefully coördinated strikes against two district headquarters and nearby outposts a fortnight ago. Admittedly, Vinh Binh has always been a "bad" province, and one American official sought to minimize the effect of the attack by pointing out that "one rose doesn't make a summer." On the other hand, once a security pattern is broken, word of the fact quickly spreads throughout the area. In this way, the Communists seek to destroy the people's still shaky confidence in their government and to deny Saigon's optimistic claims that virtually the whole country is now pacified.

THE recent attacks in South Vietnam underline what was basically wrong with the Laotian operation from the start—its conventionality. One neutral military observer said of it, "The South Vietnamese, while fighting bravely, fought half in the old French style and half in the new American style, and they fell between two

GOING PLACES,
LOOKING GREAT—in our
House of Branell ribbed
polyester dress that knows
all about smart summer
living; zippy, patch pocketed
and in colours for everyone.
8-20, navy, red, green,
white. 60.00

MONTALDO'S

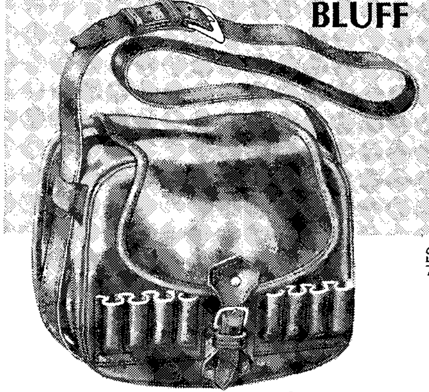
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Columbus, Ohio
The Mall, Short Hills, N.J. Doop's



Woodard
Style authority—inside and out

For complete Woodard brochure, send $1.00: Lee L. Woodard Sons, Inc., Dept. NO, Owosso, Michigan 48867.

BOB LEE'S SHOOTING BAG IS NO BLUFF



N59

OUR AUTHENTIC SHOOTING BAG, handmade in Spain to Bob Lee's practical design. Already in use the world over by enthusiastic sportsmen and sportswomen, it hasn't been changed one bit for fashion's sake. We'll let the copiers do that.
Golden tan suede. About 10½" x 8½" x 4".
Loops for 12 gauge shells.
Bag the real one.

©1971 H.W. INC.

$25 add $1.50 on Mail Orders
N.Y. Res. Add Tax

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022

Creamy, Cushy
CASHMERE

Never before has a sports jacket made so many friends as this Langrock Cashmere. It is beautifully styled and carefully made of the finest imported, silky soft Cashmere. Choice of Light Blue, Dark Blue, Red, Green or White or stripes of Red on Dark Blue, Blue on White or Orange on Light Blue.

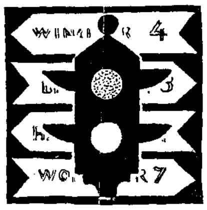
$160.00

Write for free color catalog please!

Langrock
42 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540

stools. They have still not learned how to fight an unconventional war against an unconventional enemy who is flexible—and is even willing, when necessary, to stand and fight conventionally, and take enormous losses if he thinks it worth the effort, as he did in Laos." A number of South Vietnamese officers have privately been saying the same thing—some of them have been saying it for years, but lately more voices have been added—and at least one high-ranking friend of mine bemoaned the fact that "you Americans have never let us fight the kind of war we know we have to fight." The helicopter is a remarkably mobile instrument of warfare, and it has done much in past years to keep South Vietnam from falling to the Communists, but there are veteran Americans here who now wish that it had never been invented, and that Vietnamese troops had been trained from the start to fight a "people's war." Nothing could have dramatized this failure more than the sight of South Vietnamese soldiers clinging to the skids of helicopters that were being flown out of Laos.

A large number of South Vietnamese are saying that the Americans pushed them into Laos against their will, and some of the comments have been extremely bitter; one newspaper cartoon depicted a helicopter lifting Nixon in his Presidential chair out of Laos under fire. The South Vietnamese were certainly encouraged to undertake the invasion, as they have been encouraged to do many other things before, although all specific military decisions were made by the South Vietnamese themselves—most notably by President Thieu and by General Cao Van Vien, the chief of the Joint General Staff. As the campaign proceeded, it quickly became apparent that much of the strategy derived from American misconceptions about waging a conventional or semiconventional helicopter war against an unconventional enemy in the jungle. Intelligence about the swiftly moving Communist troops was bad, and on many occasions the South Vietnamese found themselves sitting on hilltops surrounded by North Vietnamese troops who had moved in during the night or in the early-morning mist. It may be, as the Americans maintain, that General Vo Nguyen Giap, the North Vietnamese commander, misjudged an early halt in the South Vietnamese momentum and massed his troops for what he thought would be the kill, only to suffer his heaviest losses, mostly through bombing. But if that was so, the carnage was general. Helicopters were used to bring replacements and ammunition to the South Vietnamese and to evacuate the wounded, but air-to-ground communications collapsed when the going got tough (language difficulties were a big part of this), and there was a notable lack of coördination among the four top South Vietnamese commanders in the field; each was operating on his own, and was not effectively responsible to a single headquarters. This caused profound morale problems, and many capable young junior officers and noncoms afterward blamed their senior commanders and the generals for not providing proper leadership. A number of battalion commanders, some of whom didn't seem to know what they were supposed to be doing, actually surrendered or fled in the midst of battle.



The armored column moving out along Route 9 into Laos with protective screens of troops on both sides was bogged down almost at once by bad weather. Originally, the Trail hub of Tchepone, about twenty-five miles from the border, was supposed to be reached in four days. When the armored force got stuck and North Vietnamese ambushes began, General Creighton Abrams and his Vietnamese counterpart, General Vien, flew north to Khe Sanh to bring pressure on both Thieu and his local commanders to keep moving. Thieu demurred. He wanted the force to dig in, avoiding any heavy engagements. It was at this point that it was decided to lift troops by helicopter to several fire bases farther inside Laos, which were supposed to support each other. (The North Vietnamese quickly surrounded the bases.) Troops were also lifted as far as Tchepone, where the Saigon flag was briefly shown before they left. Ultimately, there were differences among the South Vietnamese generals and between the generals and Thieu about what to do, and these arguments, which the Americans were unable to reconcile, plus another spell of bad weather, caused the operation to be suspended a month early. Toward the end, some of the units just pulled out pell-mell on their own, without orders, and with the North Vietnamese pursuing them right to the border. A great many South Vietnamese vehicles were left behind, including some armored vehicles that had never moved more than ten miles down Route 9.

The confusion that accompanied the withdrawal intensified the bitterness of the South Vietnamese soldiers. "We do not want our leaders to minimize our casualty figures," one junior officer told a Vietnamese friend of mine, a correspondent who was wounded in Laos. "Let's give the true figures on our losses to prove we weren't on a camping trip. To mislead our families and our countrymen about our casualties will just encourage the enemy and dishonor us."

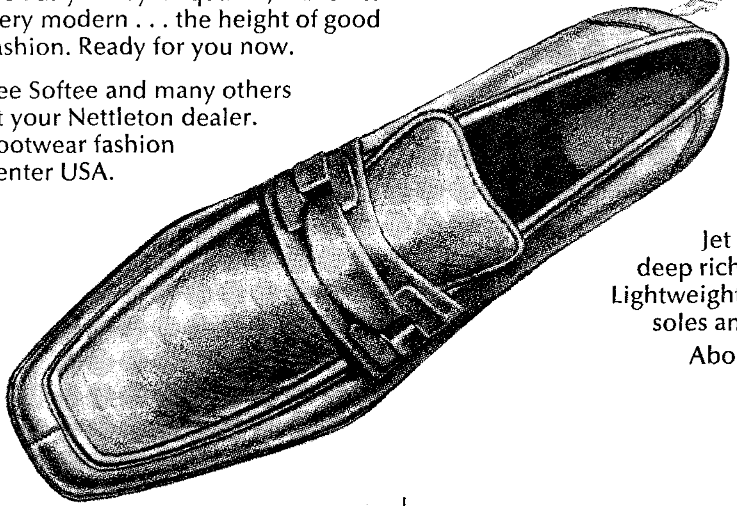
President Thieu, at his press conference on March 31st, expressed satisfaction over the Laotian offensive while admitting that some lessons had been learned for the future, and top American commanders have said much the same thing. It is a matter of opinion whether any of them are really proud of what was accomplished or are trying to hide their disappointment. Thieu, with his political future at stake, has obviously been on the defensive. He spoke of "tendentious rumors" that the attack had been a failure, and claimed it was "the biggest victory ever," telling his troops, "I am proud of your performance," and adding, "You have caused a psychological breakdown among the Communists—you have hurt their morale seriously." There is no doubt, however, that more and more South Vietnamese soldiers are coming to resent the strategy and tactics that Western-trained officers have forced them to adopt.

One experienced Western analyst—Brian Jenkins, a historian and former Special Forces officer in Vietnam, who recently worked for American Army headquarters here on long-range-planning projects—has for several years been studying the subject of conventional vs. unconventional warfare. In July, 1969, Jenkins wrote, for an American research organization, a closely reasoned paper entitled "The Unchangeable War," in which he was highly critical of the American military establishment's hardheaded refusal to alter its traditional concepts and ways. Jenkins concluded that "the most damaging indictment of our concept of warfare is that our military superiority and successes on the battlefield do not challenge the enemy's political control of the people, which he maintains by his promises of a better society and, when that fails, by intimidation and terror." In a list of "the institutional obstacles to change," Jenkins included the following: the belief that everything we do is right per se, especially in determining strategy; the attendant belief that when something fails it was

Only Nettleton makes the Softee Slipon

. . . makes it like a fine shoe, to feel like a slipper . . . of extra-soft, glovelike leathers, carefully crafted by our exclusive Loaflex® process. Light and flexible, to delight your foot as well as your eye. Squared, walled toe. Very modern . . . the height of good fashion. Ready for you now.

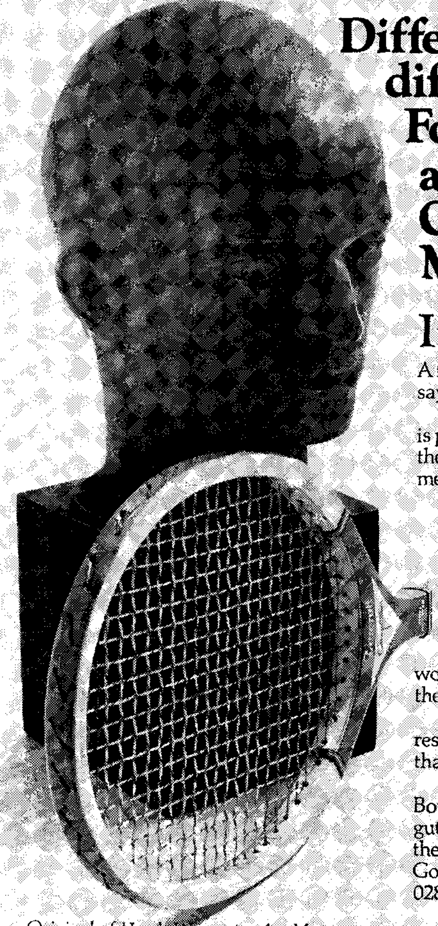
See Softee and many others at your Nettleton dealer. Footwear fashion center USA.



SOFTEE
Jet black or deep rich brown. Lightweight leather soles and heels.
About $40.

Write for our new Style Folder #424 and the name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have . . . a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y. 13203



Different people need different rackets. For him, it's the all-new Bancroft Competition Model.®

It's *Alive!*

A former member of the U.S. Davis Cup Team says, "It's the finest racket I've ever played with". Balls fly off the strings. Yet your control is perfect. You get a powerful, uniform hit over the entire head—not just the exact center as with metal rackets.

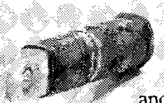
How is it done? With a new *composite* design (yes, like the newest skis) which takes the best qualities of many materials and combines them into one deliberately constructed tennis weapon. We've used three fine woods . . . fiberglass . . . spring steel . . . and bonded them with the new synthetic, *Armadyn.*

The result is more speed. Unprecedented response. Stop volleys that are unreal. Serves that are harder, yet controlled. *It's alive.*

The Competition Model. $64, strung Bow Brand Championship Weatherproof lamb gut. One of 26 beautiful Bancroft rackets—each the finest value at its price. Bancroft Sporting Goods Co., Bancroft Court, Woonsocket, R.I. 02895.

Original of Head: Worcester Art Museum

Bancroft
Newest ideas from the oldest maker.

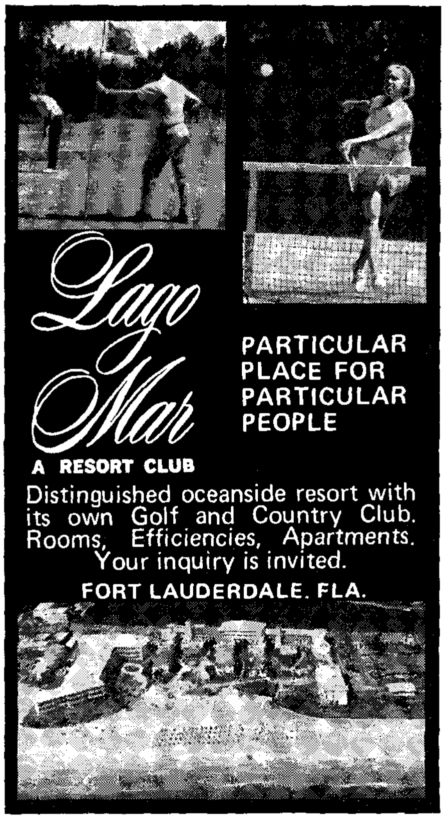


Take one for homesickness

At last, a really handsome reminder of The Good Place. Our Texas flag pin of gold-toned metal and jeweler's enamel is beautifully detailed to "do you proud." 6.00 and exclusively at Sakowitz. We mail to the Outside World. We consider it our duty.

Sakowitz

Mail orders: Sakowitz, P. O. Box 1387, Houston, Texas 77001. Please add 1.00 for postage. In Texas, add 4.25% city and state tax.



Lago Mar

PARTICULAR PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE

A RESORT CLUB

Distinguished oceanside resort with its own Golf and Country Club. Rooms, Efficiencies, Apartments. Your inquiry is invited.

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

HISTORIC SITE

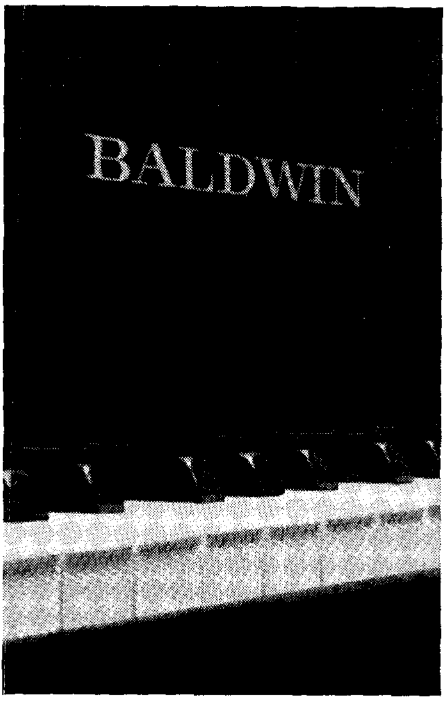
The former Eugene O'Neill estate is now for sale. 1013 Acres 25 miles from San Francisco. 5 B.R. Mansion. Caretaker's house. Barns, corrals, pool.

Write or phone for brochure:

CORDUROY HILLS 2979 Ignacio Valley Road
Walnut Creek, CA. 94598 (415) 932-1962

not because of any inherent error of strategy or tactics but because "not enough" troops or matériel was applied; the myth that no organizational changes are possible in the midst of war, and that even if they were possible the Vietnam war is an "aberration" anyway, "an exotic interlude between wars that really count," and therefore doesn't warrant any "radical" institutional changes; the orthodox dependence on high body counts as the basis for good efficiency reports and for promotion; the illogicality of the twelve-month tour of duty for American military men in Vietnam, since it is far too short for anyone to learn enough to be effective; and, finally, the lack of a single, over-all American command among the services in Saigon, Hawaii, and Washington.

Jenkins concluded that because of the way we have imposed our doctrine, organization, and technology on the South Vietnamese, "we may have rendered them incapable of successfully continuing the war after our withdrawal," and the Laotian operation appears to bear this conclusion out. A number of American officers here seem to consider the ideas for a "people's war" that Jenkins is now gathering from among growing numbers of disgruntled South Vietnamese as nothing short of "Communistic." Jenkins, however, has said that he derives some hope from the South Vietnamese reactions he has encountered. For example, the mounting objections to the American way of fighting the war have led more and more South Vietnamese officers to advocate doing away with the whole concept of divisions and corps—especially since it is widely held that three of the four corps commanders have proved themselves to be either incompetent or inadequate, the only really good one in the country being Ngo Quang Truong, who commands in the Delta. The officers advocate that the large, unwieldy units be replaced by smaller ARVN mobile brigades, made up of troops serving on a volunteer basis (and better paid than the regulars are now) who would operate in the forefront as a strike force. The territorial forces, of drafted youths serving a hitch of from two to five years (for less pay than the volunteers), would spend part of their service helping to build roads and working in the fields at harvest-time. Finally—what is perhaps most important—there would be a new form of the People's Self Defense Forces, which are supposed to defend local hamlets but are increasingly being incorporated into the national military



Bobby Short's Accompanist

For OVERNIGHT or a FORTNIGHT

MITTERSILL ALPINE INN

Old-world Alpine Inn in an authentic Tyrolean village on Cannon Mt. in White Mt. National Forest. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Trout fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open July-mid Oct., mid Dec.-April 1. Rooms from $22 up, double, per day, European Plan.

Stephen D. Glenn, Innkeeper
Tel. 603-823-5511

A Treadway Resort

FRANCONIA
N. H. 03580

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $20.00. Doubles from $28.00. Suites from $29.00.

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Color TV
212-247-7440

VERMONT LAND INVESTMENTS

As low as $350 per acre.
Send for Brochure

SCENIC VERMONT REALTY INC.
100 Main St., Burlington, Vt. 05401

bureaucracy. What Jenkins and the South Vietnamese he has spoken with envisage is a P.S.D.F. whose members would be paid subsistence wages (they get nothing now) and who not only would take their turns at defending their hamlets but would develop plots of land assigned to them; after three years one-third of these forces would become full-time farmers and would be replaced by new men. Thus, paramilitary units would become production units, and a constant supply of full-time farmers would still be available for defense duties in times of crisis. All this is very close to the program that the North Vietnamese have successfully carried out for many years, and that fact may account for the shocked reaction of some of the American generals whom Jenkins has approached. "Why, what you're talking about, damn it, is building *communes!*" one of them boomed.

STATISTICAL-MINDED, as always, the Americans have just come up with still another new set of standards for the so-called Hamlet Evaluation System, whereby each hamlet in the country is rated from A, or a hundred per cent secure, to E, or contested, on the basis of security and development, and V designates a hamlet still run by the Vietcong. The new system is based more on the whereabouts and safety of certain key individuals, notably hamlet chiefs and members of village councils, than on general, area-wide security. In Long Khanh Province, for example, where there has been an increase in terrorism, and where some main-force Communist units are operating from sparsely populated jungle areas they have long controlled, the H.E.S. rating has recently dropped from eighty-nine per cent to sixty-eight. The drop appears to indicate primarily the foolishness of trying to determine Communist strength by playing with numbers.

I reached this conclusion during a recent trip I took through four provinces near Saigon: Long An, just to the south, which used to be one of the worst from the standpoint of security and is now said to be much improved, and three others, to the west—Phuoc Tuy, Binh Tuy, and Long Khanh, which are still rated relatively low on the H.E.S. scale. In Long An, which has been in a shaky condition for years, farmers are still not taking sides, realizing that when the Americans leave Vietnam the government will probably have a harder time holding its own, but neither are they responding to the blandishments of the Communists as much as they were a year ago. When the local guerrillas come to a peasant's home for food, for instance, they are given a meal but are asked not to come back again. This response reflects a cautious belief on the farmers' part that the Communists are growing somewhat weaker under government pressure, even though abductions and assassinations and other forms of terrorism are continuing, but it does not necessarily reflect belief in the government or increasing support for President Thieu. Here, as elsewhere, the Communists are stepping up their process of "going legal"—that is, ordering their cadres to blend themselves into the government landscape and live openly as ordinary citizens of the villages and towns while reporting, on a "one-man-cell" basis, to unknown contacts through mail drops and waiting for new orders.

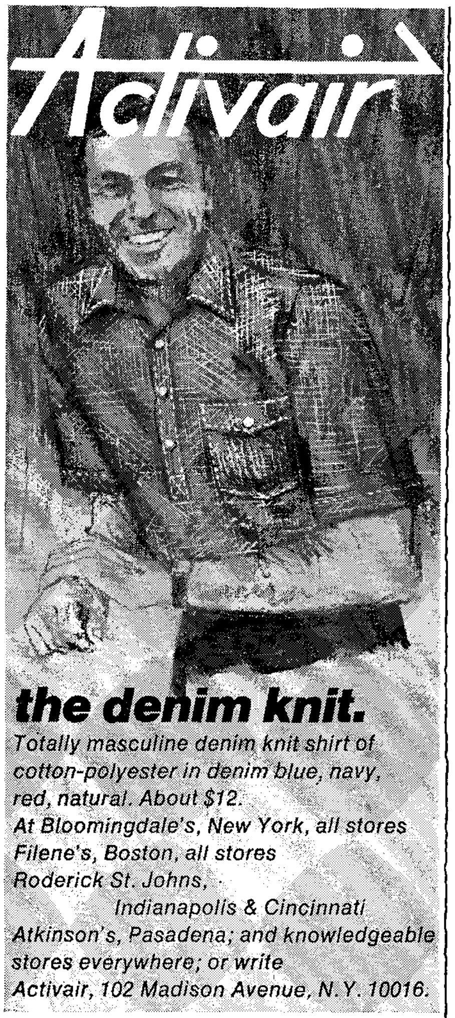
Another of the recent innovations—they never cease—is known as Dong Khoi, translatable as "Start Together," whose main purpose is to produce some cohesion among small, local units directly involved in pacification. The impetus for the new program came from the chief of Quang Tin Province, in the northern part of the country—an ingenious man who, when his opposite number, the underground Communist province chief, was killed, late last year, gave him a special burial in a local pagoda, went to the funeral himself, and, in general, "took him back into the fold." Leaflets describing the ceremony were subsequently distributed, and a lot of Communists were won over, or at least softened up. In any event, the Dong Khoi concept, which often makes use of such imaginative tactics, has not yet inspired any noticeable improvement in the much debated Phoenix program for uprooting the Vietcong infrastructure, which includes an estimated sixty-five thousand people. The Phoenix program is still floundering, largely because it is just another streamlined American scheme imposed upon a Vietnamese society that is not only incapable of dealing with it but is actively hostile to it. Designed to coordinate intelligence-gathering and lead to the arrest of top Vietcong leaders, the program has simply created new jealousies and increased inefficiency among the various South Vietnamese

In honor of summer.

Crisp white.

The look of piqué. The easy wear and care of Fortrel® polyester knit. Lovingly trimmed with dotted navy ribbon. 8 to 16 sizes, 38.00*

Peck & Peck
Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.
*Slightly higher on the West Coast



the denim knit.

Totally masculine denim knit shirt of cotton-polyester in denim blue, navy, red, natural. About $12.
At Bloomingdale's, New York, all stores
Filene's, Boston, all stores
Roderick St. Johns,
Indianapolis & Cincinnati
Atkinson's, Pasadena; and knowledgeable stores everywhere; or write
Activair, 102 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10016.

Rhode Island

SWIM
GOLF
FISH
CAMP
SAIL
SIGHTSEE
EXPLORE
or just
RELAX

— —Send for FREE Rhode Island Vacation Kit — —
Name ....
Address..........
City..........State..........Zip..........
RHODE ISLAND DEVELOPMENT COUNCIL
Department 743
Roger Williams Bldg., Prov., R. I. 02908

who were expected to deal with it—particularly the local military-intelligence men at the district level. The police, under the Department of the Interior, will soon take over the primary responsibility for the Phoenix program, and, whether it works any better or not, one American has said of the shift, "This is the best thing that could happen, and the sooner we get out of the whole thing and let the Vietnamese run it the better."

Though comments like this may imply nothing more than an increasing degree of resignation on the part of Americans here nowadays, Vietnamization of this sort does seem to make sense; what it really amounts to is "de-Americanization." The chief of one province, a veteran intelligence man, has devised a method of his own for dealing with Communist agents. When he detects one, and has what he considers positive proof about, say, a financial official in a hamlet who is operating legally and pretending to be a loyal assistant to the government's hamlet chief, he will invite the man in, praise him, ask him to dinner a couple of times. This treatment frequently causes the Communists to become suspicious of their agent and to kill him. It is pure entrapment, but it is also beating the Communists at their own game. Whatever form of accommodation is finally reached in Vietnam, terror and counter-terror are bound to continue for years.

In three of the four provinces I visited, it was apparent that the Communists were still a force to be reckoned with, although at that moment their level of activity was low. Their conduct was thoroughly in accord with the now famous Resolution 9 of COSVN—the Central Office for South Vietnam, which runs the war in the South under Hanoi's aegis. This directive, issued more than a year ago, sets forth the concept of "protracted warfare," and provides one reason the Paris peace talks are getting nowhere and probably won't get anywhere—at least until after the American election in 1972. In conducting their campaigns of terror and their occasional larger strikes, the Communists are generally relying on progressively smaller structures and progressively smaller units. Ordinarily (the Kontum attack is an exception), they don't move about nowadays in groups of more than fifty.

They are using more and more terrorist tactics, such as sapper attacks and booby traps, which are killing Americans and South Vietnamese alike, much to the exasperation of experts like George Jacobson, the acting head of the pacification program on the American side. "If we can figure out a way to go to the moon," Jacobson exclaims, "why the hell can't we figure out a way to detect booby traps before they blow us up!" Jacobson, one of the few Americans who believe in the concept of a "people's war," spends at least one day a week roaming around the country trying to "de-bureaucratize" both the American and the South Vietnamese pacification effort. His success is limited. Almost invariably, inexperienced and uninvolved Americans in the districts give him the same meaningless or patently exaggerated figures about the Phoenix program. Almost always, an American provincial or district pacification adviser will say that the strength of the territorial units is up ninety per cent or more. When Jacobson hears this, he usually snaps out just one word—"Ghosts!"—meaning that the payrolls are obviously padded and that the district or province chief is pocketing the difference.

CORRUPTION, on a widespread basis, continues to be one of the major issues in South Vietnam, and this issue is bound to have an effect both on the elections for a new House of Representatives in August and on the Presidential election in October. Smuggling has increased on a vast scale in the past six months, partly as a result of new import taxes imposed to obtain more revenue for the government, so that it can continue fighting the war as American aid drops off. The government's anti-fraud bureau, which is run by a handful of men who are related to or are otherwise close to some of the highest officials in the country, has been slow to move against the smugglers, but a few weeks ago two members of the House of Representatives were caught smuggling heroin and gold into the country. The fact that they happened to be pro-Thieu men suggested to some that there must have been a political tipoff. The scandal prompted one of the representatives to resign immediately, and Thieu's political opponents, in the light of the du-

Everything you can fit in the trunk of a $7,200 Lincoln you can fit in the trunk of a $3,600 Audi.

Hard to believe, isn't it?

The Audi, which is about three-quarters the size of the Lincoln Continental, has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental.

We *figured* you'd find it hard to believe. So we went out and filled both cars to the brim with identical things and . . . voilà. Everything that fit in the trunk of the Lincoln fit in the trunk of the Audi. *Everything.*

The $7,200** Lincoln is just one of many great cars the Audi has something in common with.

Note: The Audi has *inboard* disc brakes like the Porsche 917 racing car. And front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado.

Note: The Audi has the same type of steering system as the Ferrari 512 racing car. And just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

Note: The Audi's interior looks so much like that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, you'll find it hard to tell them apart.

Note: You'll be glad to know you'll get the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

A lot of car manufacturers nowadays give you exactly what you pay for.

In the case of the Audi, we give you a lot more.

The $3,600* Audi®

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen

For the nearest dealer that sells Porsches and Audis call 800-553-9550 free. Or, in Iowa, call 319-242-1867 collect. *Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. Audi $3,595. West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. **Suggested retail price F.O.B. Detroit—Lincoln Continental $7,213.

Bring spring color indoors with a pure wool carpet from Masland

The Magic of
Masland
Carpets®

C. H. MASLAND & SONS Carlisle, Pa. 17013

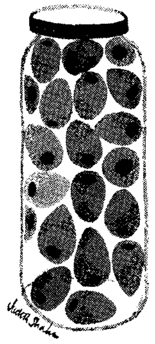
The Woolmark is your assurance of quality tested carpets made of pure wool pile.

PURE WOOL PILE

bious success of the Laos invasion, aired the corruption issue anew.

All in all, though the Americans here refuse to admit it, Thieu's popularity has sunk to a new low. Many South Vietnamese admit it readily, but their fundamental cynicism leads them to believe that it won't make any difference—that Thieu will be reëlected, because the Americans want him to be, and because the vote will be rigged anyway. Thieu is fully aware of his diminishing popularity and is doing his best to improve the situation by travelling around the country more. (It is also significant that just this week General Dang Van Quang, the head of all security services, who is a close friend of Thieu's and probably the second most powerful man in the country, saw fit to take a trip to the United States. Although American officials deny it, some South Vietnamese, including members of Quang's own staff, have said that the main reason for the trip is Thieu's desire to get a sounding on American public opinion after the Laotian invasion and an appraisal of how much personal support he can expect from President Nixon.) Even before the invasion of Laos, I have learned, Thieu was severely shaken by a private poll he had ordered, which showed that sixty per cent of the South Vietnamese military men questioned were against him. Earlier, a number of informal provincial samplings were conducted by the United States Information Service—an enterprise that has now led to the introduction of a bill by Senator Frank Church in the United States Congress prohibiting any government agency from engaging in any propaganda activity involving the internal affairs of another nation. Several stories in the local press to the effect that the American Embassy was supporting Thieu prompted an official statement last week from an Embassy spokesman denying that Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker or anyone else in the mission supported "any specific individual or individuals in the forthcoming election." This was issued at about the same time a resolution was co-sponsored in the Senate by Senators Adlai Stevenson III and Mike Mansfield calling for the creation of a ten-man congressional commission to make sure the United States stays out of the coming election campaigns in Vietnam. Stevenson charged that American officials were in effect supporting the reëlection of Thieu and Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky.

While many of the Americans here would still like to see Thieu and Ky run together again, the chances of this happening are increasingly remote. Ky, who told me a month and a half ago that he would run for President himself, has just informed me that he is more determined than ever to be a candidate and that he is rapidly creating a campaign team. He has obtained a growing number of pledges for political and financial support, he says. The political climate has now reached the temperature at which all the religious and political elements in the country are scurrying around trying to figure out who has the best chance of winning and whom to support. It appears at the moment that there will be three principal candidates—Thieu, Ky, and retired General Duong Van Minh, the former Chief of State and the nominal leader of the 1963 coup that overthrew Diem. An agreement between Ky and Minh for concerted action against Thieu that began to be fashioned several weeks ago has become increasingly solid, and Thieu has begun to run scared—so scared, indeed, that some observers are predicting that he will withdraw from the race before October. Assuming that he doesn't withdraw, and that Ky and Minh both enter the race, the challenger whose prospects look dimmer will almost surely throw his support to the other at the last moment.



Ky told me that he is determined to defeat Thieu in an open contest, and that he has received promises of help from many people, including military men, who will in effect serve as volunteer poll watchers in an attempt to insure an honest election. Even so, both Ky and Minh will have a hard time contending with Thieu's apparatus, dominated by the province and district chiefs he has appointed, who will all do their utmost to see to it that he wins, no matter how few people vote for him. Nevertheless, given the rising public sentiment against the President, Ky or Minh conceivably could win if the election should be even reasonably fair. Just how much an American or an international commission could do in the way of preventing fraud is debatable. The official American "observers" who watched the 1967 elections here certainly saw little or nothing of what actually went on, but a more professional group of poll watchers might have greater success.

What may be more important this

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

The heat's on and our wide-ridged shortsuit is ready and packable. It's all knit of Celanese Fortrel® polyester for sizes 6 to 14. The white blazer at $50; shorts in white, navy or red at $15; short-sleeved sweater striped navy-and-white or red-and-white, small, medium or large, $16. Sport Separates Collections. Please add 75c for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Under-stated elegance

MAKES WASHINGTON'S NEWEST HOTEL A LANDMARK ON ELEGANT EMBASSY ROW

New York Call: (212) 725-9081
Chicago Call: (312) 372-9240
Los Angeles Call: (213) 485-1233
San Francisco Call: (415) 781-8676
Boston Ask Operator: Enterprise 7700
Miami Ask Operator: WX 7700

The Embassy Row

2015 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. 20036 (202) 265-1600

JACK ROSENBLOOM, PRESIDENT
GENERAL HOTELS CORPORATION

THE LITTLE TEASER

THE LITTLE TEASER Piped for Fountain. In lead 24" high—base 8 x 10½"

Send 50¢—stamps—coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

ISLESBORO INN at DARK HARBOR
Gracious intimate Inn of Penobscot Bay. Former estate with terraced lawn and gardens. Golf, Tennis, Yacht Facilities, Swimming, Cocktails. Dining Room
DRIVE IN—FLY IN—SAIL IN
June 30 to September 7 Brochure
ISLESBORO, MAINE Tel. 207-734-2221

time is the role to be played by elements of the sort that Ky spoke of—not only Army men but local village and hamlet officials, including leaders of the Buddhists, Catholics, and the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai religious sects. An interesting curtain-raiser will be the House elections, which promise to be less of a grab-bag affair than they were in 1967. At least two solid blocs of candidates will be running for election, one dominated by the Farmer-Workers Party, which is headed by Tran Quoc Buu, a labor leader who is not running himself, and the other by former Senator Tran Van Don's National Salvation Front Party. Don is still trying without much success to make peace among Minh, Thieu, and Ky, but in a showdown he will probably support Ky. If the House elections are orderly and fair, and if there is enough of a ground swell of public opinion demanding an honest vote for the Presidency, and if social unrest over high prices, corruption, veterans' payments, and other issues does not produce uncontrollable disorder, the Presidential election just might turn out to be more honest than the cynics predict. It will be interesting to see what role the Communists take. Formally, of course, they will not participate in the voting, but I have been told that they have pledged at least half a million votes to General Minh, whom they regard as the leading peace candidate. Minh has said he is against coalition government—the same thing Thieu and Ky have said, but more outspokenly—and it is believed that if Minh should win, the Communists would simply push the peace issue without demanding a coalition government immediately, leaving themselves free to work from within to dominate or undermine his regime and thus eventually get coalition government anyway.

ONE high-ranking American here has attempted to justify the Laotian invasion by maintaining that it was better for Thieu and his army to fight the North Vietnamese in Laos and Cambodia than in Vietnam itself. This is not how the people in Laos and Cambodia feel about it. I have just visited both countries, and found them in a state of confusion and dismay over the widening of the war. What they still want is for all Vietnamese, Northerners and Southerners, to get out.

In Vientiane, the administrative capital, I spoke with the sixty-nine-year-old Prince Souvanna Phouma, Prime Minister of Laos since 1962, who,

THE CANEEL BAY COVER-UP
The sun set at Caneel Bay Plantation wears this quick-dry stretch terry cover-up of 80% cotton, 20% nylon when breezes blow on its seven lovely beaches. Imported from France by Partout, simple and smart with zipper and ring and big patch pocket. Turquoise, yellow, shocking pink, white. S,M,L. $18. Add $1.50 for postage. Send orders to Caneel Bay Plantation, P.O. Box 4930, St. Thomas, V.I. 00801.

Portraits by YOUSUF KARSH of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

People who stay at the Colonial Inn feel like they've never left home.
The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

HOUSE FOR SALE
A charming Cape Cod colonial surrounded by lovely dogwood trees. Located on a cul-de-sac street within walking distance of schools, railroad station and stores. Foyer, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, paneled family and game rooms, 2 fireplaces, 5 bedrooms, 3½ baths and terrace.
Call 203-637-2098 or write PRS.,
26 Weston Hill Road, Riverside, Conn. 06878

practically alone, has kept his divided country in some semblance of unity. I saw him the morning after the South Vietnamese troops withdrew, and just after the royal capital of Luang Prabang had been hit by Communist rockets. Since he had no control over events in eastern Laos, around the Ho Chi Minh Trail area, Souvanna had mildly condemned the invasion when it began, and he expressed to me satisfaction that it was now over, although he admitted that it might have had "some good results." He was extremely angry about the attack on Luang Prabang, however, and regarded it as further proof that "the Communists are now engaged in total war as a result of the creation of their new Indo-China People's United Front last year." He had just been to Luang Prabang to see King Savang Vatthana, who, he said, was equally angry and had decided to stay in his capital instead of coming to Vientiane to take part in Army Day celebrations, as he had originally planned.

"The attack will serve to strengthen the unity of the Lao people," Souvanna told me. He went on to say that it would do little to increase the chances of peace between him and the Neo Lao Hak Xat, which is the Communist political front of the Pathet Lao and is headed by his half brother Prince Souphanouvong. "Hanoi wants to continue the war," Souvanna said. "I will continue to try to negotiate and will go anywhere to talk, but not under the impossible conditions imposed by the Pathet Lao, such as their demand that we stop bombing northern Laos, which is the only way we can counterbalance their attacks against us." Many of the foreign diplomats in Vientiane, including the Americans, had been hoping that the end of the invasion would bring the Communist representative of Prince Souphanouvong back to the city to resume preliminary talks to arrange a full-fledged meeting aimed at restoring the tripartite government of left-wingers, right-wingers, and neutralists that was set up under the Geneva formula of 1962. Souvanna, though his hopes were not high, agreed that "when you have a small candle, you have to keep it burning, and not blow it out."

The Russians are said to be in favor of reëstablishing the 1962 coalition, but with more Communists in the Cabinet than there were then. As for the Chinese Communists, there are signs that they are not altogether pleased about Hanoi's apparent plan to push ahead in Laos and take over the country by force. Peking wants to maintain its position in the northwestern part of the country, where in recent weeks it has increased the number of Chinese troops building a road from the Chinese border down through Laos toward the Mekong River, almost to the border of Thailand. It therefore seems significant that Premier Chou En-lai, who visited Hanoi shortly after the Trail attack began, took the occasion to make public mention for the first time of a five-point formula that the Neo Lao Hak Xat had set as the basis of its negotiations with Souvanna. The Chinese realize that the Lao Communists want to break away from North Vietnamese domination (more than a hundred Pathet Lao fled from the North Vietnamese in the Bolovens Plateau a few days ago), and also that the Neo Lao Hak Xat seeks the support of the Russians in establishing a new coalition government, with stronger Communist representation. Consequently, the Chinese are going all out to please the Lao Communist leaders—even entertaining them in China. And in order to keep a tight watch on Souvanna, Peking recently sent a new chargé d'affaires to Vientiane.

The military situation is more precarious for the Royal Lao government today than it has been at any time since 1964, and the dangers have grown especially acute in the past month. Before I left Laos, Luang Prabang was shelled for the second time and a number of planes were destroyed on its airfield. The Communists pressed to within two or three miles of the city on all sides before government reinforcements were rushed to the scene to push them back. Most observers believe that because of the patriotic importance of the King—it is to him rather than to Souvanna that the North Vietnamese and the Chinese diplomats are accredited—the Communists won't try to seize the royal capital itself. But they are obviously engaging in some strong psychological warfare, and appear determined to advance as far as they can through Laos before the dry season ends, and to maintain their new positions during the rainy season. With C.I.A. support, government troops are still holding the bases of Long Cheng

IN PUERTO RICO

800-325-3535
MAKES IT HAPPEN

Stroll on a Caribbean beach at sunset. Dine like a gourmet in La Alhambra Room with its spectacular view of San Juan and the ocean. Relax by an Olympic-sized pool. Golf privileges available at 18 hole golf course. Play tennis. Dance. Enjoy famous entertainment in the Salon Carnaval.

In San Juan, the Puerto Rico-Sheraton makes it happen.

It's the perfect place to spend a vacation or just a week-end. And you can make reservations at the Puerto Rico-Sheraton or at any other Sheraton in the world by calling 800-325-3535. Or have your travel agent call for you.

Puerto Rico-Sheraton Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Get to Tokyo, Taipei and world. The world of Dynasty

From Los Angeles, Honolulu or San Francisco.

Everyday, the world of Dynasty leaves the West Coast for the Orient. And what a world it is.

The interior of your Boeing 707 is artfully furbished in ancient Chinese decor. Intricate wood carvings in the cozy lounge area, panels depicting symbols from Chinese mythology, even the seats harmonize with Dynasty life.

All your reading matter, from the Chinese sayings, to the recipe book, to the complimentary stationery, reflect the beauty and culture of early Dynasty design.

The stewardesses' sole purpose in life is to make you comfortable. These are young ladies who are trained in how to make your flight a memorable one. They don't have to work, they want to work, and that means something.

Of course the food on China Airlines is famous throughout the world. If you're thinking of going to the Orient from Los Angeles, Honolulu or San Francisco, think of getting there through another world. The world of Dynasty on China Airlines. It will be a memory you'll treasure forever.

CHINA AIRLINES

The flag carrier of the Republic of China.

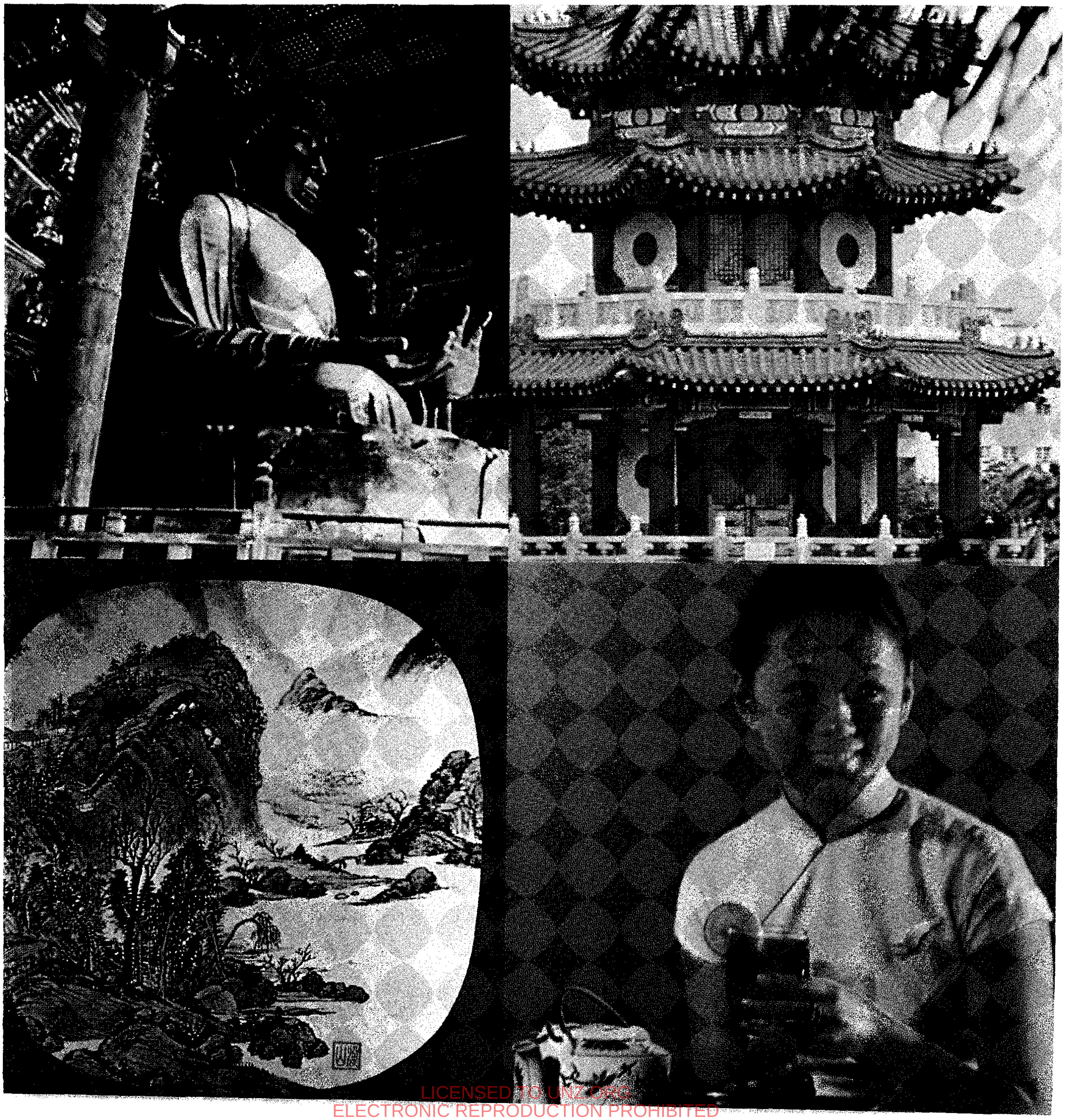
Sales Offices: San Francisco Tel: (415) 989-3300,
Los Angeles Tel: (213) 624-1161, Washington Tel: (202) 833-1760,
New York Tel: (212) 490-0290, Chicago Tel: (312) 427-2920.

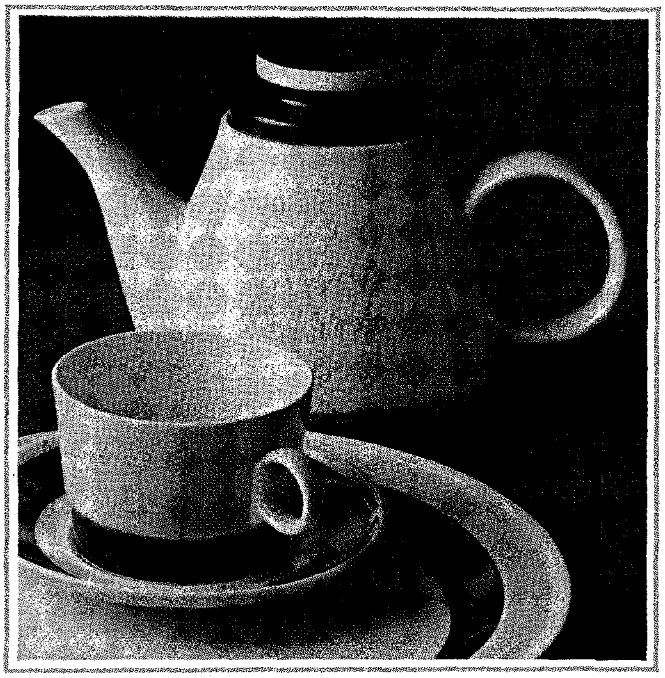
Head Office: Taipei, Taiwan, Republic of China.

Serving: San Francisco, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Taipei, Hong Kong, Seoul, Osaka, Okinawa, Manila, Bangkok, Saigon, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur and soon Djakarta.

Honolulu and Los Angeles services begin April 26, 1971 subject to government approval.

Hongkong through another
on China Airlines.



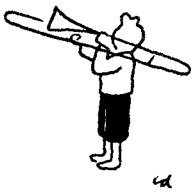


Forma

The circle is the basic form. It is strength. It is purity. ○ And some say it is the shape of time itself. ○ In porcelain, the circle is Forma. Flame-proof dinnerware scribed with the shapes of infinity. As simple to the eye as any sphere, as hard for the mind to forget. ○ For more information about this pattern and Rörstrand, creator of fine dinnerware since 1726, write to: "Forma," Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106.

Rörstrand

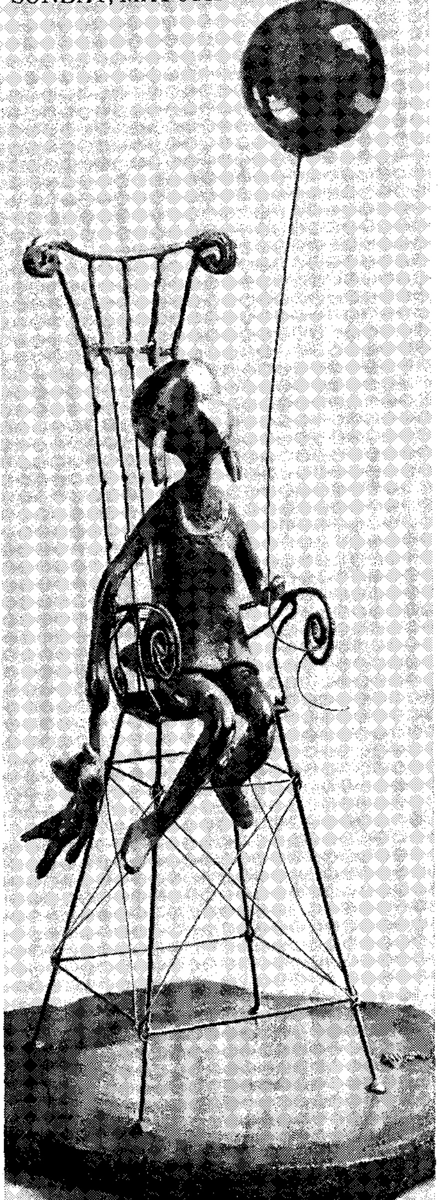
and Sam Thong, along the eastern rim of the Plaine des Jarres, which is held by the North Vietnamese. (Hanoi denies that it has any troops of its own in Laos, but there are actually about fifty thousand of them.) The bases are being subjected to almost daily shelling and to some ground probes by sappers from two North Vietnamese divisions and from what was described to me by one Laotian defense official as an additional "suicide regiment." If both bases should fall, and the troops of the Meo leader General Vang Pao should be further weakened by casualties, the Communists' conquest of the north would be virtually complete; they would then control the eastern half of the country from the Pathet Lao capital of Sam Neua, in the north, all the way down to the Bolovens Plateau. Even now the Pathet Lao and their North Vietnamese cadres dominate some pockets in the southwest as well.



Originally, it had been reported that Royal Lao government troops, aided by some Thai "volunteers," were supposed to push toward the Trail area from the west at the time of the invasion and take the towns of Muong Phalane and Muong Phine, near Tchepone, as part of a pincers movement designed to prevent the North Vietnamese from using alternate trails southward. However, this action was never seriously contemplated, despite the urging of the right-wing generals in Vientiane, because, among other reasons, the government forces were simply too weak. Instead, some guerrilla probes were conducted, but the Communists repulsed most of them. The increased military activity in the northern part of the country has dampened earlier talk that the right-wingers would make a move to topple Souvanna, who remains more or less the indispensable man among the non-Communist factions. Certain right-wingers would undoubtedly like to bring Phoumi Nosavan, the former strong man of Laos, back from exile in Thailand. There was a report of a coup a few days after I left, but it turned out to be only a struggle within the right wing, which is itself divided. Souvanna has agreed to reshuffle his Cabinet in May, and members of the right wing will surely try to persuade him to let go of some seats he is still holding for the Communists, in the event that some agreement can be worked out for their return. Souvanna told me he would refuse to do this.

The right-wingers, divided though they are, are fully aware of the Communists' new intention of grabbing not only as much land as they can in Laos this season but also of bringing more people into line—through terrorism and abductions, if necessary. They are terrorizing the refugees in government camps, undoubtedly to deter others from fleeing Communist areas, and in their drive westward this season they have abducted villagers to work on the Trail and have even been building new villages and roads close to the Trail, colonizing these remote areas with mixed groups of Lao and North Vietnamese. The colonization program is an example of the struggle for manpower now going on in Laos, which has a population of about three million. The government is having trouble augmenting its still fairly incompetent regular army of sixty thousand; General Vang Pao has only about ten thousand men, following some severe losses in the last year. For this reason, Souvanna has somewhat reluctantly accepted Thai "volunteers" in addition to one regular Thai artillery battalion. Recently, some young Lao who were taken north four and five years ago, at the age of fourteen, and trained in Hanoi have been returned to proselyte other Lao. Further, in what has been a remarkable job of synchronizing the radio propaganda from Peking, Hanoi, and Sam Neua, the Pathet Lao have been given all the credit for "repulsing" the South Vietnamese invasion of Laos. The increase in these political efforts removes any doubt about the firmness of Hanoi's determination to remain in Laos. All in all, the country is in a shaky condition, and, as one European ambassador put it to me, "Laos has proved itself shockproof by now, but it's not waterproof, and one of these days it may just sink into the morass of Indo-China and disappear."

APART from the relatively brief action within and around the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex, the war in Laos has remained more or less separate, in strategic if not in ideological terms, from the war in Vietnam. The war in Cambodia, on the other hand, has been very closely related to the Vietnamese conflict for the past year. East of the Mekong, South Vietnamese troops are ostensibly helping the Cambodians but are primarily protecting their own flanks in South Vietnam. In the former North Vietnamese sanctuary areas, a battle is now being waged between the South Vietnamese and the



MOTHER'S DAY
SUNDAY, MAY 9TH

LOVE is a mother's memories—magical moments of her own childhood interwoven with her daughter's. Here Artist Malcolm Moran, in his inimitable way with bronze, sculptures "sugar 'n spice" in high-chair whimsey with her face uplifted to the wonderment of a colorful blown glass balloon in one hand, clinging to a treasured toy bear with the other. Mounted on polished banded agate base. About 10" high, a heart-stealing gift. $250.

Also from our exclusive Chicago collection of Moran art, beguiling companion piece not shown, Huck Finn type little boy with balloon in hand, balancing atop rickety picket fence, about 11", wood base, $250.

Each piece an original, no two identical
Add 5% State Tax for Illinois delivery
Express prepaid beyond delivery area, add $5.

C. D. PEACOCK
State and Monroe, Chicago 60603

River Oaks • Old Orchard • Hubbard Woods • Oakbrook

TERRY JUMPSUIT Handsome stitching on sleeves and legs. A pair of big pockets plus a smaller one up top. Zip front. Chrome rings on self belt. Sea-blue terry. Small (36-38), Medium (39-41), Large (42-44), Extra-Large (46-48). $15.95
Add 50¢ each for shipping. *Send for color catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Basin Harbor. It's a family affair.

OPENING JUNE 20th

Yours. And ours. Our 700 acres of golf, water sports, tennis, fishing, sailing and scenery on the shores of Lake Champlain are run by our family—for family vacations. Come. June to October. For information, reservations, write or call 30 Rockefeller Plaza W., N.Y. 10020. (212) 581-6595. Or call Robert H. Beach, Mgr. Tel. (802) 877-2961

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

VERGENNES, VERMONT 05491

The Pierre

Is a World of its own. Welcome.

5TH AVE. & 61 STREET • N.Y.C. • 212-838-8000

North Vietnamese in which the former are trying to keep the latter from re-establishing the sanctuary areas and supply lines into South Vietnam. Over the past two months the North Vietnamese are said to have suffered fifty-three hundred fatalities, largely because of American airpower, and the South Vietnamese only five hundred.

To the west of the Mekong, the South Vietnamese are less directly involved, and this phase of the war is rapidly developing into a struggle for Cambodia itself. With the exception of the area around Angkor Wat, where the North Vietnamese have entrenched themselves, the struggle increasingly involves native Cambodian Communists and the forces of the new Republic. The Communists, both Cambodian and North Vietnamese, naturally seek the overthrow of the Republic headed by Prime Minister Lon Nol, who got back this week from Hawaii, where he had been recuperating from a stroke he suffered two months ago. But the Cambodians, even more than the Lao, have no love for Vietnamese of any political coloration, and it is perfectly possible that had they been left to themselves the Cambodians might already have reached some form of internal accommodation. In fact, last February, a number of Khmer Communists met with representatives of the Phnom Penh government in the western province of Pursat, bordering on Thailand and the Gulf of Siam. Several sessions were held in a jungle clearing. No one knows whether any progress was made, however, because after an air attack by Cambodian pilots, flying T-28 bombers that the Thais had lent them to destroy a nearby Communist camp, all five government representatives were killed. Whether the attack was an accident or was ordered by someone in Phnom Penh who knew about the meeting and didn't want it to succeed has been the subject of much speculation.

In any event, the attack served to emphasize the confusion that exists in Cambodia today. Besides some forty thousand North Vietnamese in the country, and some Vietcong, there are perhaps ten thousand Khmer Rouge, who coöperate with the North Vietnamese and are partly dependent on them for arms and ammunition (they give the North Vietnamese rice in return) but who are becoming increasingly restive and critical of the conditions the alliance imposes on them. The North Vietnamese appear to be concentrating more and more on developing their own Cambodian elements, and, especially in the southern part of the country, are training recruited or impressed Cambodians in scores of jungle camps. There is also a small remnant of anti-government forces still loyal to Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who was overthrown in March, 1970, but they don't amount to much. Sihanouk, who is in Peking, nevertheless keeps referring to them as the nucleus of his new revolutionary government. While Peking permits the Prince to exhort his "followers" over Radio Peking, the Chinese Communists apparently regard him as a mere puppet, and continue to prepare their own team of Sino-Khmer leaders, trained in Peking—or, in earlier days, in Moscow—to take over Cambodia when the time comes.

A year ago, when the South Vietnamese and American troops made their original attack on the sanctuaries, the North Vietnamese established new base areas west of the Mekong and in the northern part of the country, below Laos. Since they then still had enough supplies on hand, they conducted a wide-ranging campaign to consolidate their hold on at least half the country and to capture some cities. In the past few months, perhaps because they now want to husband their supplies of ammunition pending the arrival of more from the north, they have shifted their tactics and—except for engaging in a few big battles with South Vietnamese forces, mostly around Kompong Cham and the Chup-plantation area north of Phnom Penh—have concentrated on ambushing Republic troops and on cutting a number of main roads. They have had considerable success at this, but less success at stopping river traffic on the Mekong from Saigon to Phnom Penh. During the past two months, at least half a dozen protected convoys carrying oil and other supplies have reached the capital despite attacks en route from the shore.

The government's army, of some two hundred thousand men, is in the process of being pruned to a somewhat smaller and more effective force. The troops are still being trained mostly in Vietnam, but their effectiveness is not improving fast enough to satisfy the Americans. There are fifteen United States military attachés currently stationed in Phnom Penh, along with sixteen representatives of the new Military Equipment Delivery Teams. Fifty additional M.E.D.T. representatives stay in Vietnam and take turns serving in Cambodia. These men are not supposed to advise the Cambodians but simply to supervise the use of equipment—obviously a narrow line to draw. At the moment, an effort is being made in Washington and Saigon to bring out another fifty M.E.D.T. men. This is being strongly opposed by a handful of Americans in Cambodia—notably by Jonathan Ladd, a retired Special Forces colonel with long experience in Vietnam, who has the title of political-military counsellor. Ladd feels that we are starting to make the same mistakes in Cambodia that we have been making for years in Vietnam. He says that the Cambodian Army is now being turned into the same sort of conventional force we created in Vietnam, and he is vigorously opposing a plan formulated by some military men in Saigon to send Cambodians to the United States for training at conventional war schools, such as Fort Leavenworth and Fort Benning. "The Cambodians have to clean up their own back yard first, and they're not going to learn how to do that in America," Ladd says. "We have to accept them for what they are rather than what they ought to be, and one thing they're not going to do is march through Belgium."

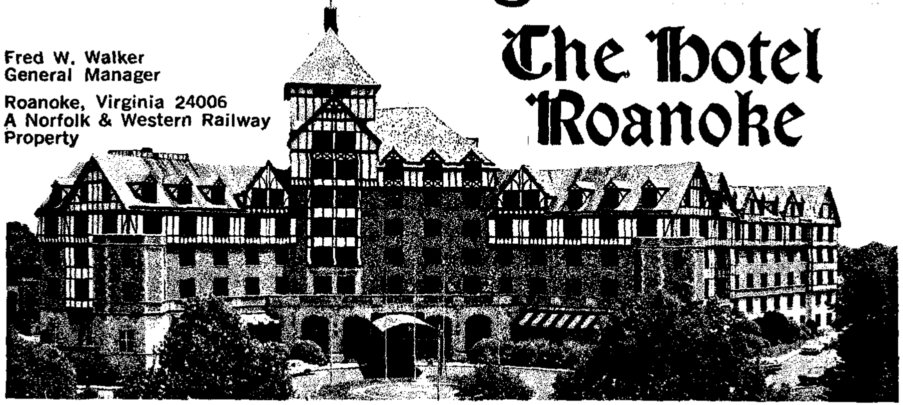
The number of personnel at the American Embassy in Phnom Penh has grown in the past year from a dozen, including secretaries, to just under a hundred. Emory C. Swank, an able ambassador with experience in Laos, is trying to adhere to President Nixon's policy of "keeping the profile low," but there are difficulties about doing this when the military-aid and economic-aid programs together total two hundred and fifty-five million dollars. The Cambodians naturally welcome the American aid, and very little remains of the anti-American feeling that Sihanouk engendered. They are proud of having survived over the past year, marked, as it was, by an expansion of the war following Sihanouk's downfall, but they also feel a deep uncertainty and discontent, which is most often expressed in criticism of nepotism, corruption, and the generally slow rate of progress in the fighting. Two weeks ago, Acting Prime Minister Sisowath Sirik Matak called for a "popular war" to combat the Communists in the countryside. This will include a small and poorly planned pacification program, mostly involving the distribution of medicines and pamphlets and some guns to villagers, on what neutral observers regard as far too lax a basis.

The uncertainty and discontent have

Lafayette Galleries, Inc.
IMPORTERS
Announces the Premier showing of
NASHUA, One of turfdom's all-time greats Sired in Porcelain by CYBIS
A Limited Edition of 500, $2000

210 East Main, Lexington, Kentucky 40507 (606) 252-5296

One of the last great hotels
The Hotel Roanoke
Fred W. Walker
General Manager
Roanoke, Virginia 24006
A Norfolk & Western Railway Property



Represented nationally by:Robert F.Warner/New York/Chicago/Toronto/Washington/Boston/Miami.

We'll give you a free scotch.
but you must come over to London, England, to get it.
We'll also serve you up with the most prime Scotch steaks in England, fine wines and a lot of Scottish atmosphere.
Which could almost make it worth the trip.
THE ANGUS STEAK HOUSES LONDON
Twenty-two restaurants in Central London, England.
Clip this ad. and bring it with you. It's worth a free Scotch with your meal.

Jules Podell presents
DON RICKLES
THE P.J.'S
(PAOLA & JEANNE)
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
3 SHOWS SATURDAY
8 P.M., 11 P.M. AND 2 A.M.
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

Alexis Lichine & Co. ends the hit-and-miss approach to selecting fine French wine.

Nothing is more disappointing than to select a wine and find that it is not to your satisfaction.

The fact is, the name of the shipper is often a wine's important distinguishing feature. And there are three reasons why Alexis Lichine & Co. is a name you can trust.

1. We offer you eleven French wines that have proved themselves by being among the most popular in Europe. You really can't go wrong with any one of them.

2. We are one of the few shippers who exercise control over our wines—from the growing of the grape through making and bottling. You can be sure of consistent quality.

3. This control also allows us to eliminate many of the "middlemen," so that we can offer you these fine French wines at an average price of $3.00 a bottle.

Try Alexis Lichine Wines. We think you'll find them an incomparable value.

Enjoy.

Alexis Lichine®

Life without wine is no life at all.

Alexis Lichine Beaujolais, Bordeaux Superieur, Cotes du Rhone, Muscadet, Pinot Noir, Medoc, Pinot Chardonnay, Pouilly Fuisse, Graves, Sauternes, Rose d'Anjou. Imported by Bass Charrington Vintners (USA) Ltd., New York, N.Y.

ALEXIS LICHINE
BEAUJOLAIS
ALEXIS LICHINE & Cº
ALEXIS LICHINE
ROSÉ D'ANJOU
APPELLATION ROSÉ D'ANJOU CONTROLÉE
1969
ALEXIS LICHINE & Cº
NEGOCIANTS A BORDEAUX
SELECTION ALEXIS LICHINE

The 'Super-Graphics' Collection: it's a revolution in rugs as Fieldcrest goes the bath one better. With striking geometrics that go everywhere in style. Down the hall. Up on the wall. Beside the bed. *Wherever you want a spark of ingenious* color-works. And they're terrific in tandem, creative as building blocks. Discover 'Super-Graphics' in super colors at the stores you love most. $15. They're here for everywhere. *Fieldcrest*®

A Division of Fieldcrest Mills, Inc.,
60 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

'Super-Graphics' are now/Only Fieldcrest does it like this.

surely been aggravated by Lon Nol's illness and temporary absence from the scene. Sirik Matak, despite his demonstrated administrative abilities—among other things, he has allowed the various generals in the military regions to run their own campaigns without the interference from Phnom Penh that Lon Nol kept imposing—is not a popular leader. Père Lon Nol, as he is often referred to, remains the consensus figure—the father who took over the guardianship of Sihanouk's "children," as the Prince was so fond of calling his people. During Lon Nol's absence, there was a flurry of coup rumors in Phnom Penh, mostly involving alleged efforts to restore the monarchy, but the diplomatic community is virtually unanimous in stating that there was little substance to these rumblings. However, considerable doubt exists about what will happen now that Lon Nol is taking over again. The question everyone is asking is whether he will be able to do his job effectively. He has made it clear that he cannot resume his eighteen-hour-a-day pace, but the degree to which he will allow Sirik Matak and others to share the burdens of leadership is not yet known. A fundamental Cambodian quality that diplomats in Phnom Penh describe as "immobilism" or "the phlegmatic approach" continues to hamper progress in most areas of governmental concern, especially the economy, which is just barely holding its own as prices rise slowly and the riel—the Cambodian monetary unit—brings half the official rate on the black market. The problems include a lack of organization, too many overlapping ministries, and a lot of dead wood left over from the Sihanouk days. "There has been a loss of *élan*, of political enthusiasm, in the last few months," one Western ambassador says. "The Cambodians have been hurt militarily, and Lon Nol's illness was a real psychological blow. Now we'll just have to see what happens." Like other military observers in Cambodia, Jonathan Ladd believes that the Cambodians can survive as long as the North Vietnamese don't make that country their primary target. The signs indicate that South Vietnam is still Target No. 1, but more will be known about that when the next dry season starts.

HOWEVER one gauges the results of the recent military and political events in Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam, the biggest factor is their collective impact on North Vietnam, where new elections just took place, on April 11th, for the fourth legislature of the National Assembly. These are the first such elections since 1964, and, important as they are in their own right, they may be even more important in presaging a full Party congress later this year or early next year. The last such congress was called in 1960. Though the election results are sure to be routine when they are announced—the official Fatherland Front chose five hundred and twenty-two out of the five hundred and twenty-nine candidates to run for four hundred and twenty seats—the new Assembly, which meets in June, is likely to take some important political steps, including making changes in the government. It seems likely that some younger men will be added to the Politburo, most of whose members are in their late sixties or older. There is also a possibility that North Vietnam may acquire a new President, for Ton Duc Thang, who replaced the late Ho Chi Minh, is in his eighties. Conceivably, he could voluntarily step down and be given some honorific post, in which case, experts here speculate, his place might be taken by Vice-President Nguyen Luong Bang, who played a significant role in Ho's efforts to maintain a precarious balance between Moscow and Peking. Or Bang might become the first of two Vice-Presidents with special duties.

Even if the new elections consolidate the position of Truong Chinh, the ailing chairman of the Standing Committee of the Assembly, who is generally regarded as the strongest pro-Peking man in the Politburo, no one here believes that he is prepared to challenge the "first-among-equals" position of Le Duan, the first secretary of the Lao Dong (Workers') Party. There are some differences within the Politburo over the emphasis that should be accorded domestic problems vs. the prosecution of the war, but the unity of the group remains basically firm. The policy is one of flexibility—a policy that was set forth in an important speech delivered a few months ago by General Giap and was further stressed in speeches made by Le Duan, during a trip to Peking and then to Moscow, where he was given the signal honor of being the first speaker at the Soviet Party Congress. Duan, Chinh, and Prime Minister Pham Van Dong are still the top three men in the Politbu-

Play the '72 U.S. Open Course now.

Del Monte Lodge's special 3-day, 2-night golf package includes breakfasts and dinners. Green fees for the Pebble Beach Golf Links (site of the '72 U. S. Open Championship) and Spyglass Hill Golf Course (officially rated as the toughest golf course in California). Guest membership at the Pebble Beach Tennis Club with 9 championship courts, heated pool and private beach. Music at CLUB XIX (a popular 19th hole by day). TV and room service. And use of Gun Club and Riding Stable.

The cost for this special golf holiday? Just $78.25 per person, plus tax, double occupancy. Gratuities not included. And it's available all year long.

For the finest golf you've ever played, plus the charm of Carmel and the 17-Mile Drive, see your Travel Agent. Or, call us collect at (408) 624-3811.

Tell me more about your special "Golfer's Holiday" package.
I am interested in staying at the Lodge
from (date) ____________
to (date) ____________
NAME ____________
TELEPHONE ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY/STATE/ZIP ____________

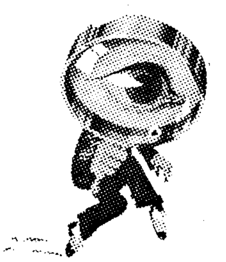
Mail to
Del Monte Lodge
Dept. NY, Pebble Beach, Calif. 93953

Del Monte Lodge is represented by your local Travel Agent and Glen W. Fawcett Co., Div. of John A. Tetley Co., Inc. (SF) 415-434-0660; (LA) 213-388-1151.

A New Sound in the St. Regis Room
JASON & MARYHAZEL
singing their own things
nightly from 9:30 except Sunday

St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
(212) PL 3-4500
FIFTH AVE. AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

"ANTHONY SHAFFER'S 'SLEUTH' IS THE BEST THRILLER I HAVE EVER SEEN." —Clive Barnes, N.Y. Times


ANTHONY QUAYLE
KEITH BAXTER
in
SLEUTH

– TICKET INFORMATION –
TICKETS ON SALE AT BOX OFFICE
THRU MAY 29th, 1971
TICKETS AVAILABLE BY MAIL
THRU NOV. 13, 1971

PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. & Boxes $8.50; Mezz. $7.50, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Orch. & Boxes $7; Mezz. $6, 5, 4, 3.50. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with check or money order and list alternate dates. All mail orders subject to prior sale of Theatre Parties.

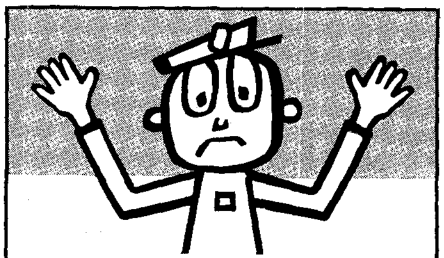
MUSIC BOX THEATRE
239 West 45th Street, CI 6-4636

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

ro. Many people now believe the fourth-most-important man to be Pham Hung, who runs the war in South Vietnam and spends most of his time there. Giap and Le Duc Tho, a theoretician, who is the liaison man for the Paris talks, are next in line.

While the Laotian and Cambodian attacks hurt the North Vietnamese, the mood in Hanoi, according to observers who have recently returned from there, is one of tough-minded confidence. For the first time in two years or so, articles propounding the official line in North Vietnamese publications are emphasizing the need to press on to military victory in Indo-China, and, at least for the moment, the stress on diplomatic offensives, in Paris or elsewhere, has been dropped. The threats to invade the North voiced by President Thieu and other South Vietnamese—and backed by President Nixon and various Administration spokesmen at least to the extent of not ruling out such a possibility—are regarded here by almost all experienced observers as psychological-warfare maneuvers. Since the South Vietnamese have suffered severe losses, and since they have their hands full right here as the Americans step up their troop withdrawals, they are certainly spread too thin to plan any further bold offensives, though they could make commando raids.

The invasion threats have backfired in that they have helped the North Vietnamese leaders to rally the population to increase its military effort and to stiffen the economy for the imminent "total victory" that they claim lies ahead. In an effort to obtain hard currency, the North Vietnamese are exporting all the goods they can spare—even rice and coal. One reason they need hard currency is that they are buying necessary mining and other machinery and small mechanical plows from Japan, partly because the equipment obtained from Russia and China has been difficult to maintain. Prosecuting the war throughout Indo-China has certainly made heavy financial demands. "Legalizing" their cadres in South Vietnam, for example, costs a great deal of money, and, aside from the needs of individual cadres, Hanoi has increased what is known as its "shadow supply system," whereby its agents secretly buy into Western firms in South Vietnam and elsewhere. It also costs a lot to finance the Provisional Revolutionary Government in South Vietnam—the successor to the National Liberation Front—especially now that the P.R.G. is recognized by about


Are you still holding up the U.S. mail?

You are if you don't use Zip Code!

advertising contributed for the public good

Middlebury Inn
Middlebury • Vermont

Charming College Town. Comfortable Inn, a modern motel, stately Porter House Annex. Air Conditioning, TV. Fine Food. Nearby golf, watersports, antiquing and museums.

Write:
David Beach,
Manager
Phone 802-388-4961

We may have the answer.

Request our free booklet:
"To Find a School to Fit the Child"

Bunting and Lyon, Inc.
Wallingford, Conn. 06492 (203) 269-3333
Representatives in most major cities

Some of New York's best plays are off Broadway. So is some of New York's best food. THE GINGER MAN
51 W. 64th St. (Just off Broadway)
Across from Lincoln Center
SC 4-7272 • SC 4-7408

a score of nations and maintains delegations abroad.

In their elections, the North Vietnamese decided to eliminate eighty-nine seats that had been accorded to "Southern delegates" in 1946—a decision that has given rise to much speculation here in Saigon. The step was probably taken simply to accord the P.R.G. status as a "government" in its own right, and thus enhance its position throughout the world. It has been suggested that, for propaganda purposes, and because the talks in Paris are getting nowhere, the Hanoi delegation may leave Paris, at least temporarily, and let the P.R.G. deal directly with the Saigon government. This would embarrass both Washington and Saigon, but in the long run it might lead the two sides within South Vietnam itself to hold some serious talks, and lead Washington and Hanoi to use their own channels to settle the matter of prisoners and troop withdrawals. In any event, by holding their elections now, ahead of those in South Vietnam, the North Vietnamese have mounted a political offensive at a time when the diplomatic front is momentarily quiet. Taken in conjunction with the negative effects of the Laotian invasion—especially its failure to spur negotiations—political events both in the North and in the South between now and the end of the year are apt to be more important than military events. The fighting will continue, as it seems to continue endlessly, but the real contest for power is now a political one. Unfortunately, the hard-liners in Hanoi are far more aware of this underlying situation than are the political leaders in the South, who seem to offer their followers only further doubts and uncertainties. That is why the Northerners seem so sure of ultimate victory, and why so many Southerners are secretly making their own plans for ultimate accommodation. Such an accommodation increasingly implies a willingness to get along somehow with the Communists in the South, while accepting the fact that North and South Vietnam are likely to remain separate countries indefinitely. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

The Ford mini has a sloping rear end, similar to those of English and French cars. A peppy performance package and items such as a floor-mounted automatic transmission are being tested for this little car. z z z z z z —*The Times.*

No vivid writing, please.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $12.00
☐ Two Years (104 issues) $20.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00; Other Foreign $4.00 per year

Your Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

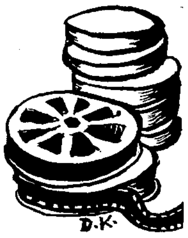
To ____________________
Street ____________________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Langdon

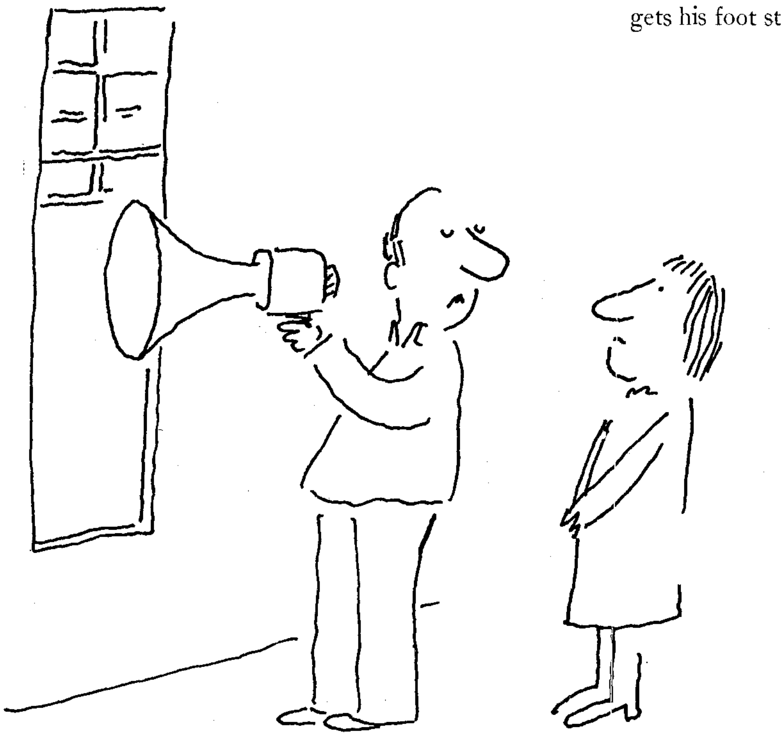


KEATON, Chaplin, Lloyd, Langdon—and the unsung of these is Langdon. The Elgin Theatre is about to start a retrospective program, put together by Raymond Rohauer, of practically all the silent films that Harry Langdon ever made; a lot of them are beautifully funny.

If Harold Lloyd looks like a schoolboy who is hitting the awkward age and who is also a bit of a swot, Harry Langdon looks like a small girl with high hopes of one day being eight. The exquisite Bessie Love face is hung with panniers of puppy fat. The makeup, which weirdly manages not to seem androgynous, gives him the likeness of a child who has been mooning for hours in front of a looking glass with its mother's lipstick and mascara. The mouth looks babyish and jammy, and the eye black has been put on in a state of trance; the whole face has then been dreamily smothered in talcum powder. When Langdon gazes into the distance in a film—when he is playing a soldier looking for his regiment in country too hard for him—his lineless, unpanicked face is the mask not of a mind hard at work, like Keaton's, but of a mind gently lolling at anchor, like a punt. He seems to be contemplating not a problem but his own reflection, with an interest too infant to be called vanity. Any intrusions of thought would be perilous, like noises that could make a sleepwalker break an ankle. The face exudes great sweetness and placidity. When cunning takes over, it is the response of someone pre-moral. Langdon is very much an only child, and it has made him a duffer at games. As a 1914-18 private in "The Strong Man"—the only private in the whole Army who might easily fail someday to absorb the fact that the war is over—he takes abstracted aim at a tin can and then at a German officer's helmet, using Army biscuits slung from a catapult. Only a girl would find such a rotten form of bullet, and only a girl would be so thrilled and surprised to get a hit—a girl with aspirations not to be a butterfingers, but doomed in the hope, and solitary. Langdon automatically goes his own way, without troubling himself to get in touch with the rest of the world. The position seems to be shared by all the great cinema comedians; the movies' double acts, the fables about alliance, derive from the stage, and never seem to be as glorious on screen as they can be in music hall.

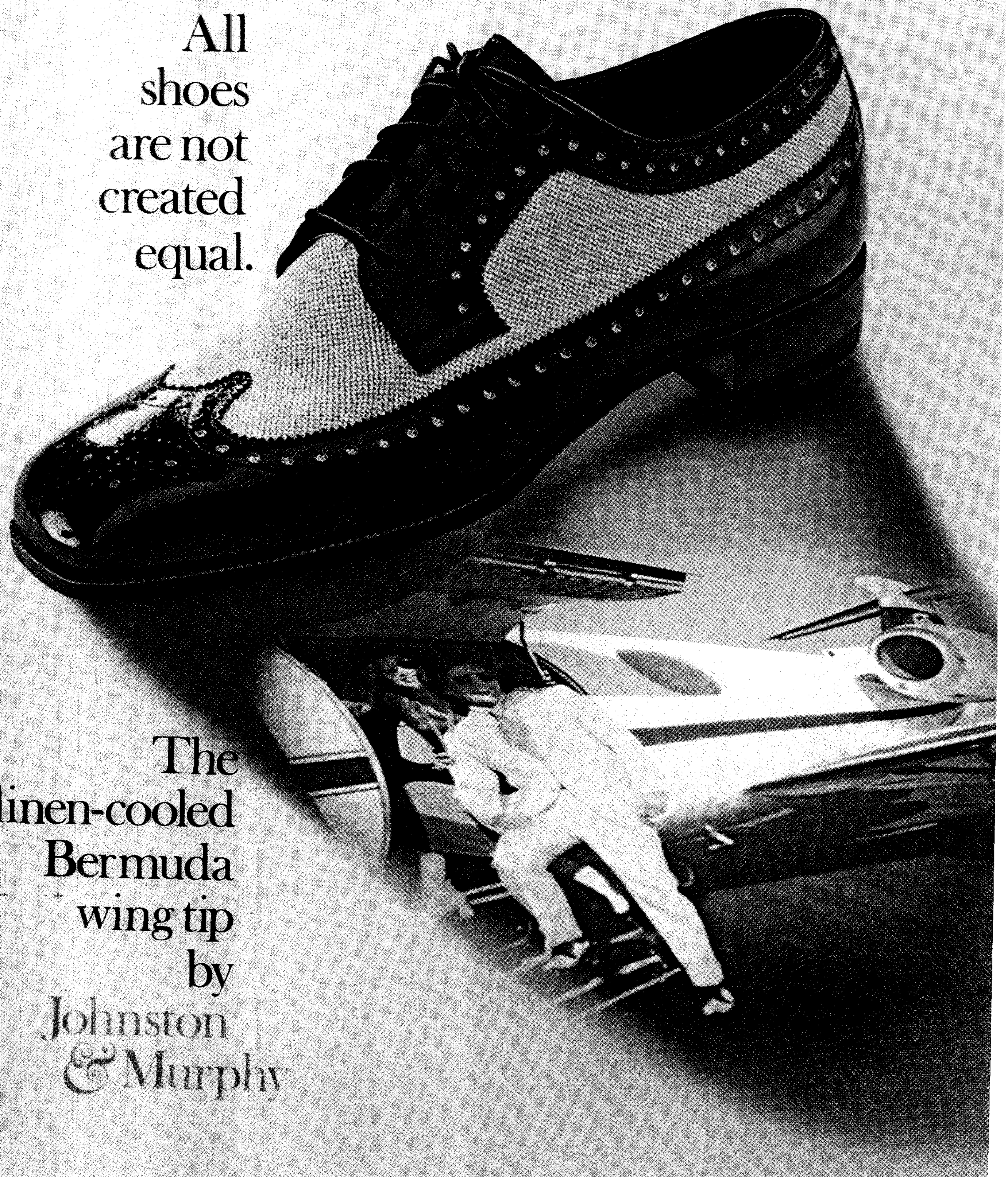
When Langdon is in mufti—when he isn't being a soldier, or isn't dressed up in a morning coat to marry some scheming, avaricious bride—he generally wears a hat with the brim turned up all the way round, an outgrown jacket of which only the top buttons will fasten, baggy trousers, and large, amoebic boots. He stands with his feet in the first position of ballet, toes out—again like a girl without much of a clue. There can never have been such a spry comedian who gave such an impression of unathleticism. He looks as if he couldn't run for toffee. The best of his films—including some that he directed himself—reflect his schoolgirl torpor and move along with a beautiful dumbbell liquidity. He has a child's blitheness in egoism, a child's greed and hope and otherworld criminality, and if the characterization ever slips into a moment of adult, this-world proneness to wounds, the film falters. Keaton is entirely grown up, stoic, decisive, ancient; Langdon seems most himself when he is unformed and seraphically naïve. He is a virtuoso of infant twitches that signal some tiny, fleeting worry, and a master of the beguilingly fatuous motions of beings who are still at the stage of experimenting to find their muscles. He can be especially splendid when he is working at a slant, trudging around the precipitous floor of a shack in a cyclone as if he had only just learned to walk.

The girls in his films are filthy grownups, treacherous and not very pretty. There is a terrible harridan in "The Strong Man" who cons him into thinking that she was the flower-faced girl who was his pen pal at the front; back home in America, she slips a stolen wad of bills into his pocket to offload detection by a dick behind her, and then faints massively outside her choice of mansion. Langdon is told severely by a servant that one can't leave one's women lying around like that. He lugs her inside as if she were a very large roll of carpet, keeling under her weight and avoiding several nasty blows from her diamanté jewelry. Her neck looks like a boxer's. Langdon staggers, sees the immense curving staircase that she wants to be carried up, and staggers some more. Starting the long haul, he gets his foot stuck in a flowerpot. There is a joyful moment when the overdressed burden, who is still pretending to be in a swoon, has to be propped on the marble bannisters for an instant and then slides all the way down on her stomach. Langdon anxiously begins over again, sitting down on the stairs and carting the woman up step by step on his lap. He has indoctrinated himself so sternly into making the taxed movement that he plugs on with it, still backward, up a stepladder at the head of the stairs, right to the top of the ladder, and then beyond and over. It is a marvellous passage of mime. Maybe inflexibility, automatism, abstractedness,



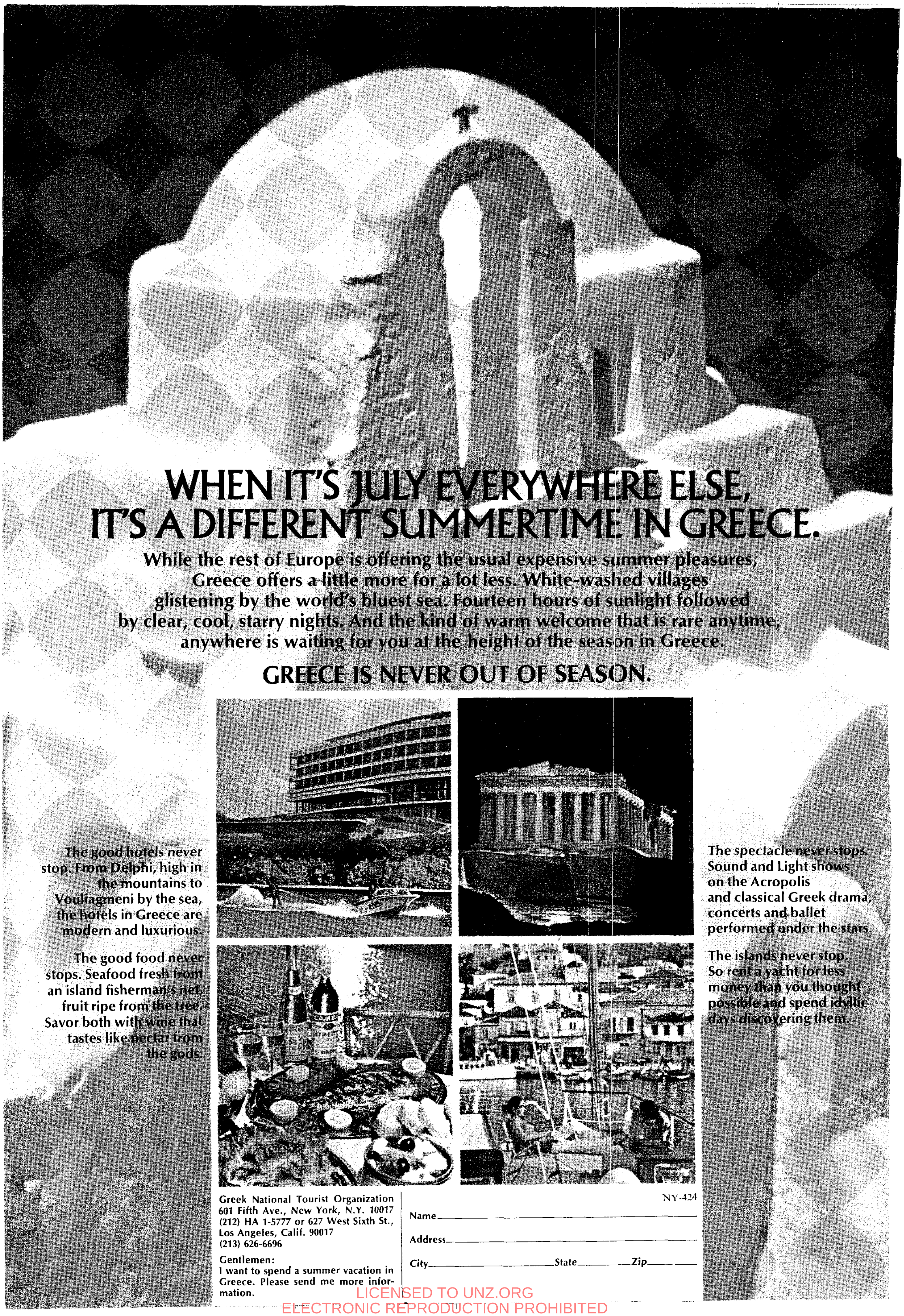
"For too long, I have been guilty of the crime of silence."

All
shoes
are not
created
equal.



The
linen-cooled
Bermuda
wing tip
by
Johnston
& Murphy

Island hopping. Flight plan: follow the sun. Fashion point: keep cool. Suit, light. Shoe, woven and glossy textured. Gently squared. Brown patent with beige linen; also in black with beige linen. $37.50. At America's finest stores. Johnston & Murphy "The Shoe with a Memory" Genesco Park, Nashville, Tennessee. Genesco Everything to wear.



WHEN IT'S JULY EVERYWHERE ELSE, IT'S A DIFFERENT SUMMERTIME IN GREECE.

While the rest of Europe is offering the usual expensive summer pleasures, Greece offers a little more for a lot less. White-washed villages glistening by the world's bluest sea. Fourteen hours of sunlight followed by clear, cool, starry nights. And the kind of warm welcome that is rare anytime, anywhere is waiting for you at the height of the season in Greece.

GREECE IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON.

The good hotels never stop. From Delphi, high in the mountains to Vouliagmeni by the sea, the hotels in Greece are modern and luxurious.

The good food never stops. Seafood fresh from an island fisherman's net, fruit ripe from the tree. Savor both with wine that tastes like nectar from the gods.

The spectacle never stops. Sound and Light shows on the Acropolis and classical Greek drama, concerts and ballet performed under the stars.

The islands never stop. So rent a yacht for less money than you thought possible and spend idyllic days discovering them.

Greek National Tourist Organization
601 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) HA 1-5777 or 627 West Sixth St.,
Los Angeles, Calif. 90017
(213) 626-6696

Gentlemen:
I want to spend a summer vacation in Greece. Please send me more information.

NY-424

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State______ Zip______

and unsociability are great staples of funniness; Langdon's films sometimes have them all.

Unlike Chaplin and Harold Lloyd, he doesn't wheedle. We might as well not be there. He is subject to attacks of entirely private petulance, and doesn't give a damn that they're dopey. He will kick a cannon, or throw things irritably, and with a girl's aim, at a cyclone. In one celebrated set piece in, again, "The Strong Man," he has a cold and attends devotedly to curing himself with stinking remedies in a crowded vehicle. The other passengers object, especially when he rubs his chest with Limburger cheese instead of liniment. A fusspot on his left is incensed. Langdon, hampered by feeling lousy, gives him an effete punch and also manages to spatter cough syrup over the dandyish enemy. His revenges are always serene and his movements oddly meditative. As with the business of lugging the hefty woman thief upstairs, his physical gags often come out of the old vaudeville-comedy discipline of repeating a movement mechanically after the need for it has gone. In "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," he somehow gets himself into and out of a prisoners' work camp in the middle of a cross-America walking race; he has grown entirely accustomed to walking with a ball and chain when he rejoins the race, and when a train happens (never mind how) to run over the chain and cut it loose he picks up the ball gamely and carries it as if it were a given of life. Sometimes he will stoop to pull up the iron links around his legs because they have drooped like sock garters. You can see that the things have given him pins and needles. He rubs the circulation back. Comedy is to swallow a camel and strain at a gnat.

Comedy is also to be tenacious in pursuit of hermetically peculiar tasks. In "Long Pants," Langdon tries desperately to train a ventriloquist's dummy to run, doing demonstration sprints again and again, and coming back each time to see if the lesson has taken. He is fine with props, and a great punster with objects. Planning radiantly to murder his prospective bride in a wood, he drops his pistol into the undergrowth and retrieves in its stead a pistol-shaped branch, which he carries on with for a while. In England, the Goons used to do this sort of thing in their great early days at the B.B.C. Spike Milligan would suddenly pick up a passing banana in the recording studio and plant it in his ear as a telephone receiver for an improvised call to Peter Sellers, blandly ignoring the fact that they were doing radio, not television.

Harry Langdon was born in 1884, child of two Salvation Army officers—which was a start. He worked as a cartoonist, a prop boy, a barber, and a performer in a patent-medicine show and then in vaudeville for twenty years before he went to Mack Sennett. It was Frank Capra, a Sennett gag writer at the time, who invented "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" for him. Capra apparently understood Langdon's comic personality perfectly, and begged to be allowed to work with him. (Later on, it was Capra who directed the two films that are probably Langdon's best—"The Strong Man" and "Long Pants.") In "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," Capra correctly shows him coming out on top, as infants do, and winning the cross-continental marathon in spite of the ball and chain and in spite of infatuation with a girl played by Joan Crawford. The spiritual load for Langdon of loving Joan Crawford is inspired.

In Langdon's most characteristic films, the girls tend to be armor-plated. While he slips them love notes, they are likely to be immersed in some manly correspondence with other criminals about loot and dope. His attitude toward them is distant and spiked with decorum. He may sleep with a framed poster of the beloved's face in his bed, but this is as far as he will go. The strapping lady thief in "The Strong Man" tries to seduce him; though he is perfectly polite, the occasion is beyond his experience, and all he knows is that it tickles. There are some Langdon pictures in which the misogyny becomes delicately surreal. In "Three's a Crowd," which he directed, he has a nightmare about having to fight in a brightly lit boxing ring, with his girl rooting against him, eyes hard as quartz; in the end, loopy with blood lust, she bites her straw hat to pieces. Girls are never much help to Langdon. His best friend is providence—some fall of a stone in the nick of time, some Old Testament collapse of a saloon filled with stronger enemies. There is one cast list in which the characters include "His Bride," "His Downfall," "His Finish;" all three, predictably, are girls. Nonetheless, he is chivalrous. There are standards to be kept up. Sometimes he will explain these standards in a subtitle. They have a charming impatience and oddness: "Can't you see, Pa, when your sweetheart's in

This 7 year old Irish hat looks like Peter Alport.

Your Irish Country Hat will look like you.

Individual. Hand-woven, hand-crafted where the lovely Connemara hills meet the sea. One of these hats was made for you. It's weather-proof, almost wear-proof—just about everything but you-proof. Soft, pure wool Irish tweed. Specify gray or brown and your regular hat size. We'll rush your order postpaid. Ideal casual hat for men, women. Sold only by mail from Norm Thompson. Full return privileges.

Benedicte Boullet

each $14.50, two for $27 ppd.

Norm Thompson Dept. A-71
1805 N.W. Thurman Portland, Ore. 97209

☐ Enclosed check for $______, rush______ Irish Country Hats, postage free.
Size______ Brown______ Gray______

☐ Send FREE 80-page color catalog, "ESCAPE FROM THE ORDINARY."
Direct import savings on fine country clothes, sportswear and equipment for men and women.

Name______
Address______
City______
State______ Zip______

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place To Relax
While You Dine Very Well

Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION CW ®

Yes. Because it's there, you know this handsome side chair is a faithful reproduction of the Queen Anne original in the Brush-Everard House in Williamsburg. The Hallmark tells you that the mahogany is carefully chosen and then hand-crafted and hand-rubbed to a mellow patina.

The complete collection exclusively in the following Williamsburg Shops:

B. Altman & Co. *New York*
Colby's *Chicago*
Golden Rooster *Atlanta*
Joseph Horne's *Pittsburgh*
John Wanamaker *Phila.*
L. S. Ayres *Indianapolis*
H. Feinberg *Wilmington, Del.*
Higbee's *Cleveland*
O'Neill & Bishop *Ardmore, Pa.*
Woodward & Lothrop *Wash., D. C.*

Complete Catalogue, 168 pages 1970 edition $2.50.

® *Identifies trademarks of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

"A hymn to the triumph of life."
José Yglesias

RISK
by Rachel MacKenzie

Risk is one patient's narrative of what it is like to undergo open-heart surgery. It is a wholly personal account of the pain and the courage, the terror and the triumph inherent in the battle for survival. It celebrates a burning love of life.

"A wonderful book."
—Isaac Bashevis Singer

$3.95 THE VIKING PRESS

All of the contents of this book appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Country Inns & Back Roads

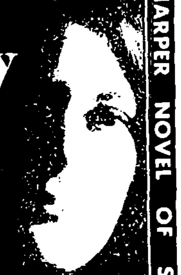
"The Only Book of its Kind"

Dewy *mornings*, country breakfasts, woodland rambles, *undiscovered* by-ways, hearty dinners, good conversation, snug beds, *shunpiking*, history, *nature* . . . all of these are yours, vicariously or in reality, with this happy, personal narrative that visits 70 operating country inns from the escarpments of New England to California's shores. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

2.95 ppd.

Tarry In Our Book Stall

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
BOX 611



A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"The best Freeling"*

THE Lovely LADIES

NICOLAS FREELING, Edgar Award-winner, sends his famous Inspector Van der Valk on a trip. "A Dutch detective investigating a murder in Dublin is something novel, and Freeling brings it off beautifully." —*FRANK SULLIVAN. $5.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

distress you can't go around marrying other women?" His love letters have the same straightforward idiosyncrasy: "I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, and hope you are the same. Harry."

The America of his films is grounded in the twenties. It is a world of marathons and patent medicines and bootlegging, of religion that has a thunderous edge to it, of wedding rings in hock, of keeping one's end up. There is an out-of-work strong man who wears a brocade waistcoat for bravado; he boasts, to maintain his spirits, "I lift the heaviest weights in the world, and when I shoot myself from a cannon to a trapeze it's a sensation." Sometimes Langdon's films movingly catch the desperate, squalid courage of the epoch. His father in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" is a small-time cobbler on his way out because of the coming of mass production. "I can't battle those big shoe manufacturers," Pop says tremulously from, of course, a wheelchair. The sentimentality about crafts and private enterprise also belongs to the times; it seems half mock, but meant, too. The great silent comedians demonstrate a philosophy of me-against-the-world, of small-town decency against metropolitan mayhem, of the loner against the propertied. Greed whirls over the landscape in a dark cone, drawing with it everyone except the tramp comedian and his kin. But though the tramp doesn't have a bean, he has a benedictive luck. In one of Langdon's famous stunt sequences, he has leaped over the fence of a yard enticingly labelled "Private. Keep Out," to be saved on the other side only by a nail from falling down a cliff face. Whoever wrote that notice had a satanic passion for property and no great feeling for the lives of natural daredevils. Langdon's belt catches on the nail, and so does his sweater. He removes the sweater from the nail carefully and starts to unbuckle the belt. Then he sees the drop below him, absorbs it gravely, and does up the buckle, going on to cover up the sight of it with his sweater, in one of my favorite hopeless moments in silent comedy. Langdon did the stunt himself. "There was no one else to do it," he told a friend later, after the talkies had come in and his career had hit bankruptcy, "so I had no alternative." He was apparently deeply worried at the time because there wasn't a titter from the crew as he hung there. He didn't allow for their being fond of him; he thought it meant the sequence wouldn't be funny.

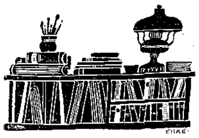
—Penelope Gilliatt

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BIRD OF PARADISE, by Lily Powell (Knopf). Luxurious, ironic, chic, altogether an entertainment of the very first class, this long novel is set in Europe, mainly in Paris, in the twenties and early thirties, and concerns a small, closely knit group of women and girls, and the men who are attached to them or detached from them, and the money that is attached or not attached to the men. Women and money, women and their men, women and their beauty, women in luck and out of luck—Miss Powell has the most intricate and fascinating hold over all her characters, but her understanding of them is well balanced by her cool attitude toward them. *Après moi le déluge*, she seems to be saying, as she watches them flounder this way and that. Even Daisy, the Bird of Paradise, flounders. Daisy is the exceedingly beautiful and overpoweringly well-groomed Mrs. George T. Henderson, a penniless Parisienne of "gentle" birth but so choosy and so icily self-engrossed that she is in her late twenties before she marries, almost by accident, a minor American diplomat of considerable though not unlimited wealth. But Daisy needs unlimited wealth. For the maintenance of her beauty and her wardrobe and her complicated household with its huge staff, she needs lots of money, and her little daughter, Louise, who is the narrator of the story, grows up in an atmosphere that is cold for lack of love and tense with quarrels over money. With one exception, all the women in the book are French, and most of them are natives of Paris. There are Hélène, Daisy's regrettable sister, and Hélène's two grown daughters. And Suzy, Daisy's best friend. And others. Little Louise is born in 1922, and the story ends when she is about thirteen, although there are backward and forward glimpses that fill us in on the past and future of all the interesting people she talks about so well.



GENERAL

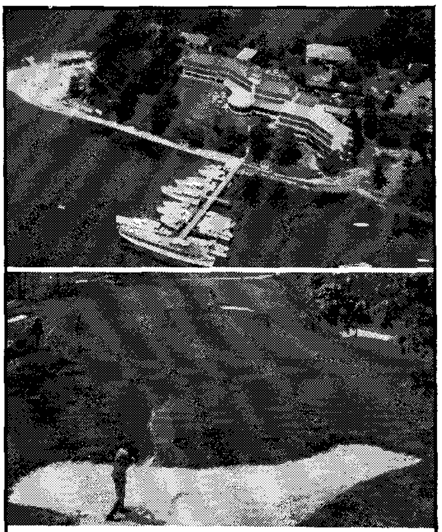
A LATE EDUCATION: EPISODES IN A LIFE, by Alan Moorehead (Harper & Row). These engaging reminiscences are cast in a modest form: the well-known journalist and writer recalls his own past by recalling a friend—Alex Clifford, a fellow-newspaperman, who died of an incurable disease in 1951 after having survived, with Moorehead, the hazards of reporting from the battlefronts of the Second World War. Mr. Moorehead's modesty is engaging and artful—or artistic—as well, since it offers us a design that allows us to share his own history along with the history he saw. The work is a tribute not so much to Clifford as to friendship.

LISTENING TO AMERICA, by Bill Moyers (Harper's Magazine Press). A relaxed and slightly deadpan account of a thirteen-thousand-mile trip around the country that the author—the former publisher of *Newsday* and once President Johnson's press secretary—took last summer. It was no surprise to him that most of the people he talked to—students, professors, cops, veterans of Vietnam, conscientious objectors, Chamber of Commerce types, hippies, Legionnaires, black leaders, Chicanos, wheat farmers, doctors—were concerned about "what is happening to the country," and that the least aware among them were conscious that something is. He found people eager to talk, and he put these conversations down faithfully, without editorializing. One can detect in some of this talk the rage that lies just under the surface of everyday America, but there is also evidence of a large amount of good will—in the sense of good intentions—in the American people. What will be cause for despair among some readers is the dearth of fresh thoughts, the lack of imagination, and the droning, cliché-ridden deadness of so much of this discourse. That, and the general feeling one gets of the joylessness and boredom of the life of middle America, makes this a rather sobering trip.

THE LAST YEAR OF LEO TOLSTOY, by Valentin Bulgakov, translated from the Russian by Ann Dunnigan (Dial). Bulgakov, one of Tolstoy's many young and ardent disciples, served as private secretary to the great man from January 7, 1910, until Tolstoy's death, at eighty-two, the following November, and this

Greek
Village
Bedsheet
Skirts and
Stoles.

We've taken our famous cotton bedsheet fabric and done it up in dramatic ruffled skirts and matching giant ruffled triangle stoles. In white/beige or white/blue stripes. Crisp, cool and very calaesthetic. Skirt, sizes 6-12, $25.00; stole, $20.00. For mail add .75 per unit.
Only at **Greek Island Ltd.**
215 East 49th St., N.Y. 10017

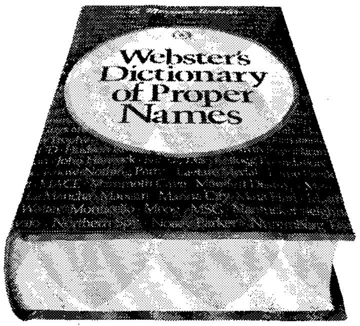


THE TIDES INN
& The Tides Golf Lodge
Yachting, golfing, tennis and all the rest in an unsurpassed rural Virginia atmosphere of luxurious informality, within a day's drive of much of the South and East.
Box 400, Irvington, Va.
(212) 586-4500
(703) 438-2611

Poems by L. E. Sissman
"He is of course a marvel..."
—John Updike
Pursuit of Honor
$4.95; $2.25 paper **Atlantic-Little, Brown**
Some of these poems originally appeared in **The New Yorker**

The Face Upon the Floor explained.

Announcing **Webster's Dictionary of Proper Names.** A remarkable collection of all those names everyone hears, but rarely understands. The Face Upon the Floor, Dr. Strangelove, Fannie Farmer, Bull Run, Peach Melba, Joe Doakes. They're all here. All explained. Finally. A fabulous find for puzzle people. $9.95. At your bookstore.



NEW FROM MERRIAM-WEBSTER

Bean's Free Spring Catalog

Fully illustrated 112 pages of camping specialties, fishing tackle, clothing and footwear for men and women. Featuring practical outdoor items, many of our own manufacture.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Name________

Address________

____

Zip________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
371 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties

"OGDEN NASH'S newest book of verse BED RIDDANCE

'A Posy for the Indisposed' should strike a mortal blow at the Get Well Card."
—B. A. Bergman, Philadelphia Bulletin

Drawings by Milton Glaser. $4.95 LITTLE, BROWN

Most of these poems first appeared in *The New Yorker*

book—which here makes its first appearance in English—is a journal account of that stirring experience. And it was a stirring experience. Life at the Tolstoy estate of Yasnaya Polyana was as charged with high emotion as a classic Russian novel: the house was full of wrangling family, jealous hangers-on, visiting pilgrims, celebrity hounds. The Countess Tolstoy was half insane, and Tolstoy himself was deeply troubled in mind, torn between his life of servants, five-course dinners, and obsequious peasants and his conviction that in accordance with the strictures of the Sermon on the Mount he should be walking the roads in lonely, barefooted poverty—the dilemma that he finally resolved ten days before his death. It is an interesting account in every way. The picture of Tolstoy (reading aloud, ranting, endlessly talking) is invaluable, the picture of the period (the revival of Christian humility on the eve of revolution) is vivid, and the maturing of the young Bulgakov by the tensions all around him is an absorbing glimpse of character. There is a portrait photograph of Tolstoy (but, unfortunately, no other illustrations), and a good interpretive introduction by George Steiner.

NOTE: "Risk," Rachel MacKenzie's account of an open-heart operation, which appeared in this magazine a few months ago, has been published in book form by Viking. . . . Regnery has published "The Put-On: Modern Fooling and Modern Mistrust," by Jacob Brackman. All the text first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Little, Brown has published "Pursuit of Honor," a collection of poems by L. E. Sissman. Many of these, too, first appeared in this magazine.

•

In 1968, a rangy young man named Richard Leakey hunkered down in a gray, bone-dry gully near the shores of Lake Rudolph in Kenya, brushed a straight shock of rust-colored hair from his eyes, and uncovered the skull of a man-like creature who lived there 2.6 million years ago.—*Oakland (Calif.) Sunday Tribune.*

Must have given him quite a turn.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cork (Ireland) Evening Echo*]

Whilst snow is unprecedented at this time of the year, especially in the South of Ireland, it is certainly not unusual.

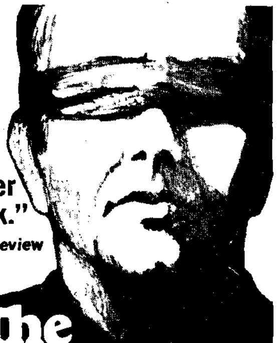
ALAN MOOREHEAD
A LATE EDUCATION
EPISODES IN A LIFE

In his new book, the author of *Darwin and the Beagle* is "looking at himself. . . . As clear-cut as a cameo, without pretense or a wasted word. . . . It is rare in any season to find a book that recaptures youth as feelingly as this and yet preserves the mellow appraisal of men and middle age."
—EDWARD WEEKS, *The Atlantic*

A Cass Canfield BOOK

At all bookstores, $5.95

Harper & Row
1817 49 E. 33d St., N.Y. 10016

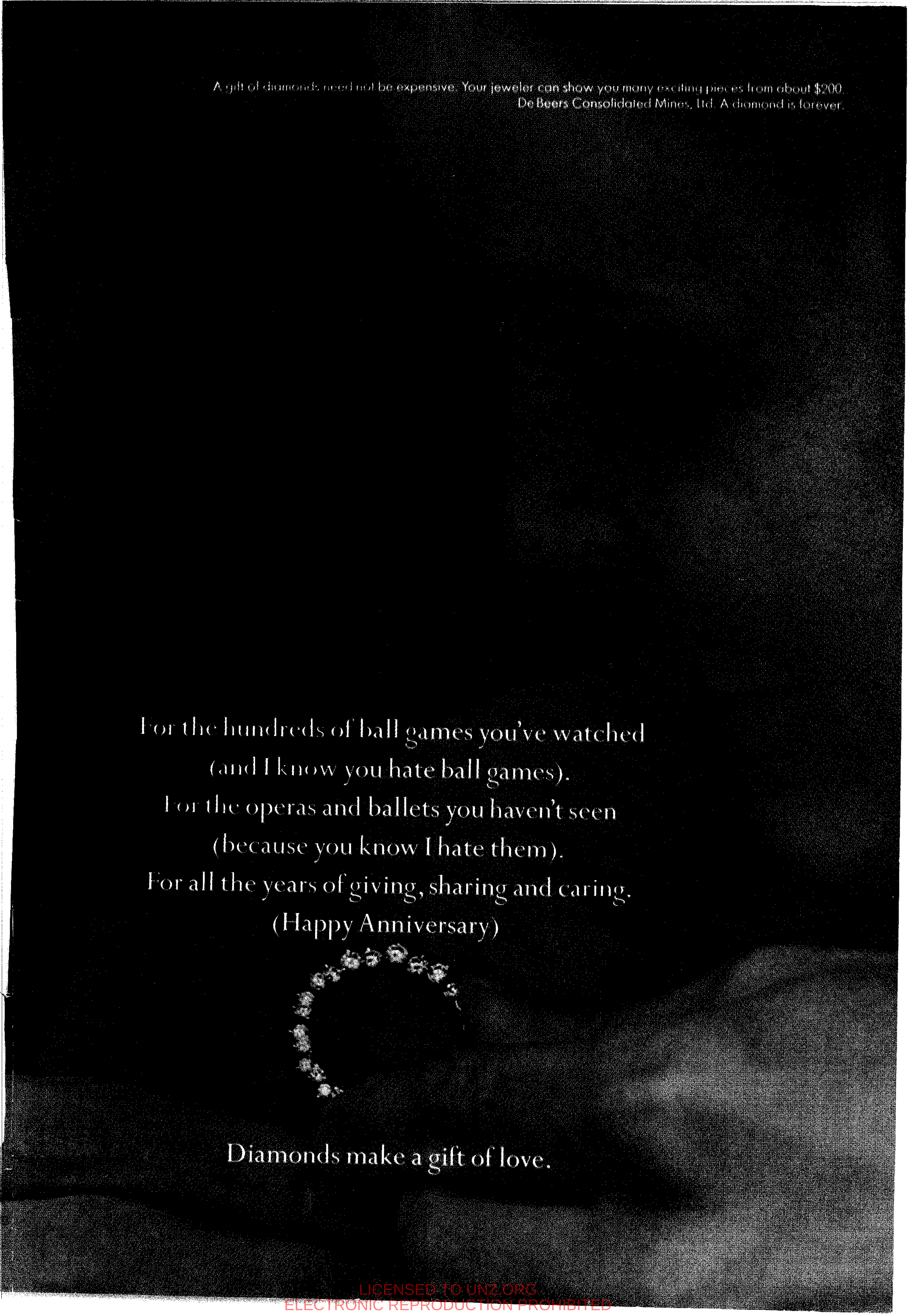


"Precise and jeweled... a wry, sweet, amusing, curiously penetrating and altogether unusual book."
—N.Y. Times Book Review

The Great Affair
by Victor Canning
author of *Queen's Pawn*
$6.95 MORROW

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS
A delicate little dictionary of flowers, lovingly compiled, in a gentler time, by a devoted husband as a gift for his wife. Full color facsimile edition printed in England lists over seven hundred flowers and their meanings, charmingly handscripted with delicate water-coloured flowers and plants bordering each page. A book to own, to give with love. $5.50 ppd.
BOUTIQUE CAPRICE
22 Cross Keys Village Square Baltimore, Maryland 21210

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.



A gift of diamonds need not be expensive. Your jeweler can show you many exciting pieces from about $200.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. A diamond is forever.

For the hundreds of ball games you've watched
(and I know you hate ball games).
For the operas and ballets you haven't seen
(because you know I hate them).
For all the years of giving, sharing and caring.
(Happy Anniversary)

Diamonds make a gift of love.

Authentic.

Dewar's
50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS,
PERTH
SCOTLAND.
4/5 QUART. 86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
REGISTERED JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD.
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

What we put in this bottle

They say there are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." Dewar's has only the finest of whiskies from the Highlands, from the Lowlands, from the Hebrides. Each one is chosen for its own special purpose, and is then rested in its own snug vat. Finally, one by one, they're brought together by the hand of the master blender of Perth. His skill makes sure that Dewar's never varies.

Dewar's never varies.

© 1969